Oct. 13, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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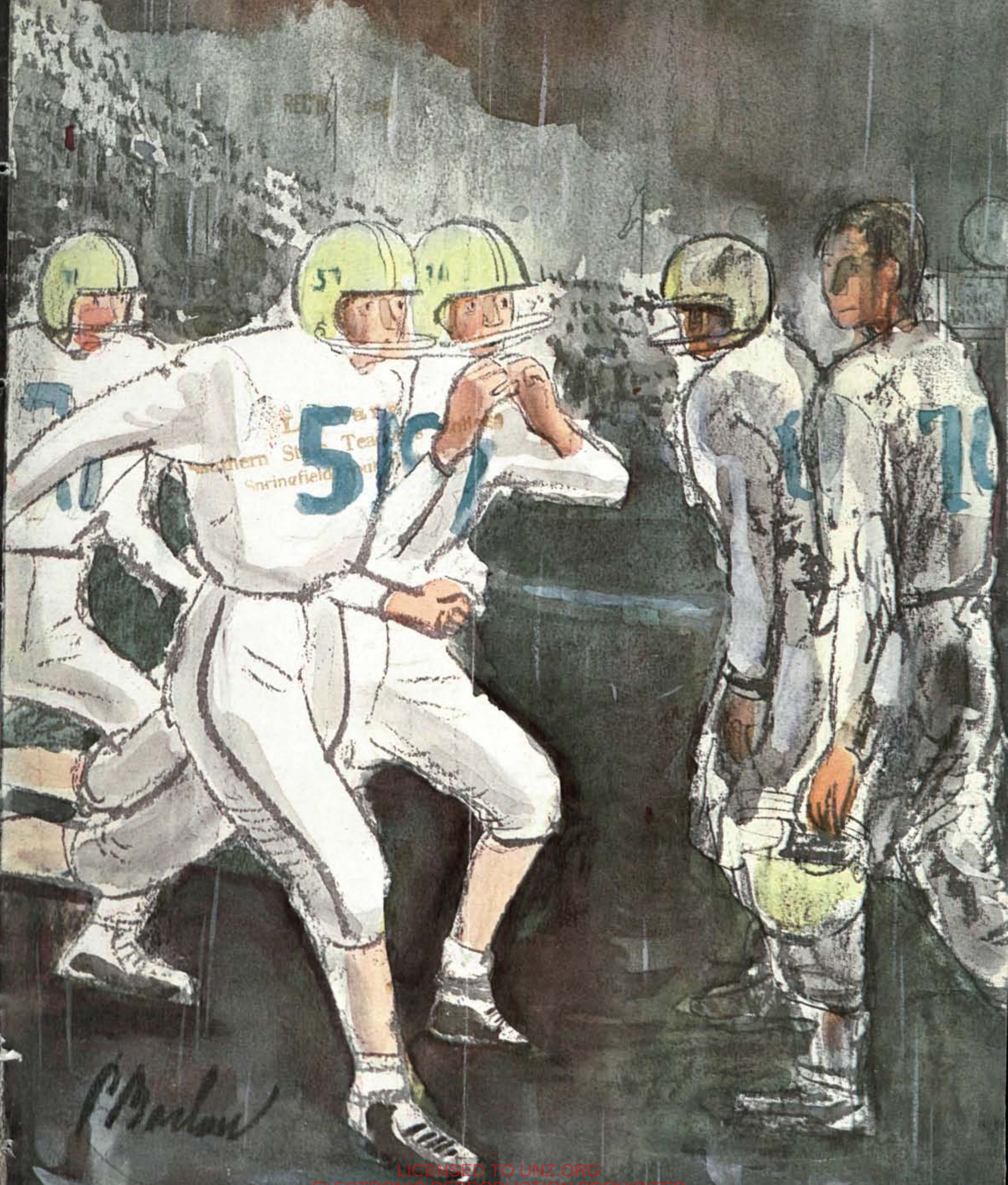
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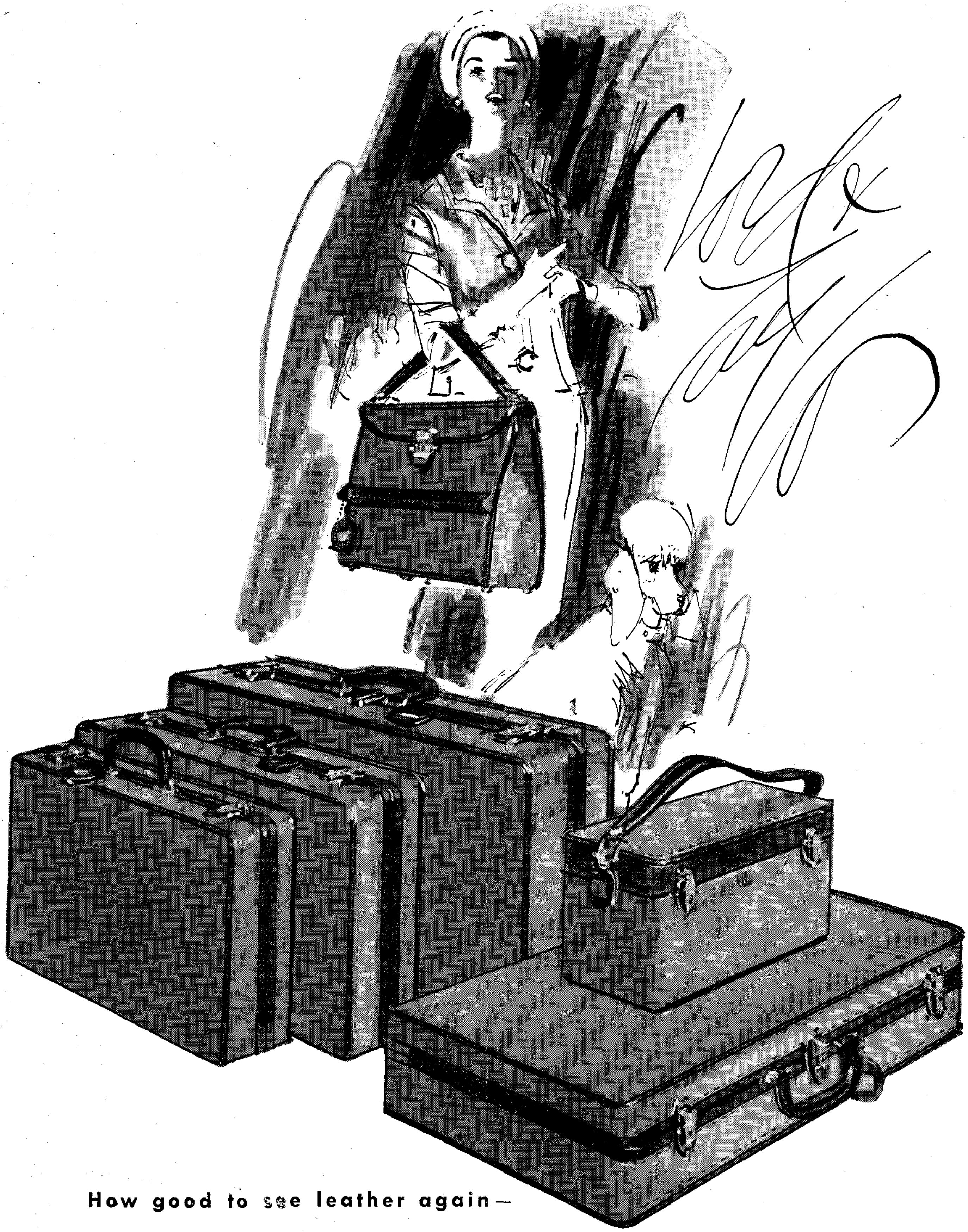

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—There isn't much action in this adaptation by Roland Millar of the C. P. Snow novel dealing with the turmoil attendant upon the dismissal of a radical young physicist from Cambridge because he has fudged an illustration in a scientific treatise, but sometimes the dialogue offers a bit of academic wit. Brewster Mason and an assorted British and American cast do well in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come On Strong—Carroll Baker and Van Johnson in a play written and directed by Garson Kanin. Produced by Hillard Elkins and Al Goldin. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

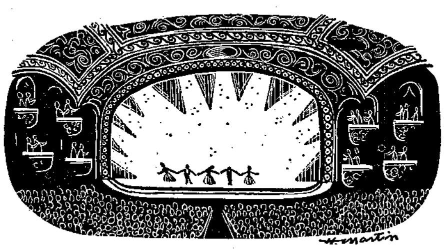
Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE:** A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England, where, played by a second company, it is still quite the thing, was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** Hands across the Table Round. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Hermione Gingold is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Nancy Dussault becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A four-character play by Edward Albee, with Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon. Directed by Alan Schneider and produced by Richard Barr and Clinton Wilder. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12, at 8. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 13. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Seidman and Son—A comedy adapted by Elick Moll from his own novel, with Sam Levene and Nancy Wickwire in the leading roles. Staged by Carmen Capalbo and presented by the Theatre Guild Productions, Joel Schenker, and Michael Kanin. Opens Monday, Oct. 15. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Step on a Crack—A play by Bernard Evslin, in which Gary Merrill, Donald Madden, and Pauline Flanagan will appear. Directed by Herbert Swope, Jr., who, with Roger L. Stevens, is producing it. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mr. President—Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray in a musical with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin and a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director Joshua Logan. Opens Saturday, Oct. 20. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Angels of Anadarko—A play by Duke Marks and Herman Goldberg, directed by Albert Dekker. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes,

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 34, October 13, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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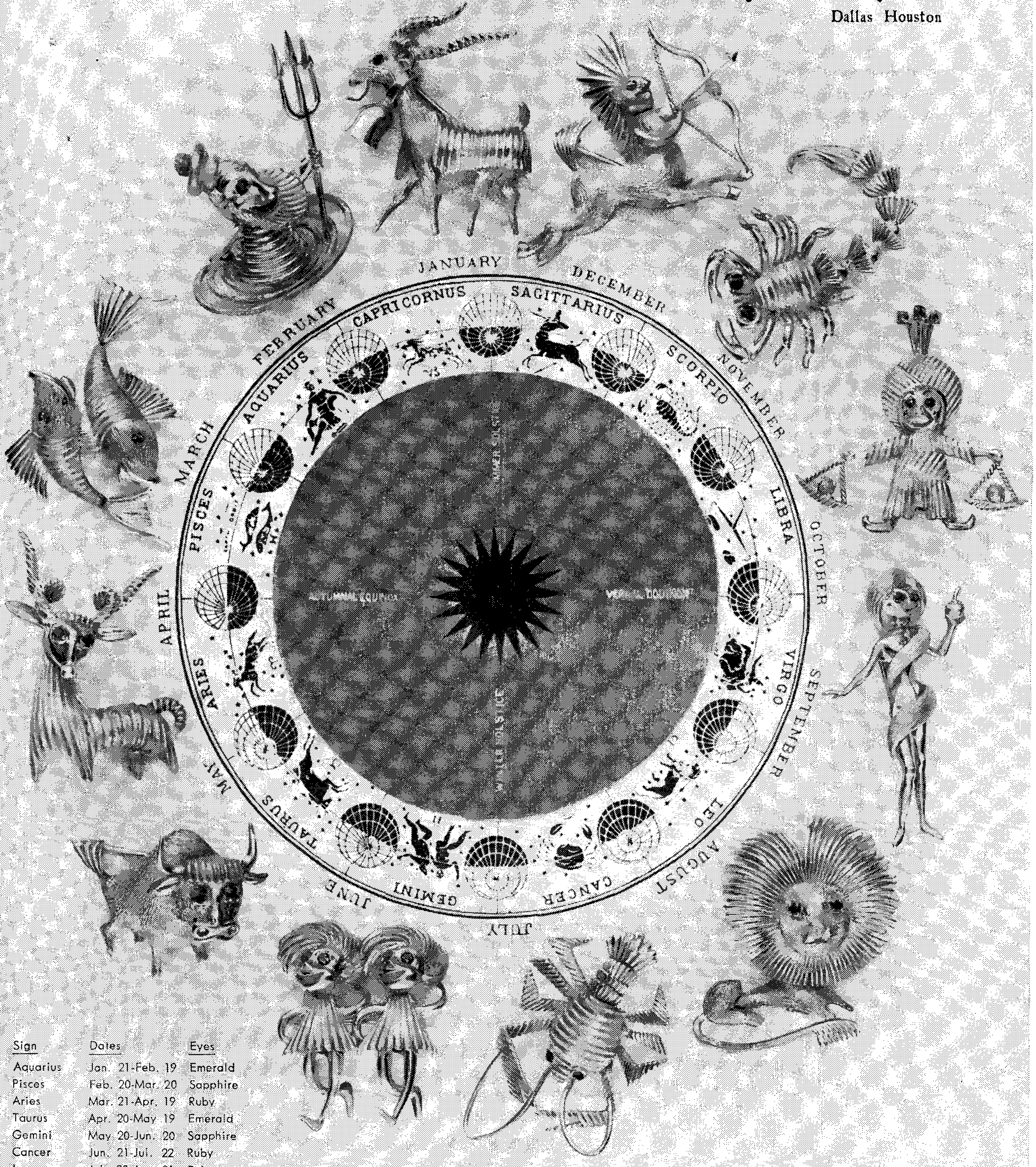
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Sign	Dates	Eyes
Aquarius	Jan. 21-Feb. 19	Emerald
Pisces	Feb. 20-Mar. 20	Sapphire
Aries	Mar. 21-Apr. 19	Ruby
Taurus	Apr. 20-May 19	Emerald
Gemini	May 20-Jun. 20	Sapphire
Cancer	Jun. 21-Jul. 22	Ruby
Leo	Jul. 23-Aug. 21	Ruby
Virgo	Aug. 22-Sep. 22	Emerald
Libra	Sep. 23-Oct. 22	Ruby
Scorpio	Oct. 23-Nov. 21	Ruby
Sagittarius	Nov. 22-Dec. 21	Sapphire
Capricorn	Dec. 22-Jan. 20	Emerald

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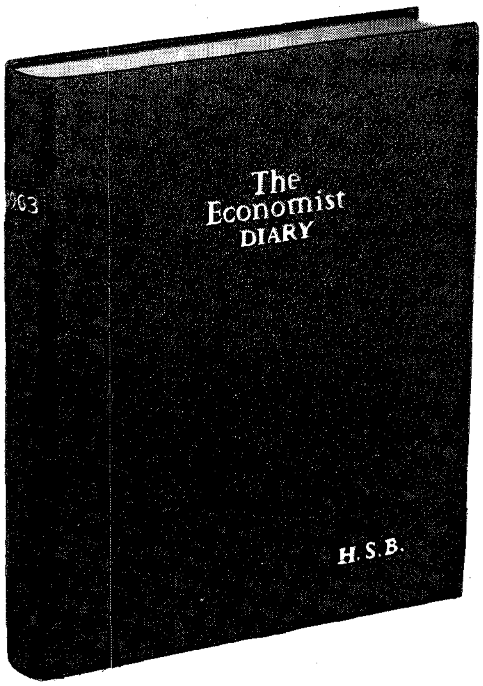

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songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The five actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

A Man's a Man—An earlier and more limber version of the same script, translated by Eric Bentley. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. Olympia Dukakis makes a fine, lusty widow, and Michael Conrad is funny as a bloodthirsty sergeant, but the rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

O Say Can You See!—A musical with a score by Jack Holmes and book and lyrics by Bill Conklin and Bob Miller. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Henderson Forsythe, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Sweet Miani—A musical with a book by Stuart Bishop and music and lyrics by Ed Tyler. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ten Nights in a Barroom—A musical version, by John Savoca and Marcia Taradash, of the old wheeze. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Whisper in God's Ear—A comedy from Los Angeles, by Samuel Birnkrant. Opens Thursday, Oct. 11. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Whisper Into My Good Ear and **Mrs. Dally Has a Lover**—These one-acters by William Hanley, a new dramatist, often seem rather contrived, but the lines, whether amusing or sad, have a quality that is rarely heard at any playwright's début. The first is a dialogue between two lonely old men, the second a dialogue between a middle-aged woman and a teen-aged boy in the midst of an affair, and both are well performed. Roberts Blossom, Boris Tumarin, Estelle Parsons, and Robert Drivas are the cast. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the middle of this newborn megalopolis is the Royal Box, where Harry Belafonte, who in garb does suggest the lowly (if lyric) peasant, sings full out the songs of islands from Nassau to New York. Lester Lanin's band makes the dance music. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. Some of the motive power is Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Those who wish to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noises are Gleb Yellin's piano and Janet Vaughn's violin. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, now on a basis of taking everything in moderation, goes in for nothing more than simple, straightforward dance music from Stanley Melba's band and Phil Wayne's trio. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's band offers invitations to the dance every night but Monday, when another band takes over.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, the audience is presented with Georgia Gibbs, who manages to make the fuss-and-feathers sort of ballad sound at least like a minor art. The rest of the time, dance music pulses from the big band of Emil Coleman and the small one of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Louis Bannet's ensemble is Darjeeling-with-lemon in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and steak *au poivre* in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, every night but Monday.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's orchestra, which belongs to the long-ago time when there were no unexpected Twists or turns, is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The main change in the décor of the Maisonette, aside from the arrival of a few strips of velvet in Mexican Sunset pink, is Peter Duchin, whose piano and dance band are to the Manhattan manor house born. Ray Bari's group spells this outpouring of music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just a hundred feet west of the Maisonette, continues on the extremely even tenor (circumspect piano, that is) of its way—a way that takes it from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ted Straeter, his Joseph's-coat dinner jackets, his piano, and his orchestra, from which dance music flows like wine, are converting the Columns into one of our finest autumn (not to forget winter) palaces. The ceremonies begin at seven, with piano by Ray Hartley, who shares the deck with the Straeters all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Mr. Hartley, who is around, off and on, from cocktails until midnight or so. He's absent Sundays.

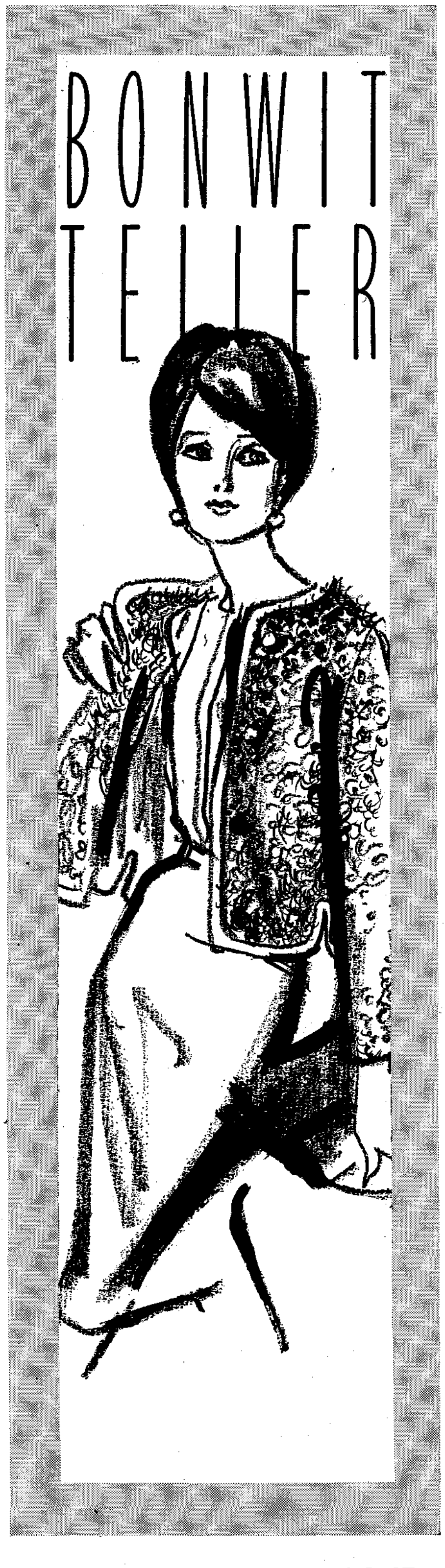
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties has taken off on its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse;* at the south end is the Knight Box, ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who set up their own play pen in the Empire Room at dinner and supper, are easily able to convince the onlooker that vaudeville needn't be a dead institution and that marriage needn't be a moribund one. On Thursday, Oct. 18, they'll give way to the conversation pieces of Shelley Berman, all alone by the telephone. A couple of dance bands—Milt Shaw's is half of this staff—operate before and after. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley again has sounds of music—Emile Petti's piano from five to one, plus Mr. Petti's dance trio Fridays and Saturdays, after nine-thirty. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin, who, after a lunchtime stint in the café called Mon Plaisir, moves to Mr. Walter's piano.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Angel Mancheno, a facile young blade, takes a stroll in this Central American village and meets a triad of ladies (one of them a baby minx named Luisita Sevilla), and the ensuing turmoil of song and dance is something to behold. This happens twice a night. Dancing every evening and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.... **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Greta Keller gets home to her hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol at ten, prepared to discuss, in her serene and worldly-wise voice, her day's visit to the Vienna woods. A zither discourses with a Viennese twang through the dinner hour. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few Cabots who won't even speak to God, and several slightly more easygoing characters. George Feyer, who's at work from between eight-thirty and maybe two, composes in-my-lady's-parlor piano. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice to zimbalon. Lili France is the singer most accustomed to such surroundings. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Only cuisine is thrown to the lions* and lionesses in this updated version of the Colosseum. With every course there's a ration of patrolling violins and patrolling accordions. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semi-private life in her own minute *salle à manger*. Accordion and piano can also be discerned in the gloaming.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy, from six to ten every night but Sunday, to give the diners his repertory of pianoforte études.... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The under-the-clock arena, classic hollow oak for visiting undergraduates, now has firm but never peremptory piano by Joan Bishop from five to eight-thirty, except Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): No bigger than it was before its reconstruction period, really, but Chauncey Gray's orchestra (which is Knickerbocker Grey to a lot of old New Yorkers) and Tito Puente's Latin class can worm their way in after ten to do dance music. Closed Sundays. ... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): It's more of a *Doppelgänger* for Vienna than Vienna itself, but it does afford Fernanda Montel, a regal soprano who knows what she's doing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the glorious Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. There are mere mortals, too, such as the Kuban Cossack Dancers, who are a bunch of triple-jointed fleetwings, and a jokesmith who employs only standard equipment. Dancing.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, unaccountably none the worse for wear, is offering vividly detailed descriptions of a thousand mornings after a thousand nights before. He goes away on Wednesday, Oct. 17, and the artful minnesinger ballads of Nat King Cole arrive next evening. Dancing. ... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Minsky, a six-letter word expurgated by Fiorello LaGuardia, has just crept back into the language as an adjunct to "Minsky's Follies," the thoroughly descriptive name of a well-known caravan from Las Vegas, now quartered here.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St.(PL 3-5998): Nipsy Russell, perpetual campaigner for the civility-rights program, has a wicked—one could also say pungent—tongue; Jo Mapes, who devises instant folk songs as she goes along, has a reasonably wry tongue. Also present: the Three Alberts, from the Establishment, in London, whose bagful of tricks is so big that it nearly overwhelms their causeries. The Alberts may depart on Saturday, Oct. 13.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of "Seven Come Eleven" has a split personality, making several good points and missing others. Cy Young, who heads the cast, does well by the funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): There's no Spanish moss on the feet of Roberto Iglesias and his rout of Andalusian dancers, a fine body of passion flowers. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal....¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): John Krimsky, the theatre man who has made this loving replica of a London music hall his hobby, has temporarily turned it into a Bermuda music hall, steel band and all, not to mention singers and dancers. They disappear on Sunday, Oct. 14. On Tuesday, Oct. 16, a collection of calypso and *bossa-nova* minstrels sets up shop. Every Monday, the Talbot Brothers, who discovered Bermuda and its music three or four hundred years ago, take over the place. Dancing every night. Lanny Ross, Eli Yale's contribution to the land of croon, is now master of ceremonies here.... **PLAZA 9–**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): "Dime a Dozen," the revue with which Julius Monk greets the fall of 1962 and the fall of civilization, is steaming up and down its trial

because her skin beauty is drying out...

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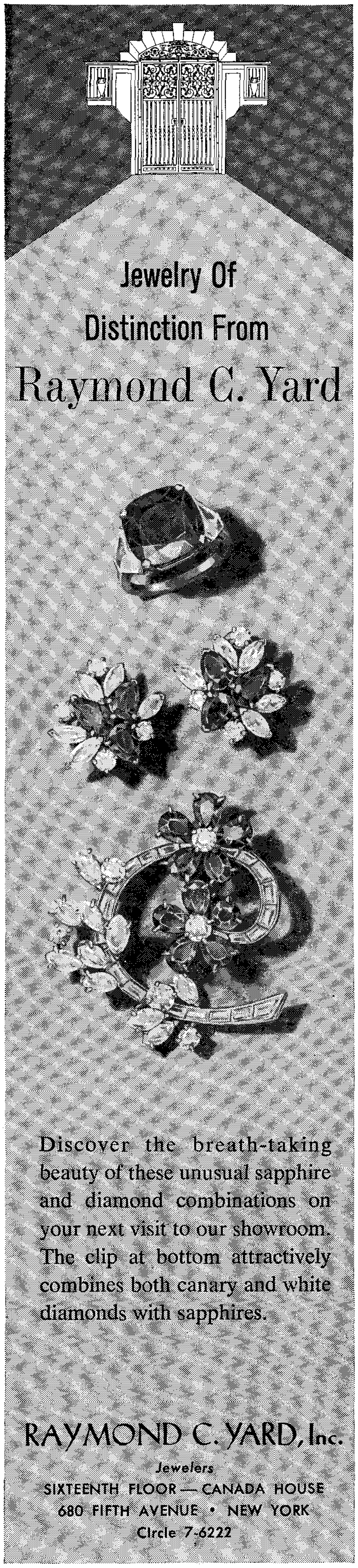
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mile. Aboard is an experienced crew of Monk hands—Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, and Rex Robbins. Pre-season scrimmaging goes on every night but Sunday; the season opens at 11 P.M. on Thursday, Oct. 18. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Three of the players who made this sometimes impromptu theatre-on-the-wing a worthy enterprise—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, and Eugene Troobnick—are back here now, valiantly assisted by Anthony Holland and Zohra Lampert; the resulting distillation is hot, heady, and enormously humorous. Eight-thirty is the earliest; closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is recalling a happy, if noisy, yesteryear. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem are upholding, in vigorous song and story, the credo that Irishmen never shall be slaves. Along with their four-part rebel yells there is Bill Evans' trio, whose ideas, though just as clearly expressed, are far more abstract. They come to a stop on Sunday, Oct. 14; on Tuesday, Oct. 16, a troupe headed by Joe Williams, a Big Boy Blues, arrives. Afternoon sessions are run off every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, is inside the circular bar with her fun-loving trio (Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her linebackers). Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman's Herd and a bunch of out-of-towners called the Sun City Six blow out to sea on Thursday, Oct. 11. Next evening Maynard Ferguson's band of banshees checks in. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer's quartet vanishes on Sunday, Oct. 14; on Tuesday, Oct. 16, the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, which is never far from home base, comes back to it. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (bull in a china shop) and Mongo Santamaria's band (Latins giving no quarter) are on this beat. On Thursday, Oct. 18, a fivesome that is an invention of the devilish Charlie Mingus, a true pioneer, succeeds the Santamaria band. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Well, there's Lonnie Donegan, a visiting demonstrator of skiffle music and English folk music (*not* to be confused with Gilbert and Sullivan), and the trio of Charlie Byrd, whose multilingual and munificent guitar has never been wired for sound. On Friday, Oct. 12, the foursome of Stan Getz (reveries in jazz) will be added; on Sunday, Oct. 14, the Byrd group leaves. Ada Moore, who's been on the West Coast for some years, settles in, songs at the ready, on Tuesday, Oct. 16. Mondays are surrendered to extra hands. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Ringside at Madison Square Garden, where the sporting element gathers to watch Dorothy Donegan land her haymakers on a thoroughly cowed piano. J. C. Heard is part of her trio. Visiting bands do one-night stands every Sunday. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is seated (between eight and the early morning) at a piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Louis Prima and band are doing their own state fair, which includes plenty of sideshows. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, whose traditional airs kept Jimmy Ryan's going until it literally came tumbling down around his ears, has migrated south, along with Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, *et* Al, Dick, and Harry. Don Frye, the permanent piano soloist at Ryan's, is doing the same work here. Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, whose songs and instrumentation are as flip as they can be, move out on Monday, Oct. 15. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison, the old Cannonball Express, is furthering his project of blowing lower Seventh Avenue to smithereens. He commands a squadron in which Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, and Cliff Leeman have been enlisted. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): As good a place to take espresso breaks as you'll find, inasmuch as it sets up standards of performance for the music that tradition says must go with coffee. Oscar Brand, a folklorist who can dip well down into the spice box, retires on Monday, Oct. 15, in favor of the Grandison Singers, who are hale, hearty, and sometimes run of the mill. They arrive on Wednesday, Oct. 17. Tuesdays are vacation days. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The youth-must-have-its-fling group sitting at the feet, or even under the feet, of the old masters. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, the roster of elder statesmen should include Edmond Hall, Zutty Singleton, Marty Napoleon, Conrad Janis, Johnny Letman, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

BORIS ARONSON—Work in metal, executed during the past year; through Oct. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN ARP—Drawings and collages by the pioneer abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-born American; through Nov. 3. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract oils derived from nature; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—A retrospective of some forty-five paintings (1922-62); through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

BERNARD CATHELIN—Landscapes, flowers, nudes, and portraits by a School of Paris painter; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR B. DAVIES (1862-1928)—"Figures and Landscapes Without Figures," an exhibition that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Oct. 27. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—New abstract oils; through Oct. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ETIENNE HAJDU—Sculptures (marble, onyx, and bronze) and bas-reliefs (copper, aluminum, and lead) by a Rumanian-born leader of the contemporary Paris School; through Oct. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

PETER HAYWARD—Street scenes and landscapes done in New York, Europe, and Hawaii; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Closed Saturday, Oct. 13.)

ERIC ISENBURGER—Pictures of Venice, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

YEHOSHUA KOVARSKY—Semi-abstract canvases by a Lithuanian-born citizen of Israel, who lives in Los Angeles; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

LILIAN MACKENDRICK—Impressionist oils and pastels of the Israeli, French, and Connecticut countryside, plus a group of still-life paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE—Abstract landscapes by a young English painter; through Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Boris Margo—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Meadows—Bronzes by an English artist; through Nov. 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—About eighty lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings; through Nov. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—The first showing of eight recent paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodore Robinson (1852-96)—Impressionist landscapes, figures, and interiors; through Nov. 3. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuven Rubin—Biblical scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and flower pieces covering the past forty years by this leading Israeli painter; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

William Scott—A ten-year retrospective of abstract canvases, gouaches, and drawings by the contemporary British artist; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Sternberg—Paintings with metal leaf, drawings, and graphics; through Oct. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

Mark Tobey—An exhibition of recent paintings that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Oct. 27. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Wines—Abstract sculptures in bronze, cement, and iron, along with a group of collages; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Oct. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Sculptures—Medieval and Renaissance works by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alexander**, 36 E. 61st St.: Recent drawings by forty-five artists, among them Charles Burchfield, Willem de Kooning, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **american federation of arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Role of the Macbeth Gallery," the first in a series of exhibitions pointing up the influence of leading American galleries of the past. Included are oils and water colors (by Inness, Luks, Theodore Robinson, and others) sold by the gallery, as well as photographs, announcements, reviews, and other memorabilia; through Oct. 26. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **black**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and water colors by (for instance) Whistler, Sargent, Sloan, and Henri; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: Oils, drawings, and water colors by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, Charles Sheeler, and J. Alden Weir; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the gallery artists—Philip Evergood, Jacob Lawrence, and Robert Gwathmey, for example; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: An exhibition called "American Roots," comprising eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portraits, landscapes, still-lifes, weather vanes, trade signs, decoys, and whatnot; through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **grand central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: More than a hundred paintings, and some sculptures, by Priscilla Roberts, Henry Gasser, John Costigan, and others; through Oct. 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Louis Bouché, John Sloan, and Robert Laurent are on the roster of artists represented in this showing of works of the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors by Xavier Gonzalez, Paul Sample, and Fletcher Martin (to mention a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

few); through Oct. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: The annual Art Faculty exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Julian Levi, José de Creeft, and Worden Day; through Monday, Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)... **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Three of the dozen contributors to a showing of paintings and sculptures are Stanley Twardowicz, Reginald Pollack, and Morris Brose; through Saturday, Oct. 20.... **SMOLIN**, 19 E. 71st St.: "Art of the Thirties," consisting of two groups of paintings (work done under the W.P.A. and work done independently of it) by such artists as Mark Rothko, Louise Nevelson, and Philip Guston; through Saturday, Oct. 13. ... **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The Twentieth Annual Oil Exhibition; through Friday, Oct. 19. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by E.L.T. Mesens, Oliver Andrews, Marcia Marcus, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Drawings by Sculptors," consisting of examples (by Minguzzi, Moore, Lipchitz, and others) on loan from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn and running concurrently with the showing of his sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Oct. 20.... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Oct. 31.... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Fritz Koenig, David Park, and Harry Bertoia are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AUSLANDER**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Drawings, water colors, and gouaches by Chagall, Picabia, and Morandi (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 20.... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by, among others, René Magritte, Kurt Schwitters, and André Masson; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: André Lanskoy, Max Ernst, Jean Ipousteguy, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a showing of oils and water colors; through Nov. 30.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Recent canvases by such French painters as Dufy, Modigliani, and Utrillo; through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Chinese porcelains from the bequest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., notably several Ming three-color temple jars and K'ang-hsi vases and plates in *famille noire*, *famille jaune*, and *famille verte;* through Monday, Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and thirty-five paintings, mainly from the past two decades, by Mark Tobey; *through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and* Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Tobey showing at the Willard Gallery, 23 W. 56th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of India/Stone Sculpture," is devoted to forty-five pieces, dating from the second millennium B.C. through the twelfth century A.D., borrowed from American museums and private collections; through Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the showing of American and European drawings (by sculptors) from the same collection, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Chinese Calligraphy and Painting in the Collection of John M. Crawford, Jr.," an exhibit that coincides with the publication of a book of the same title. There are also stone and wooden sculptures and Chinese jades, bronzes, and porcelains from Mr. Crawford's collection. Through Nov. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Forms from the Earth; 1000 Years of Pottery in America;" through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts—The initial loan showing of this new Museum is being held in temporary quarters at the Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. On view are weather vanes, trade signs, cigar-store Indians, ships' figureheads, portraits, landscapes, and barnyard and wildfowl wood carvings. Through Nov. 18. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ In the Museum's pavilion (16 W. 54th St.) there is a showing of more than two hundred spirit canoes, ritual poles, drums, shields, spears, ancestral figures, and animal sculptures collected by Michael C. Rockefeller in the Asmat region of New Guinea; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the Agrupación Arte No Figurativo (twenty-four contemporary abstract Argentine artists) and the National Association of Women Artists; through Nov. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A centennial exhibition of some ninety oils, water colors, and small bronzes by Arthur B. Davies; through Wednesday, Oct. 17. A good complement to this show is the Davies exhibit at the Graham Gallery, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.... ¶ Etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs by forty-eight American artists make up an exhibit called "American Prints Today—1962," which is being shown simultaneously in eight cities; through Oct. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 13—Monday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Jean Madeira, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 7: A new production of "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Otto Wiener, Sandor Konya, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Jean Madeira, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: The première of Carlisle Floyd's "The Passion of Jonathan Wade."... ¶ Friday. Oct. 12, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2:30: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly.". . . Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:30: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: A new production of "Carmen.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Louise.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi."). . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

"Der Rosenkavalier" on Film—A Salzburg Festival performance of Richard Strauss's opera, directed by Herbert von Karajan and filmed in color. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Sena Jurinac, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, and Erich Kunz are the principals. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Bach-Shostakovich program on Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3 (no soloists); and an all-Debussy program on Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 19, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3 (all with Felicia Montealegre and Fritz Weaver, narrators; Adele Addison and Virginia Babikian, sopranos; and the Choral Art Society).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the regular season here, with E. Power Biggs, organ. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Allan Schiller, violin. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting two performances of Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos, with Roger Voisin, trumpet; Bernard Krainis, recorder; and others. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 14, and Friday, Oct. 19, both at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting a new orchestra in the first in a series of six concerts, this one with Susan Starr, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 15, at 8:40.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of medieval and early Renaissance Spanish music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30, no guest artist; and Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, with David Oppenheim, clarinet. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Albert Fuller, harpsichord, in a program of baroque music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

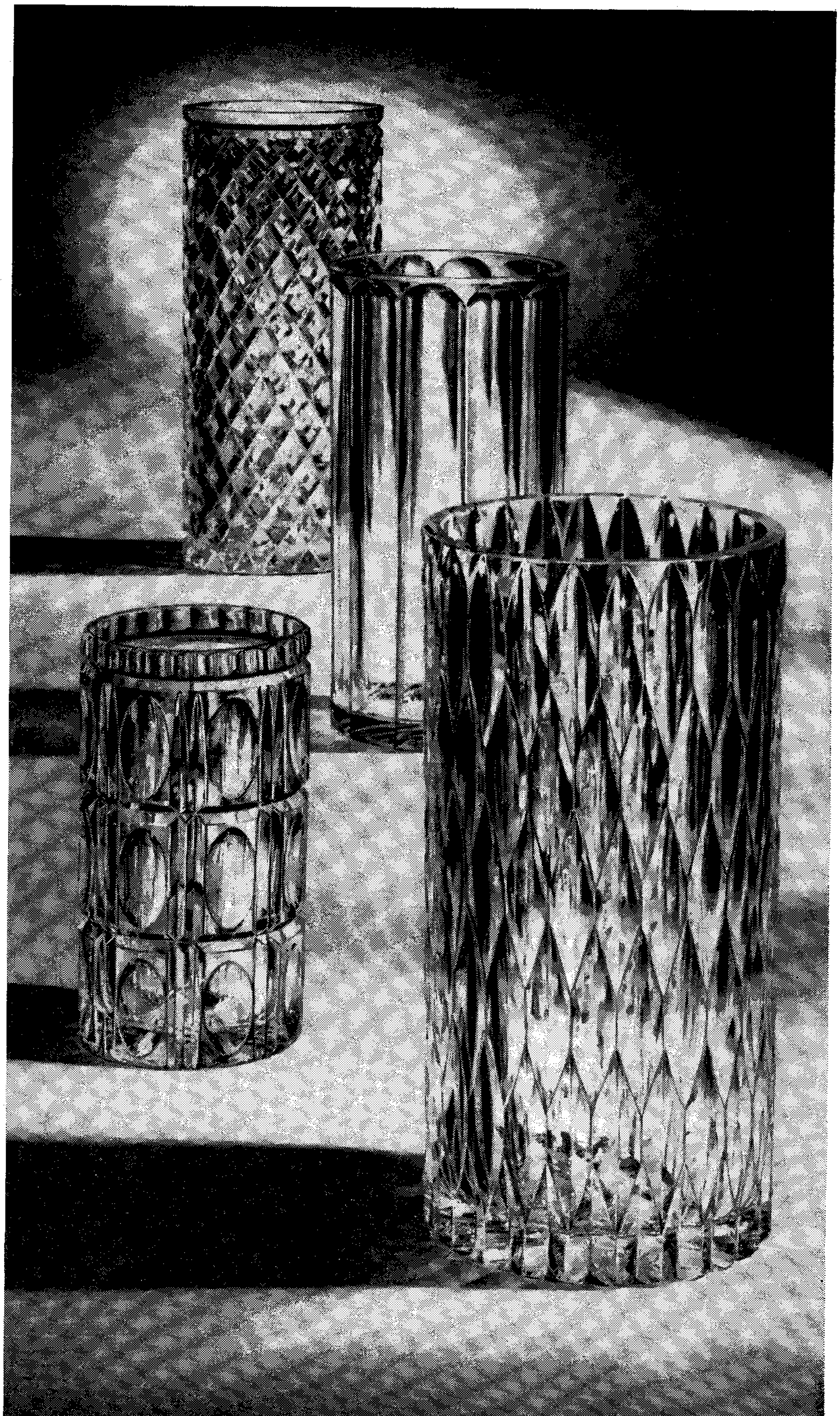
Mahalia Jackson—Gospel singer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:40.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—New York Chamber Soloists. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 4:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Philippa Schuyler—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 5:30.)

Eleanor Steber—Soprano, in the first in a series of three German lieder programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Christian Ferras and Pierre Barbizet—In a program of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Harry Belafonte—Ballad singer. A benefit for International Child Health, Inc. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Ruth Slenczynska—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—*Charlie Mingus, with a twenty-seven-piece orchestra, in a program of his own compositions.* (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 12, at 7: Boston vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. College All-Stars (exhibition games). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 6:30: Los Angeles vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Chicago (*first official league games*). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 13: Wilbert McClure vs. Gomeo Brennan, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20: Zora Folley vs. Doug Jones, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 13: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Cornell, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Army vs. V.P.I., at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Boston, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 13, through Saturday, Oct. 20.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 13.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 20.)

Polo—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: The final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 27. The Manhattan Handicap, Friday, Oct. 12; the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 13; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Tuesday, Oct. 16; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Wednesday, Dec. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at

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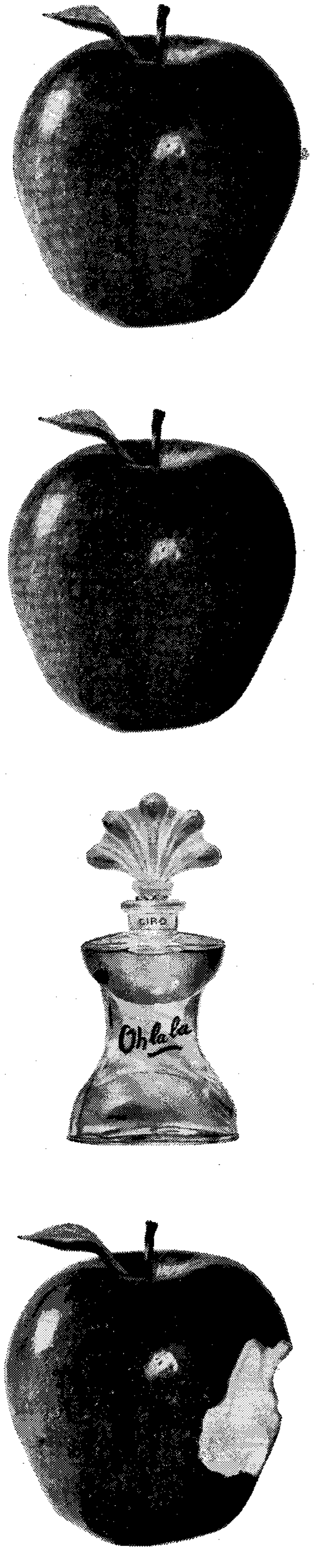

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8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Nightly at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 13, at noon.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Once Upon a Leprechaun." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . PETER PAN PLAYERS: "The Nightingale." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3:30, and Sundays at noon.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star;" through Nov. 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Oct. 12, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Friday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Lassie Come Home," with Roddy McDowall and Donald Crisp. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Friday, Oct. 12, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

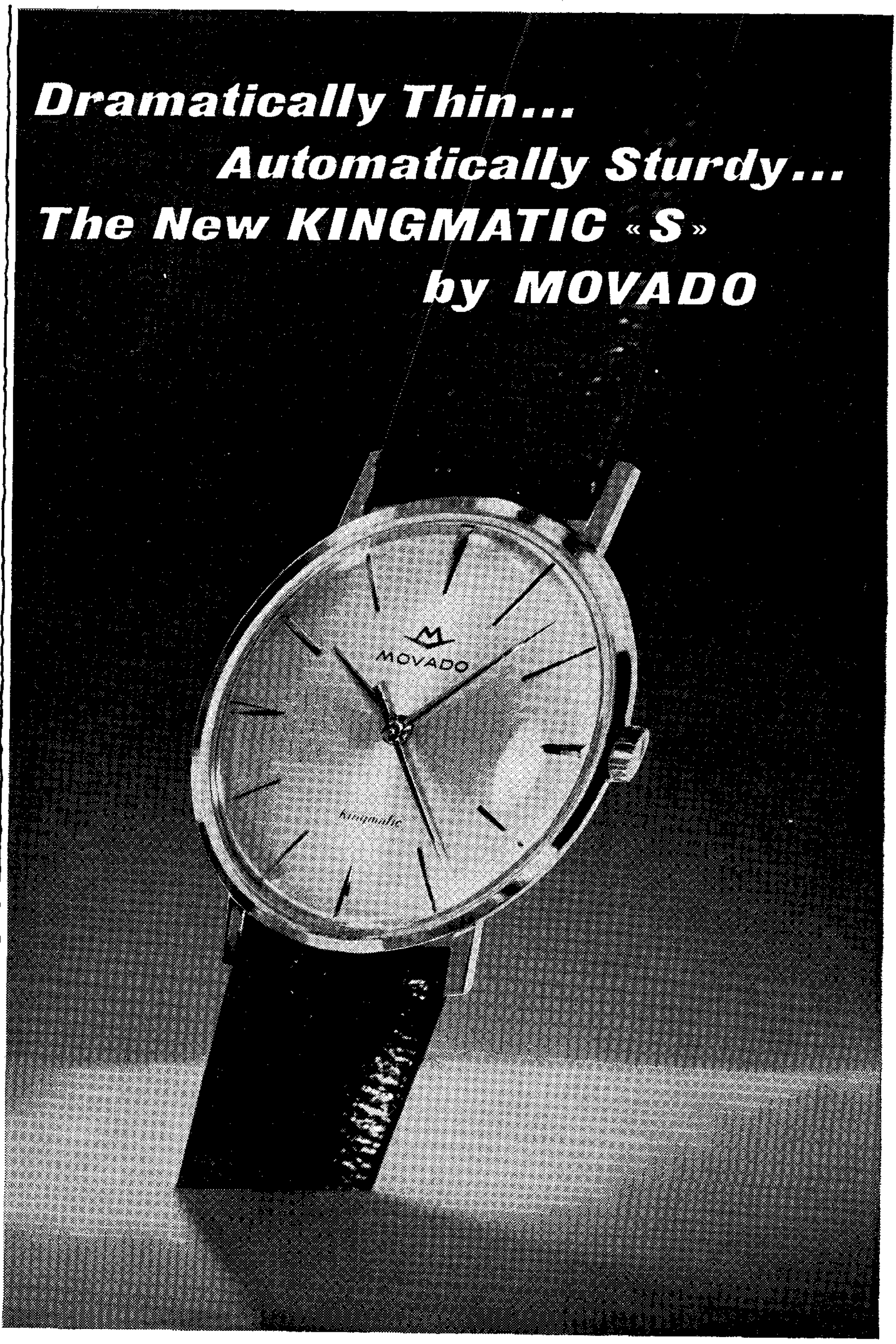
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

ANTIQUE SHOW—The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 15-19, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 20, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 11, at 1:45: Chinese jades, pottery, porcelains, sculptures, and paintings, belonging to the estate of C. T. Loo. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and bronze *doré;* Russian icons, Easter eggs, and other *objets de vertu;* paintings and drawings; tapestries; Continental silver; and Aubusson and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Edithe A. Stralem and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 1:45: Literary manuscripts and first editions, together with sheet music, orchestral settings, and music reference books; from the library of the late Jerome Kern. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: American paintings and drawings by such artists as Andrew Wyeth, Prendergast, Sloan, and Sargent; from several collectors, among them the late William M. Ivins, Jr. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 13.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 6 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring the ubiquitous Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Island—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan, where circumstances are all against the farmer and his family. Written and directed skillfully by Kaneto Shindo and photographed brilliantly by Kiyoshi Kuroda, the film, which has sound effects but no dialogue, is done in documentary style and reaches a highly charged climax. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Kind of Loving—An English picture about how hard it is to be young and in love if one is also poor and honorable. Fresh and touching, thanks to the fashion in which John Schlesinger has directed Alan Bates, Thora Hird, June Ritchie, and a dozen others. (*Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.*)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Oct. 14.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Grandma's boy made good in pictures a long time ago, and this one shows just how he did it. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—The suffering of the lower orders in England as they seek a place in the sun is becoming a hackneyed subject, but here a lyrical director (Tony Richardson) and a strong young actor (Tom Courtenay) make it seem brand-new and its squalor beautiful. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Miracle Worker—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted with passion and purpose by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 17.)

The Notorious Landlady—Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire play a couple of career diplomats—one fresh, the other seasoned—at our London embassy in this amusing thriller about an American woman who might have murdered her husband. Lionel Jeffries, as an unorthodox Scotland Yard man, adds considerably to the merriment, and Kim Novak is the lady under suspicion. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through Oct. 16, last showing at 2:30. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Oct. 16.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 16.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to superb direction by Tony Richardson. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 17, tentative.)

That Touch of Mink—An outrageously secondhand and yet glossily new version of the farce about the wealthy man-about-town who tries to seduce a poor but pretty virgin. Starring Doris Day and Cary Grant, who have their parts down pat, and no wonder. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; *through Oct. 16.*)

A Very Private Affair—Brigitte Bardot walks through a role apparently based on her own life, which may well have been based on movie roles not unlike this one. What makes the picture fascinating is the continuous, invisible presence of its young French director, Louis Malle. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 17.)

Behind the Great Wall (1959)—A travelogue about modern China, made by the Italian documentary expert Leonardo Bonzi. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 16, tentative.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 12-15.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 11.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 12.)

Gervaise (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (*8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874;* starting Oct. 17, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 17, tentative.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; Oct. 16-17, evening performances only.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 12-15.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through Oct. 13, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

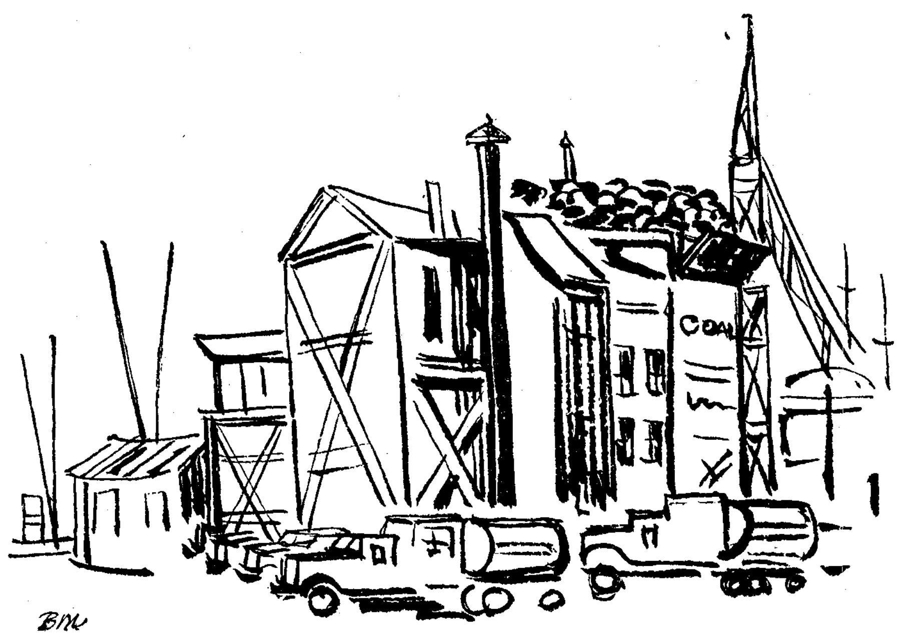
Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 15, tentative.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Oct. 13, tentative.)

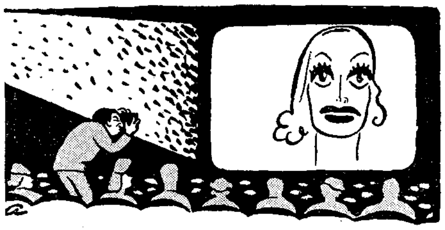
Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through Oct. 13, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Oct. 13: "Swedish Primitives" (1909), "New York Vignettes" (1911), and "Ingeborg Holm" (1913). . . . ¶ Oct. 14-17: "Love and Journalism" (1916) and "Terje Vigne" (1917). (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except on Monday, Oct. 15, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 16 (last showing at 2:36): "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde.
From Oct. 16, at 8:30: "Requiem for a Heavyweight," Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Alfred L. Levy Fund for the Heart Institute of the New York Medical College. For information about tickets, call PL 3-1030.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Smashing of the Reich" and "Kamikaze," both documentary films on the Second World War.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Secrets of the Nazi Criminals," a Swedish documentary film, with an English narration.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 16: "I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch.
From Oct. 17: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 15 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
From Oct. 16 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Oct. 13: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.
Oct. 14-15: "The Roaring Twenties," revival, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.
Oct. 16-17: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 16 (last showing at 2:30): **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**; and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.
Oct. 16, at 8:30: "The Big Combo," a revival with Cornel Wilde, plus the telecast of the Gene Fullmer-Dick Tiger fight, from San Francisco.
From Oct. 17: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 16: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**
From Oct. 17: **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (LE 2-6668)
From Oct. 16, at 8: "Requiem for a Heavyweight," Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Kamikaze" and "The Smashing of the Reich," both documentary films on the Second World War.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Oct. 16: "Secrets of the Nazi Criminals," a Swedish documentary film, with an English narration.
From Oct. 17: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 15: "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
From Oct. 16: "Crime Does Not Pay" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Gabriele Ferzetti.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 13: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.**
Oct. 14-16: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.
From Oct. 17: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A KIND OF LOVING.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 17: **ANNA KARENINA**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Devi" (in Bengali).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (TR 9-1313)
"Long Day's Journey Into Night," Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 16: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**; and "Loss of Innocence," revival, Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 16: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**; and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.
From Oct. 17: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 15: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.
Oct. 16: "The Merry Widow," revival, Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas.
From Oct. 17: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 11: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (in Russian), revivals.
Oct. 12-15: **BREATHLESS** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French and both revivals).
From Oct. 16: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 16: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**
From Oct. 17: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 16: **A TASTE OF HONEY.**
From Oct. 17 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **GERVAISE** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 15: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.
Oct. 16: "The Merry Widow," revival, Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas.
From Oct. 17: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 16 (tentative): **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY**; and **BEHIND THE GREAT WALL**, revival.
From Oct. 17 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ISLAND (a Japanese film without dialogue).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 13 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Oct. 14 (tentative): "The Outcry" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Passion of Slow Fire" (in French), Jean Desailly, Alexandra Stewart.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 14: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD.**
From Oct. 15: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 16: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.
From Oct. 17: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 16: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From Oct. 17: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**; and another feature, to be announced.

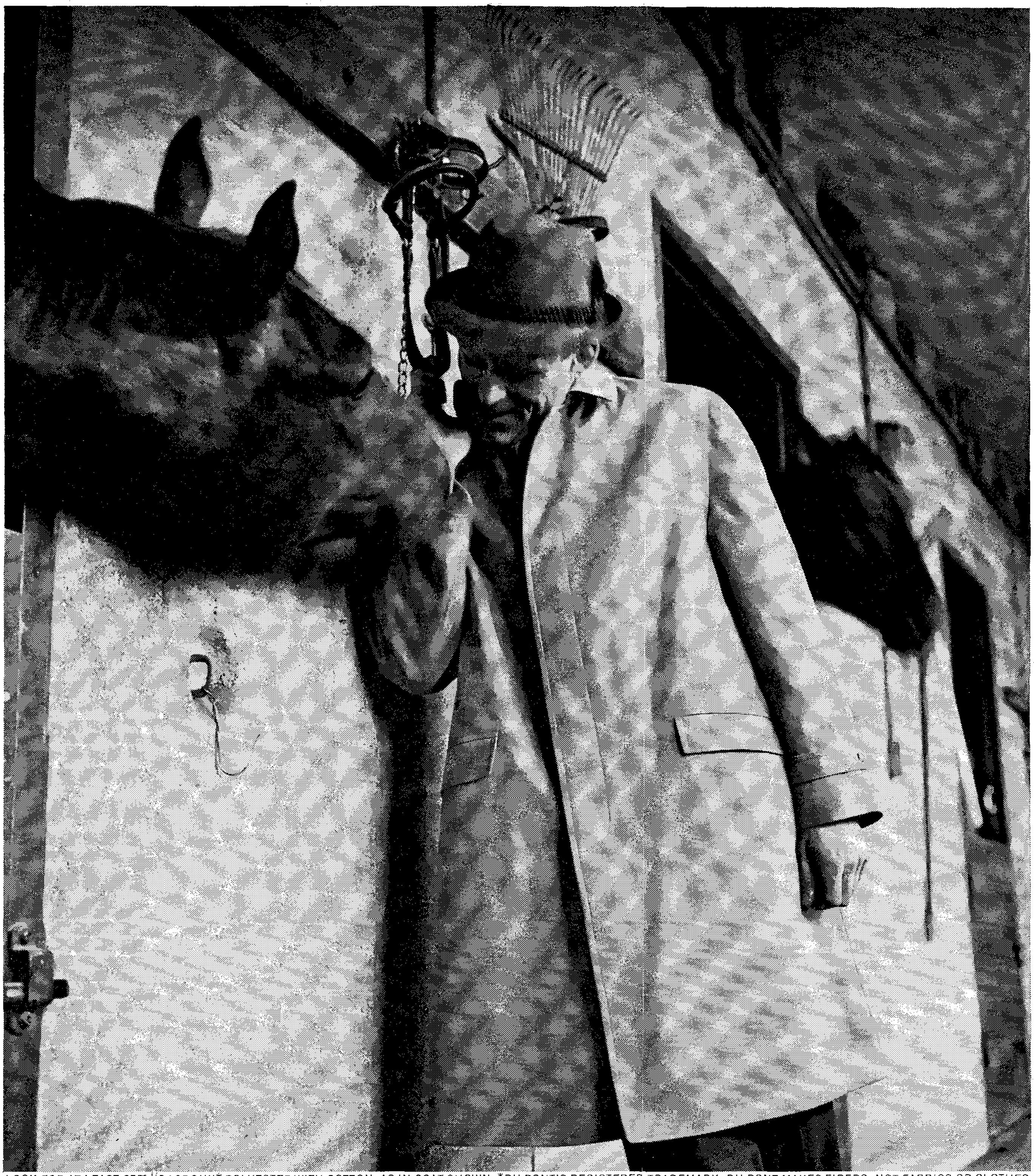
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 11: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish), revival; and "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
From Oct. 12: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY; and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 16 (tentative): **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY**; and **BEHIND THE GREAT WALL**, revival.
From Oct. 17 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 16: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.
From Oct. 17: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 16: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**; and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.
From Oct. 17: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.



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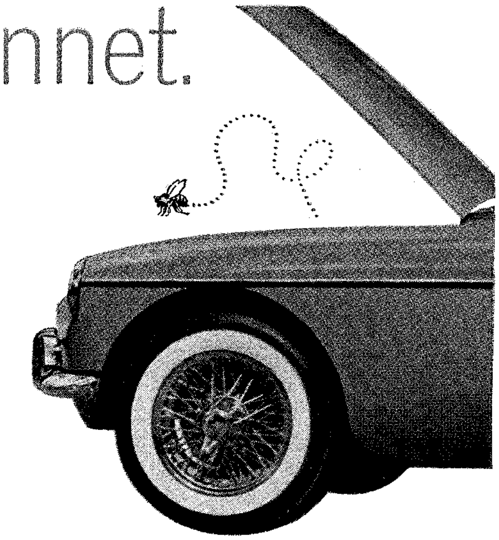
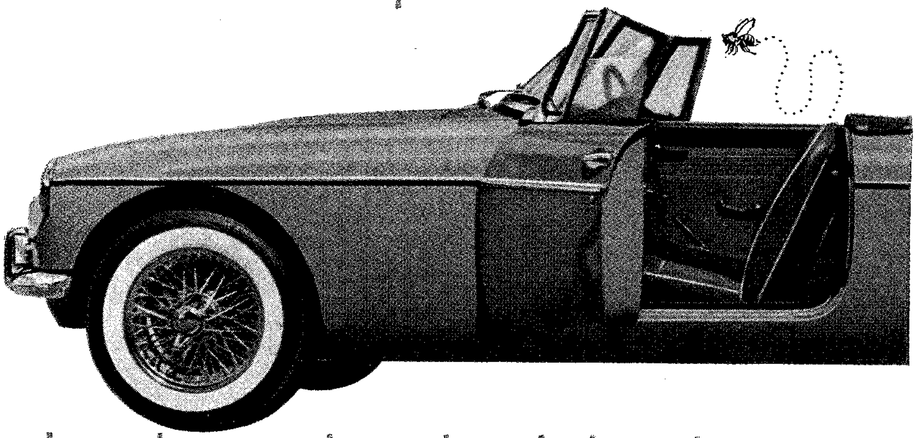
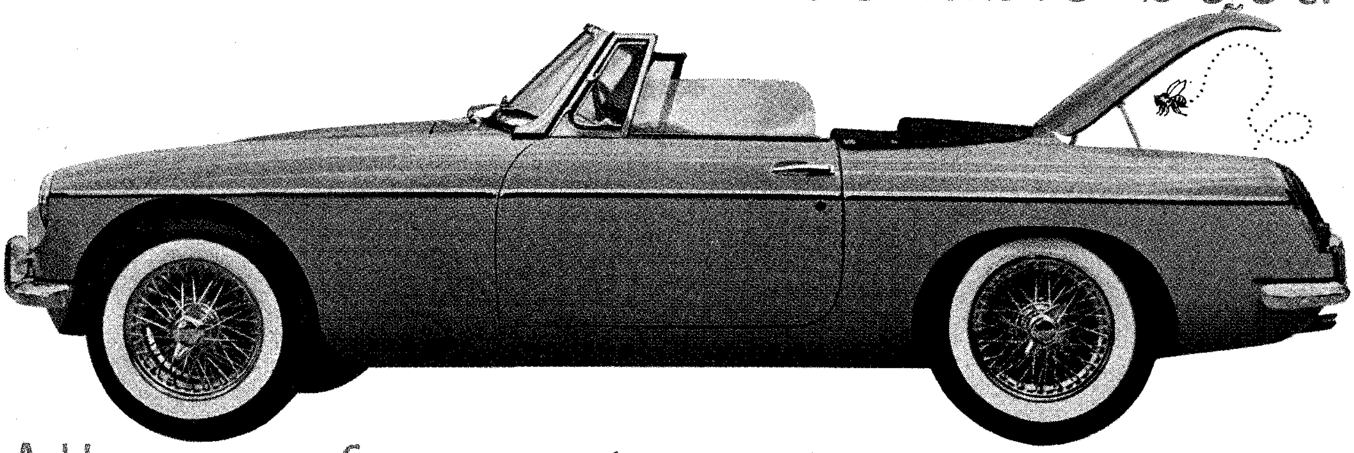


Her windows wind up. And down.



More room in her lockable boot.



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MGB

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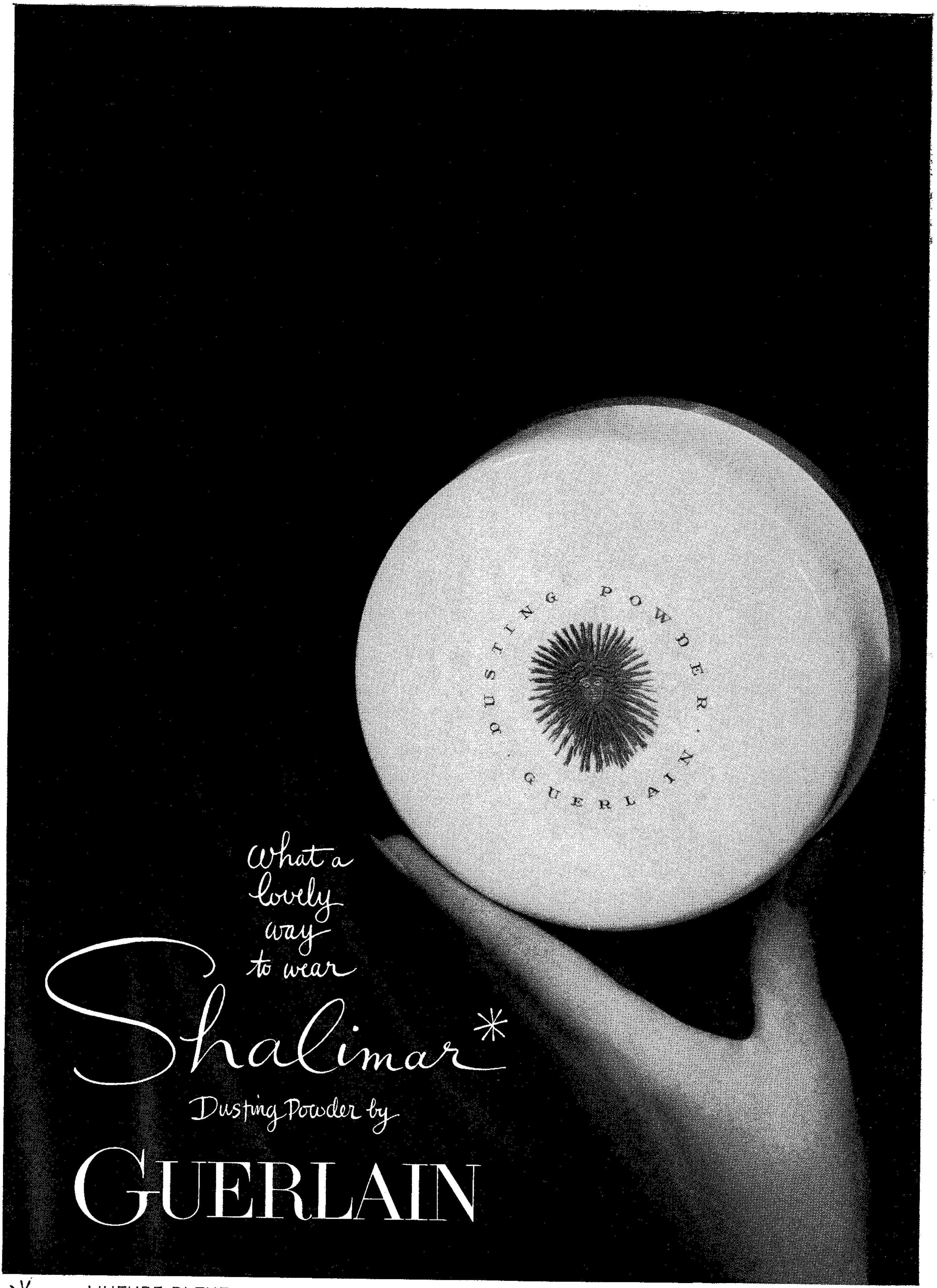
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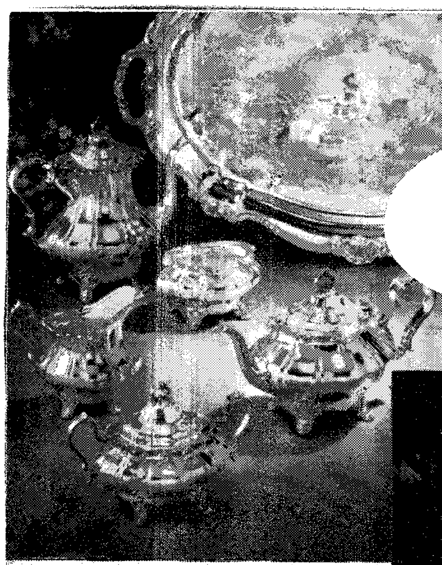

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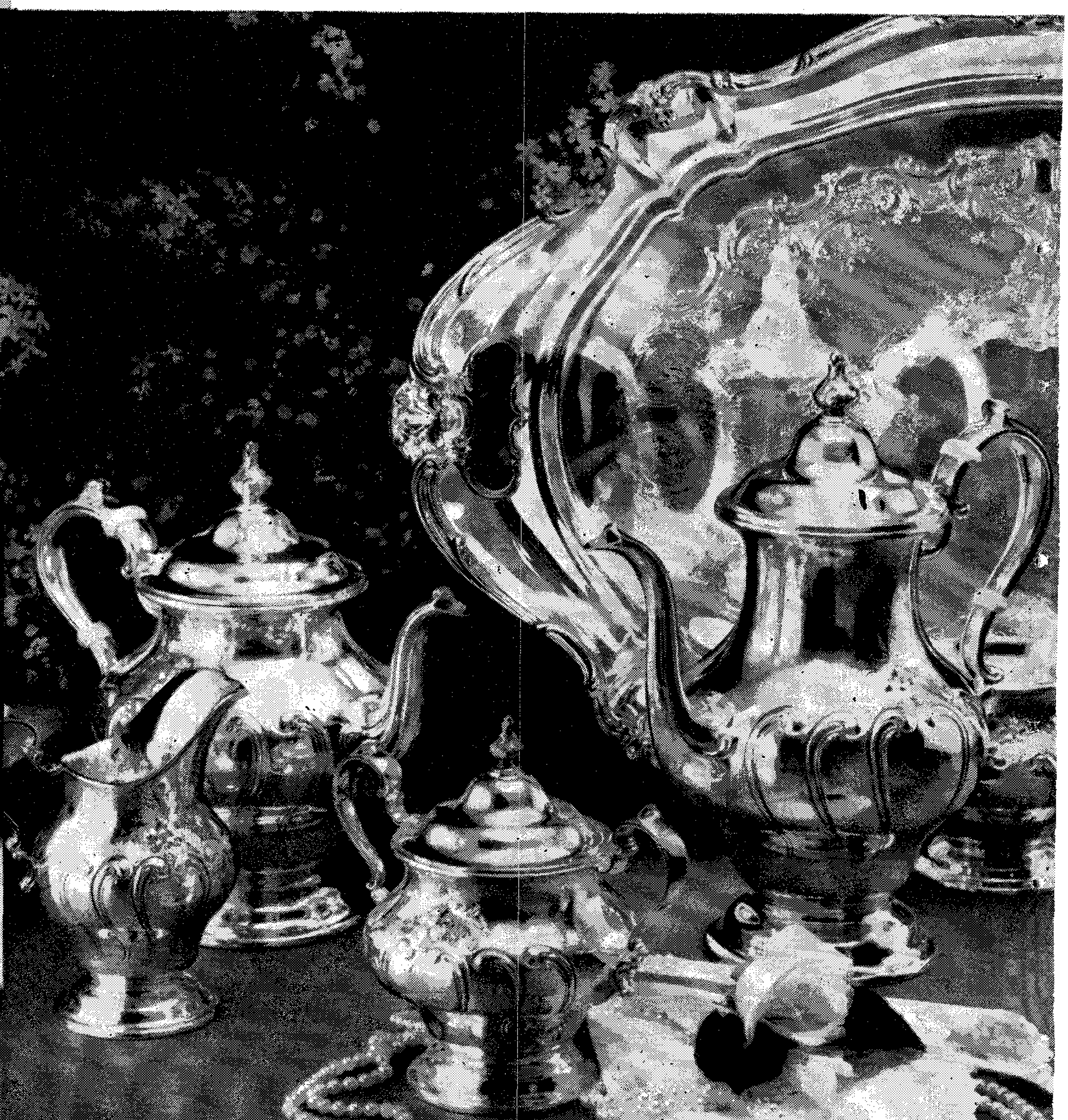

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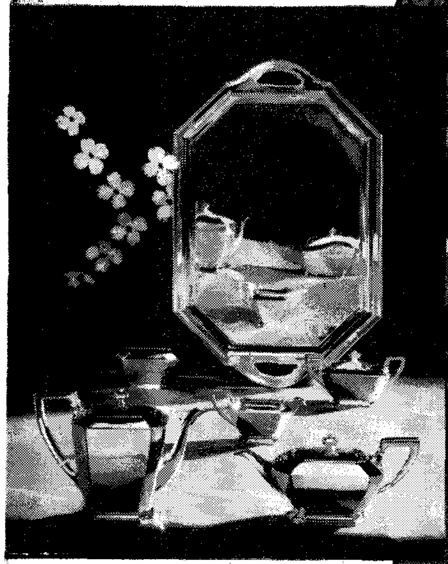

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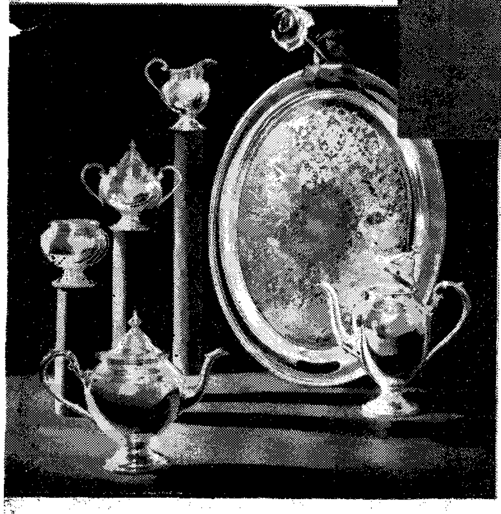

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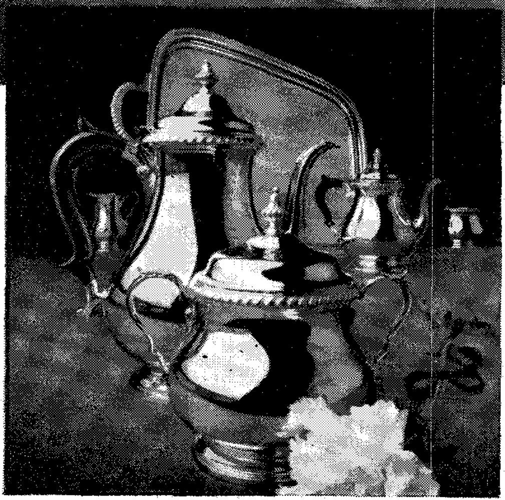

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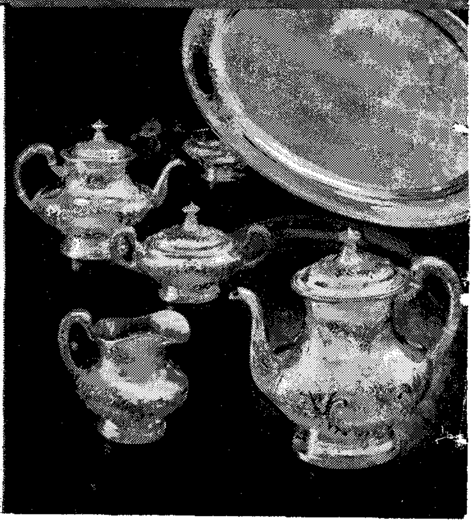

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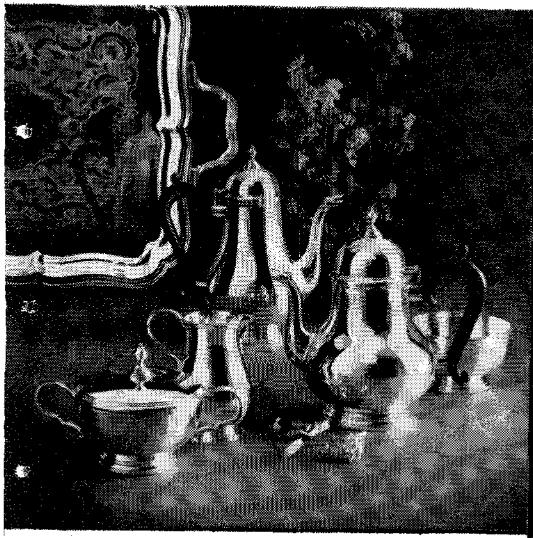

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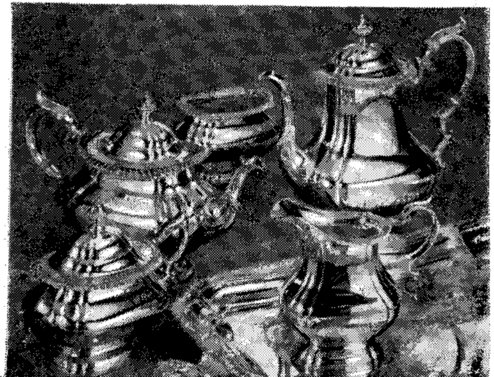

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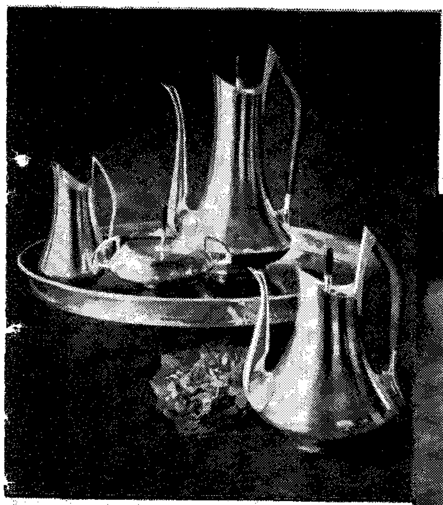

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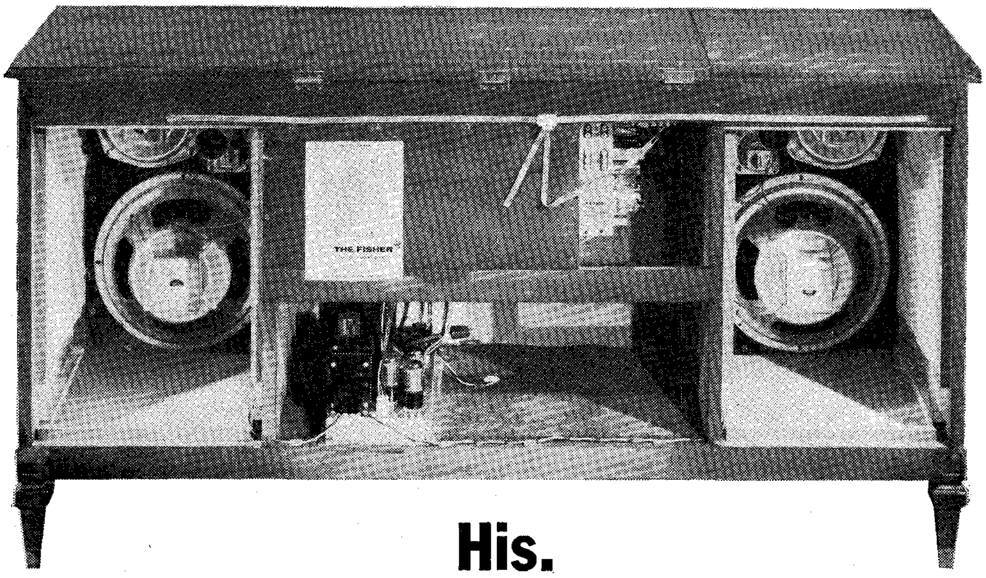
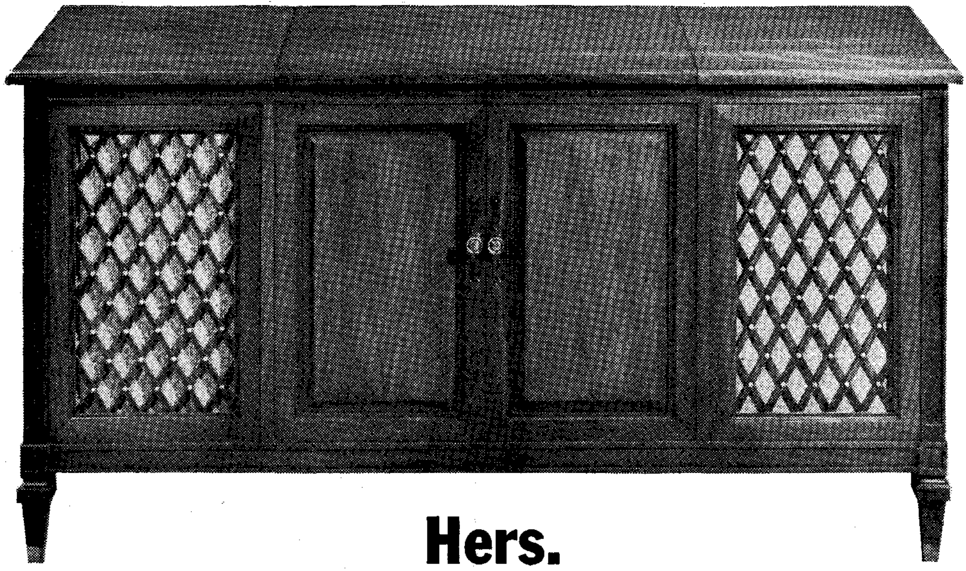


His.



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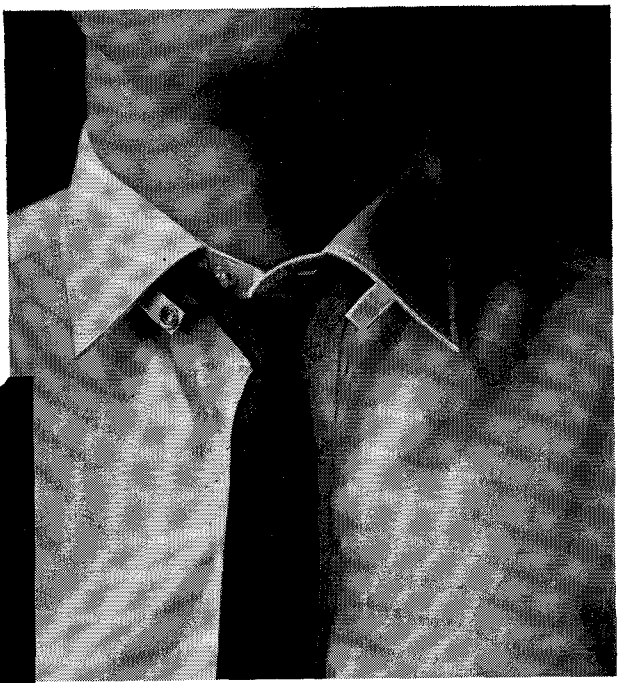
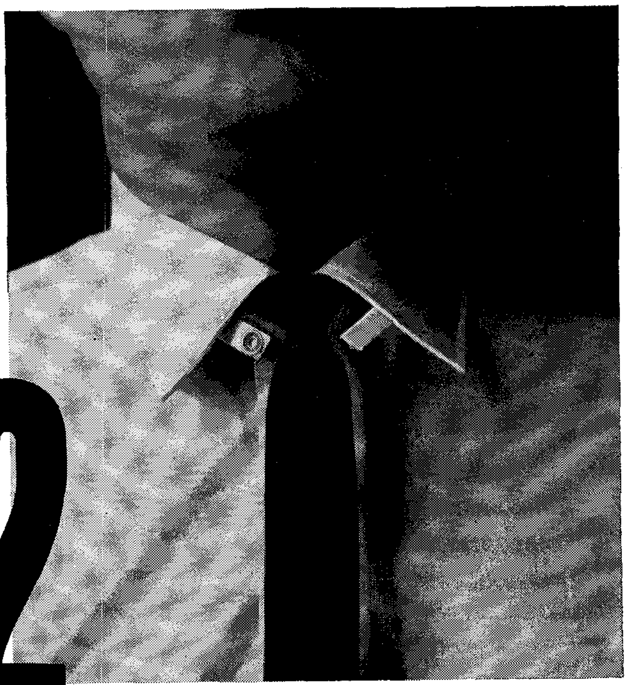
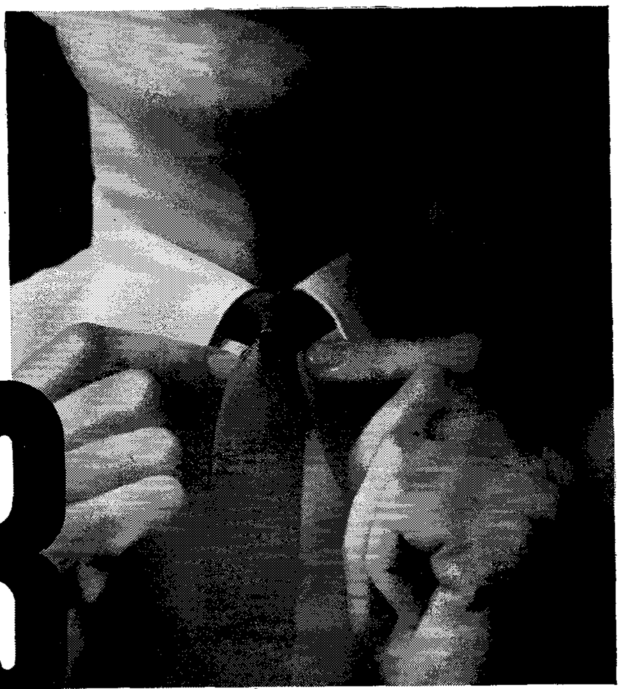


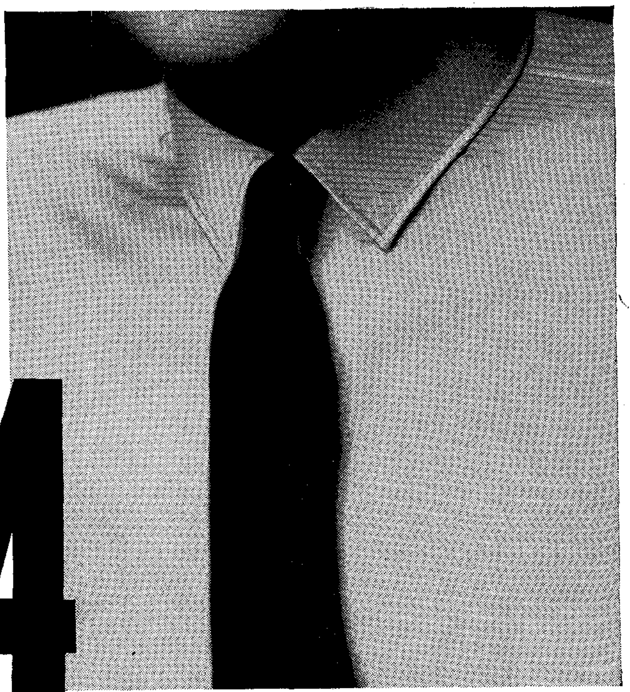
1 Knot your tie as usual



2 Close top button and raise knot into position



3 Lock tie knot and collar into place



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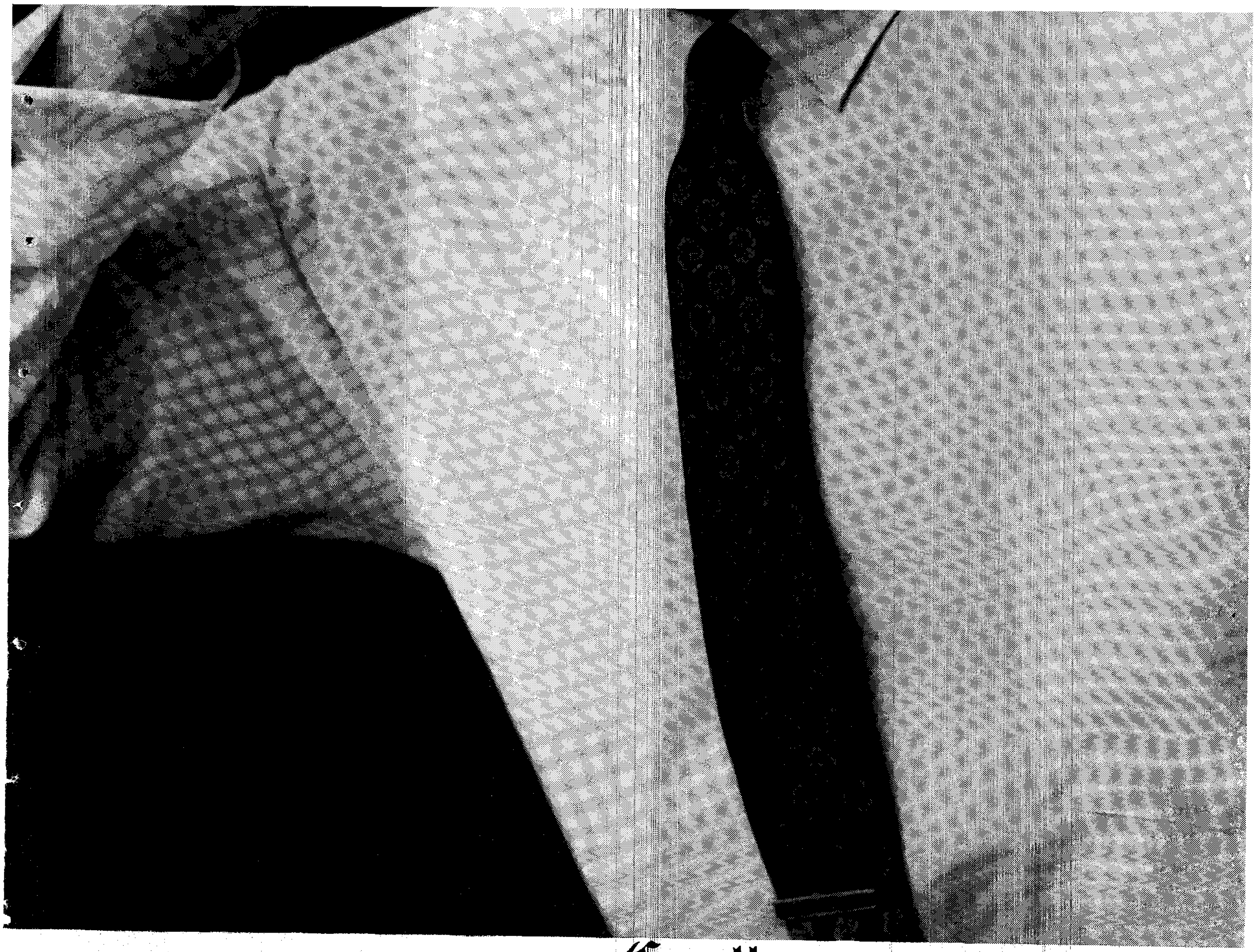
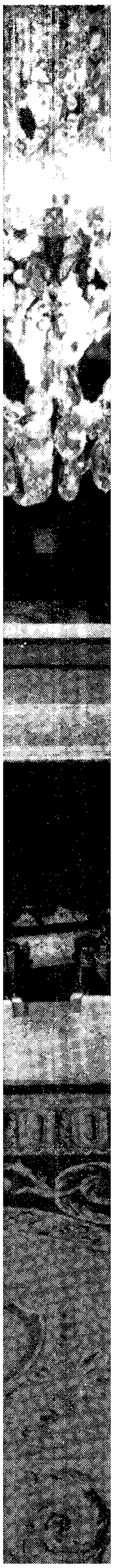


A Shirt Is Excello

This One Is Concordian

"Tailored like a jacket" of imported cotton in corded dobby weave and featuring the Sta-Rite® collar that locks collar and tie neatly in place. In white, blue, tan, mist and champagne. About $6.50 For the name of the fine store nearest you, write to Excello, Inc., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York



JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. NEW YORK 86 PROOF

GOWN BY ROSALIE MACRINI

After coffee...enjoy the drier liqueur

B DOM AND B

BENEDICTINE BRANDY

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

There is only one proper blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness. It is achieved in Benedictine's own bottled B & B, made at Fecamp, France. The result is perfection...always uniform, always delicious!

The make-up that put the Matte Look into today's fashion language!

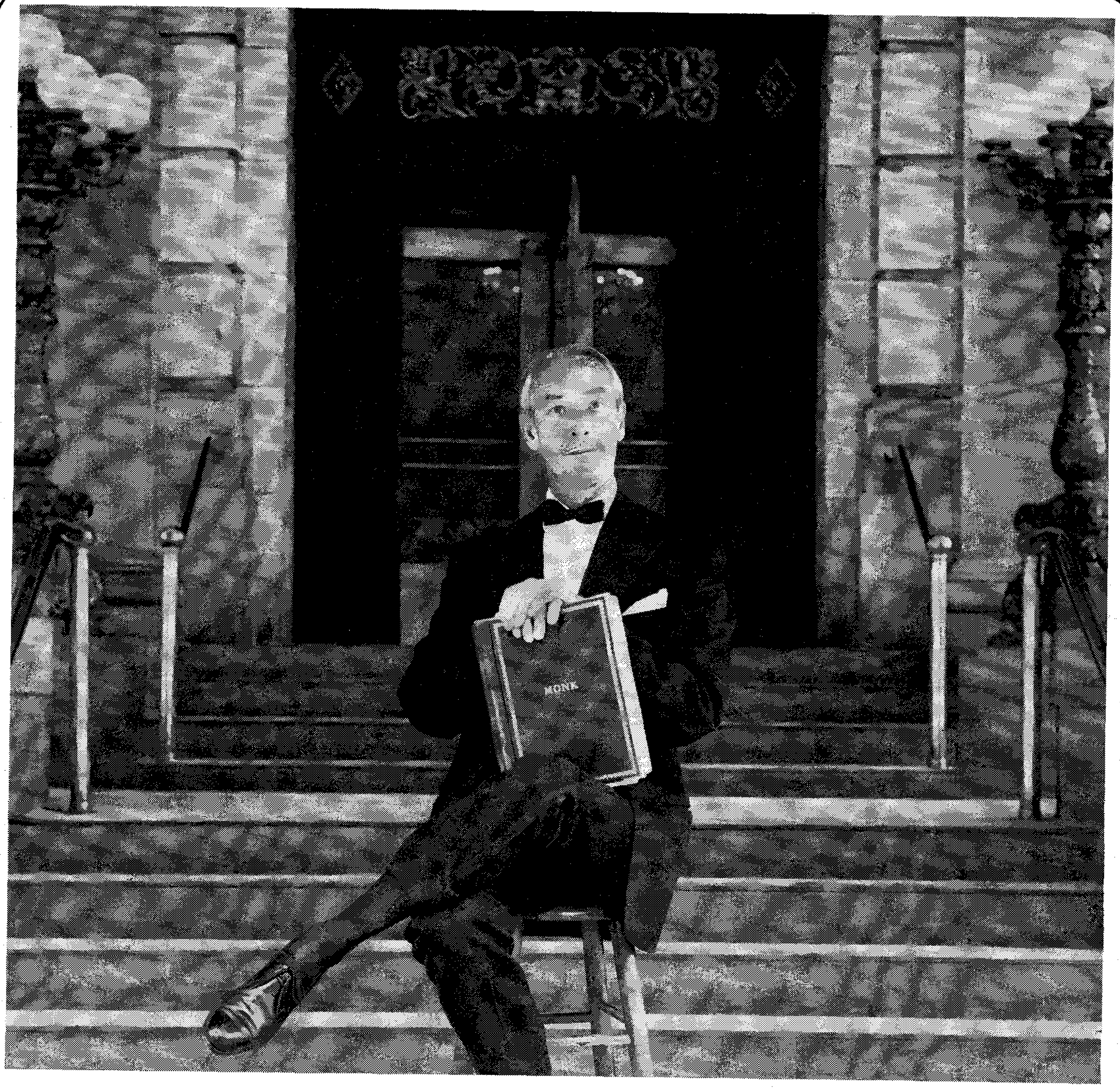
REVLON
Contempera
THE MATTE LOOK MAKE-UP

'CONTEMPERA' by Revlon

The matte look of 'Contempera' has changed the whole *idea* of make-up! You get a chic semi-powdered finish without using powder. Never shiny or greasy (and never drying). Everything goes on all at once — moisturizers, foundation and powder. It's elegance made easy. You look impeccably turned-out, yet don't even *feel* made-up!

NEW! Special Dry Skin formula with extra-rich moisturizers (same matte finish as regular 'Contempera').

THEATRE COSTUME BY SARMI; JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
© REVLON, INC. 1962



WHAT IS JULIUS DOING AT THE PLAZA?

He is presenting his only supper club revue of the season, a new one, "Dime a Dozen." Yes, Julius Monk is still playing the numbers, in his own individual and happy way just as he did with "Four Below," "Take Five," "Demi-Dozen," "Seven Come Eleven," "Pieces of Eight," "Dressed to the Nines," and "Ten-ish, Anyone?" The Rendez-Vous Room at The Plaza has been done over for Julius Monk. It now fits him and his singular way with a post-prandial prank to perfection. Re-christened The Plaza 9-it brings Julius to The Plaza where, commencing with a gala premiere on October 18, the format so firmly associated with Julius Monk's presentation will continue—with the additional fillip of The Plaza prestige. Won't you come over soon and see exactly what "Dime a Dozen" is all about?

Julius Monk's
PLAZA 9-
at The Plaza
59th Street and 5th Avenue

GALA OPENING
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, AT 11 PM
PREVIEWS NOW
the new post-prandial prank
"DIME a DOZEN"
with
CEIL CABOT • JACK FLETCHER
GERRY MATTHEWS • REX ROBBINS
MARY LOUISE WILSON
and
WILLIAM ROY • ROBERT COLSTON
at the plural pianos
Staged and Choreographed by
FRANK WAGNER
Musical and vocal arrangements by
WILLIAM ROY
The Plaza 9 Room and stage decor by
ED WITTSTEIN and ROBERT MILLER
Costumes by
DONALD BROOKS
Entire Production Conceived and Directed by
MR. MONK
Two shows nightly,
9:30 and Midnight

Collation-Libation: Mon.-Thurs.—$5.00 minimum; Fri.-Sat.—$6.00 minimum. Reservations: The Plaza, PLaza 9-3000.

Sunbeam Alpine is one sports car wives say *yes* to

Tell the missus you want a sports car and here's what she'll think: 1) you've flipped, 2) she'll need three permanents a week, 3) the kids will have to walk, 4) all packages except, perhaps, for toothbrushes, will have to be delivered.

Then show her the Sunbeam Alpine.

She's likely to agree that roll-up windows make the Sunbeam Alpine a pleasure to drive at any time of year. And its snug-fitting soft top or optional hard top will keep weather outside, where it belongs. The occasional rear seat will accommodate children and/or parcels, and there are lockable, extra-wide opening doors and leg room for a lady to sit like a lady on the foam-cushioned seats. Quite a car? Yes, indeed.

For all its comfort, Sunbeam Alpine lifts off to 60 in 12.3 seconds, corners like a cat, blisters a quarter mile in under 19 seconds, makes racing headlines in event after event. 1st at Riverside, Danville, Bridgehampton; 1st in price class at Sebring; 1st at Le Mans for efficiency.

Budget-wise wives like Alpine's low price: $2595, p.o.e.* Get your wife to say yes with your Rootes dealer as a witness.

Going abroad? Ask your Rootes dealer about our overseas delivery plan.

*East P.O.E. Slightly more in West. State & local taxes, delivery charge, if any, hard top, wire wheels, white walls, optional, extra.

SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**

When Does A Foot Feel Like Ginger Ale?

A small boy, trying to tell us his foot has fallen asleep, exclaims, "Gee, my toes feel just like ginger ale!"

And we know exactly what he means.

A little girl, discovering the woozy ribbons of color in a grease-puddle, mournfully describes them as "a dead rainbow."

And we know exactly what she means.

If communication going the *other* way—from adult to child—is generally not that effective, it may be because too many grown-ups can't transmit an idea that imaginatively.

In a word, their fancy is much too plain.

Teamwork

At NBC Television, where the importance of communicating with youngsters has never been underrated, we've been working on what we believe to be a very *un-plain* program for children.

Object: A series that informs and instructs so attractively as to give its young televiewers a genuine yearning for learning.

We haven't been working alone. Over the past five months of preparation we've had lots of eager help from teachers and educational groups.

And from this combined planning by entertainment specialists and educators has come a full-hour, full-color series called "Exploring," which will be introduced this Saturday (October 13) at 12:30 p.m. NYT.

Each week, "Exploring" will be using the most modern audio and visual techniques to stimulate young-viewer interest in language, music, mathematics, social studies and science.

Cello Voce

In music, for example, a cello's role in an orchestra will be explained by the cello itself—speaking English in tones incredibly similar to the instrument's customary sounds.

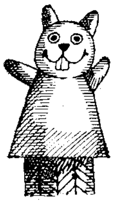
In mathematics, a troupe of woodland puppets will be commandeered to explain how the idea of counting may have begun.

In social studies, figures from an obelisk will be animated to serve as a backdrop for a survey of Egyptian civilization.

On hand as host each week will be 38-year-old Dr. Albert R. Hibbs, an awfully smart fellow who's a senior scientist at the California Institute of Technology.

Dr. Hibbs' specialty at Cal Tech happens to be jet propulsion, but he lives in no ivory wind tunnel. He gets around. He's been a consultant and guest teacher in California elementary schools, and his hefty television experience includes a just-completed 39-week science series in Los Angeles.

"Exploring" is aimed primarily at children from five to eleven years of age; and we're confident they'll be fascinated by it.



Teen-agers with a "left-out" feeling should be reminded that "Update" – the weekly news program (Sundays, 5 to 5:30 p.m. NYT) created especially for *them*—begins its second season on NBC the day after "Exploring's" debut.

Actually, it's a pretty good bet that both series will, in a great many homes, be attracting entire families.

We're as sure of that as we are that many of NBC's *adult* attractions this season (such as the forthcoming "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The River Nile," and "Shakespeare: Soul of an Age") will be watched by many millions of youngsters. And that's as it should be.

Unclassified

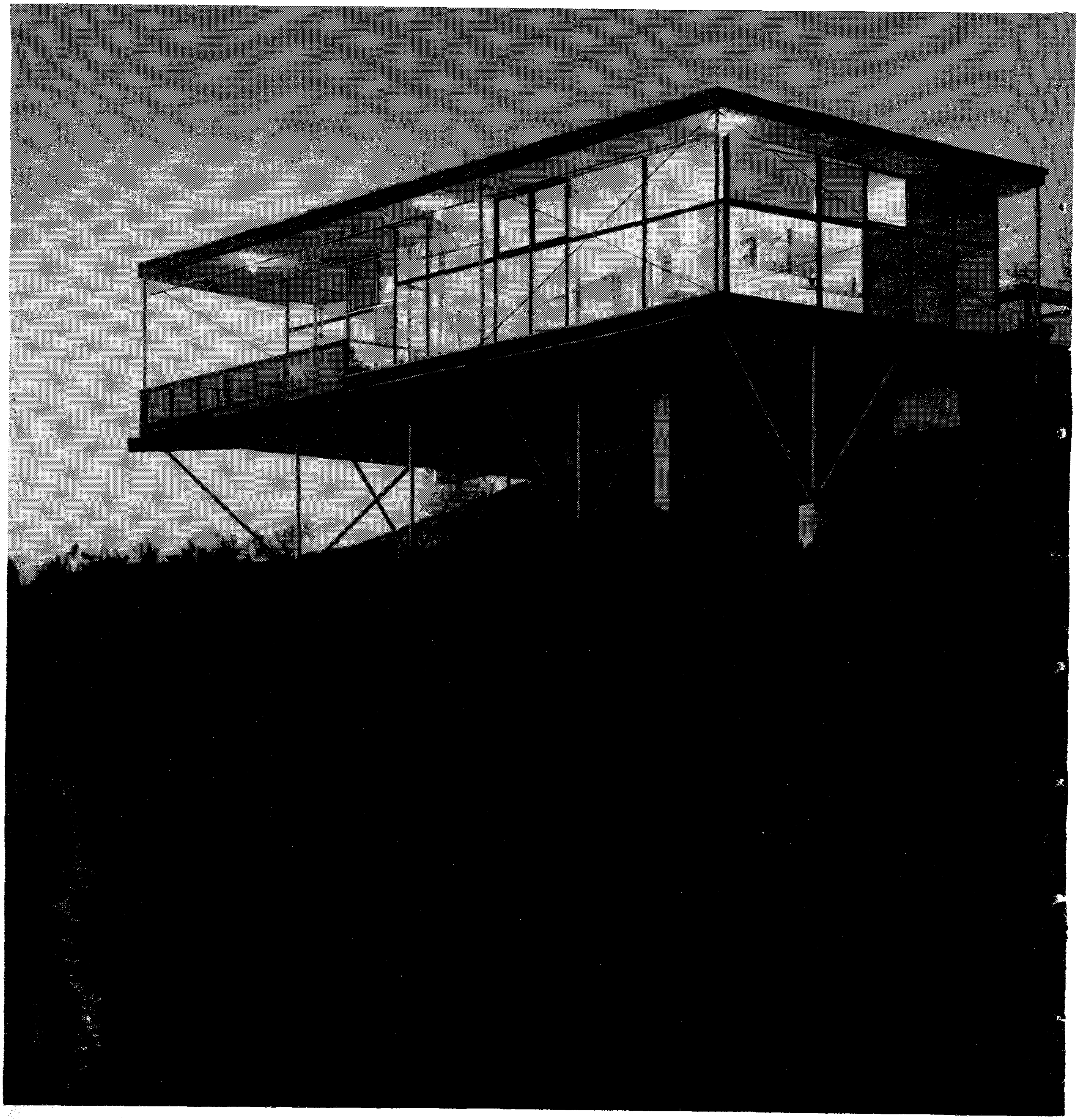
The fact is that television's ability to inform and enlighten the young has never been restricted to programs with an academic stamp.

It's true that the "Exploring" series happens to fall clearly within the educational sphere. But, we'd rather not have that get around. You know how some boys are. Even before the premiere, they'd be thinking of ways to be the very first kid on the block to play hookey on a Saturday.

NBC

This is NBC, the largest single source of news, entertainment and information in the free world.

Two things to ow

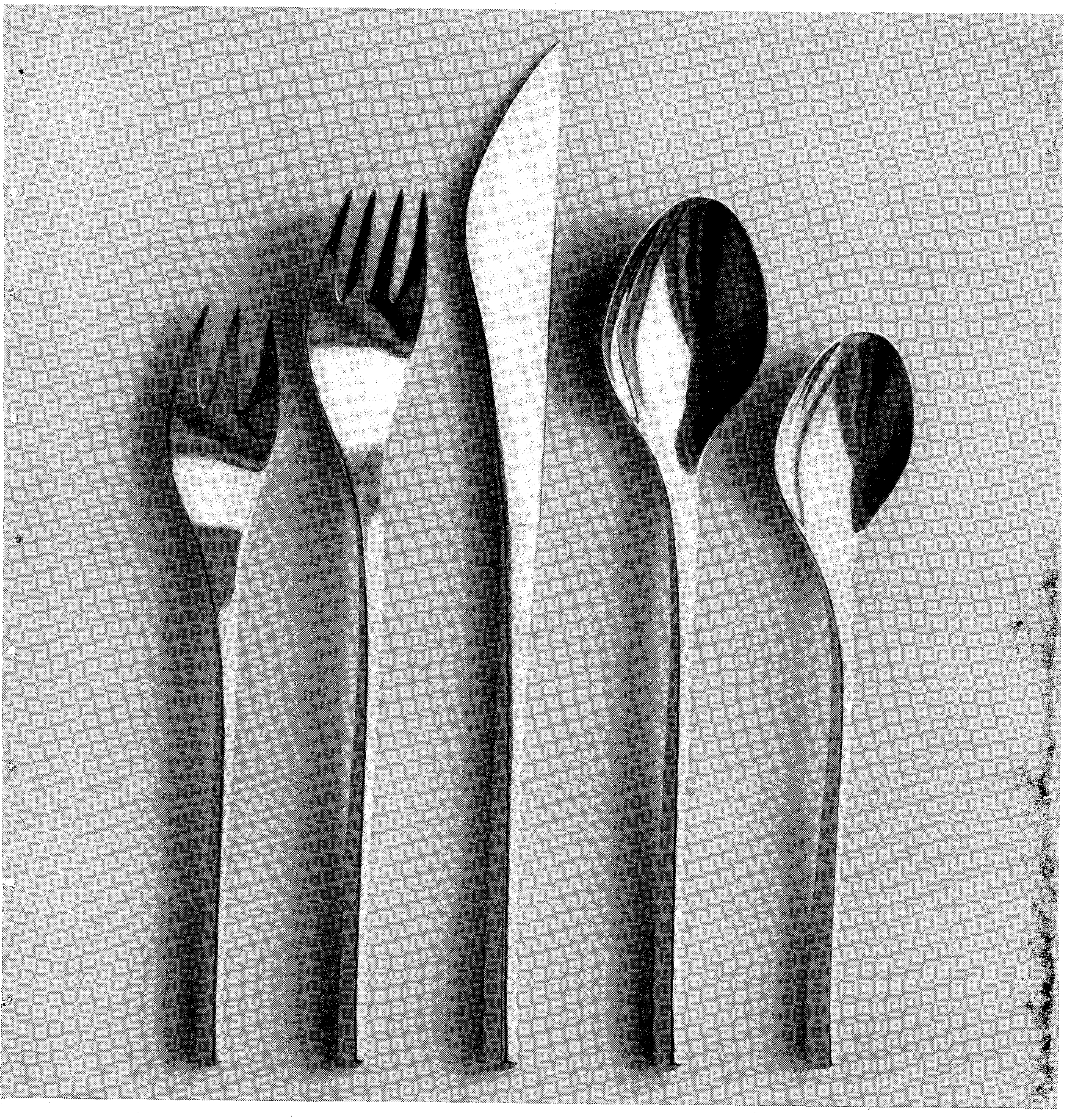


1. A HILLSIDE HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA

For Sale: This stunningly modern 1-to-5-room home, designed in 1956 by one of America's outstanding architects for her own use. Flexible floor plan allows owner to shift room areas by means of movable closets. House is perched on hillside for a sweeping view of Beverly Hills and Pacific Ocean. Cantilevered construction makes it seem to float in space... slim steel supports emphasize its airy silhouette. Outside walls are clear glass, alternating with panels painted yellow, aqua, grey, white. Graveled terrace in rear. $69,500.

OFFERED BY: GRETA MAGNUSSON GROSSMAN, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

n Extreme Modern:



2. VISION STERLING BY INTERNATIONAL

For Sale: This stunningly modern 5-piece place setting, designed in 1961 by one of America's outstanding designers. Its space-age lines are due to a new way of construction. Handles are turned at right angles—to make VISION simpler to hold, better balanced, more graceful to look at. Slim silhouette echoes the slender steel supports of contemporary architecture. Only the Soaring '60s could produce such a knife blade. Gives any home a modern touch...makes a modern home *ultra*-modern. Single 5-piece place setting, incl. Fed. Tax, $50.

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

38,480,000 Bell System Pay Checks a Year

Size is more than big figures. It's jobs and wages and families and homes. Many thousands of Bell System men and women are promoted every year. More than 300,000 own stock in the company.

The Bell System employs 740,000 men and women—more than any other business. On the basis of a weekly wage payment, that's 38,480,000 pay checks a year.

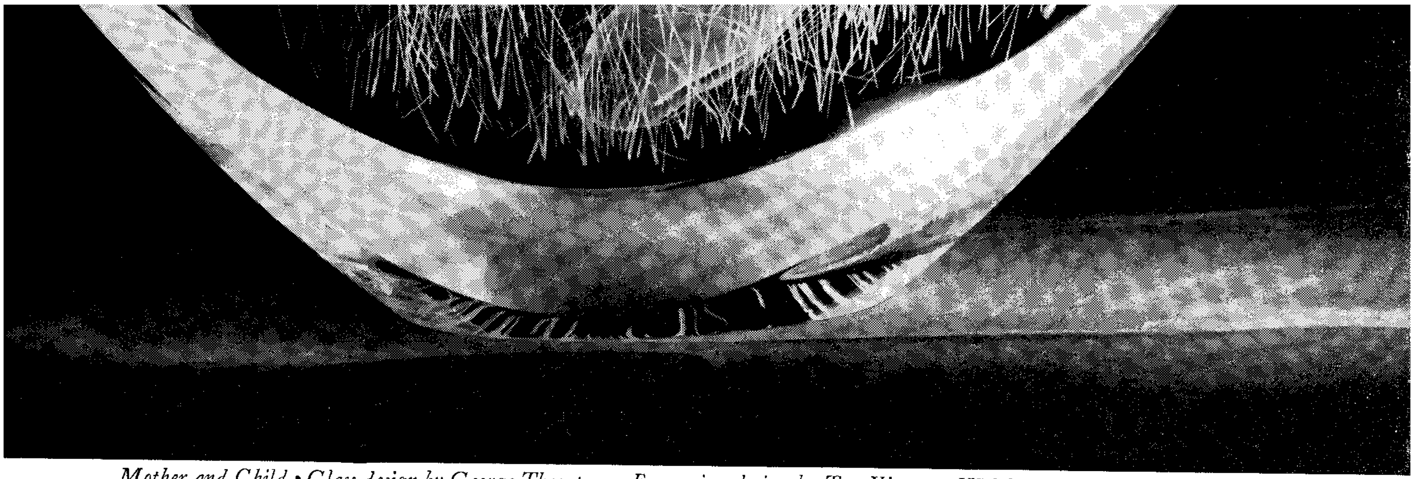
So the Bell System is not just communication services for millions of people and important projects for the defense of the nation.

The human side is jobs and opportunity for hundreds of thousands of men and women and billions of dollars in wages every year. The 1961 total was $4,312,000,000.

It is an important and indispensable part of the purchasing power and prosperity of the nation.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans



Mother and Child • Glass design by George Thompson • Engraving design by Tom Vincent • Width 12 inches • $3,300

Mother and Child—by Steuben

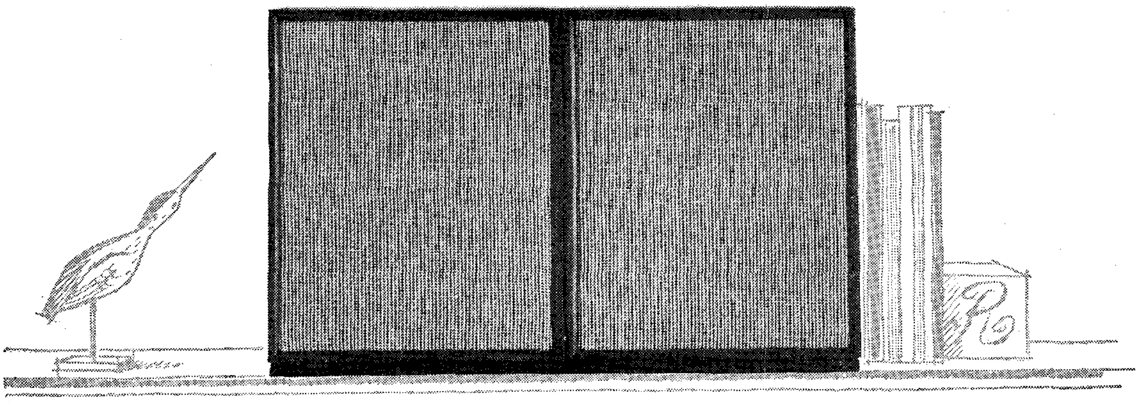
THE theme is eternal. A woman, her child, and the earth. Cradling her child, the woman kneels on a carpet of grass. The protective curve of her body expresses the tenderness and love of every young mother.

Her child, safe, lies still.

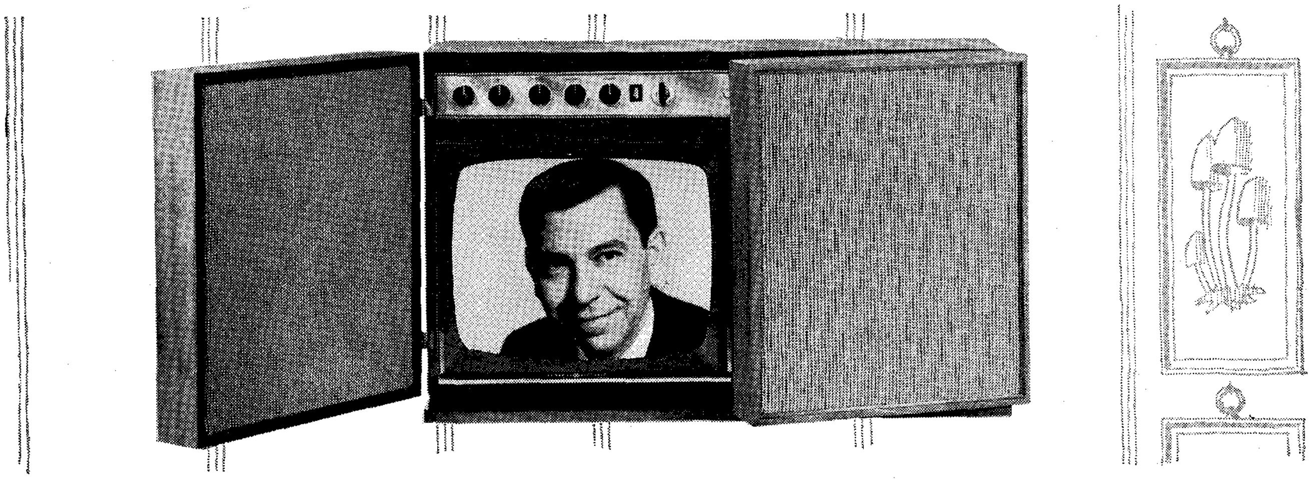
A shell of crystal encircles their private world of quiet adoration.

Steuben invites you to see this and other new crystal sculptures.

STEUBEN GLASS



Put it in the bookcase...



Hang it on the wall...

Set it on the table...

The exclusive design of this Custom Decorator gives you a whole entertainment center that fits into any room... anywhere. Big 19-inch (diag. meas.) TV... true stereo 4-speed Garrard® Record Changer... AM/FM and stereo radio, too! And the four-speaker sound system is extendable to 16 feet of separation. The Custom Decorator comes in fine traditional hardwood designs. At your GENERAL ELECTRIC DEALER'S. See it now! Television Receiver Dept., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of

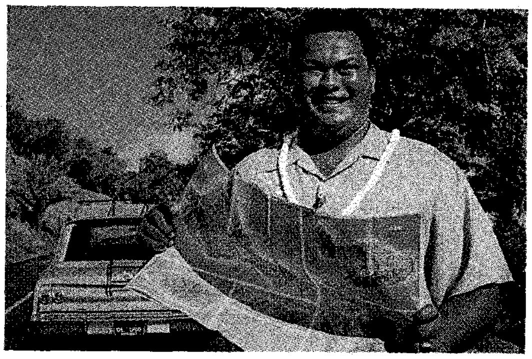
HAWAII

Hawaii's sunny word of greeting, Aloha, is also its word for affection. Visitors find a warm and wonderful welcome in this happy land, just 4½ quick hours by jet from the Pacific Coast, 4½ luxurious days by ship. Many fine hotels offer you a wide range of accommodations. You'll want to stay long enough to see all our Islands – Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii are minutes from Honolulu. Travel light and get "Island things" here.

There's more for all this fall: Enjoy the new Festival of the Pacific, Nov. 10-17, with music and dances from many Pacific lands. Hawaii has a special Aloha for honeymooners, Dec. 1-15. You can still hook a prize in the Fall Fishing Derby, ending Dec. 15.

A day on Oahu holds vacation pleasure in many moods: the gay resort life of Waikiki, the cosmopolitan hues of Honolulu, the shimmering stillness of a quiet tropic bay.

Try your angler's luck on Hawaii Island – for little reef fish or big-game billfish.

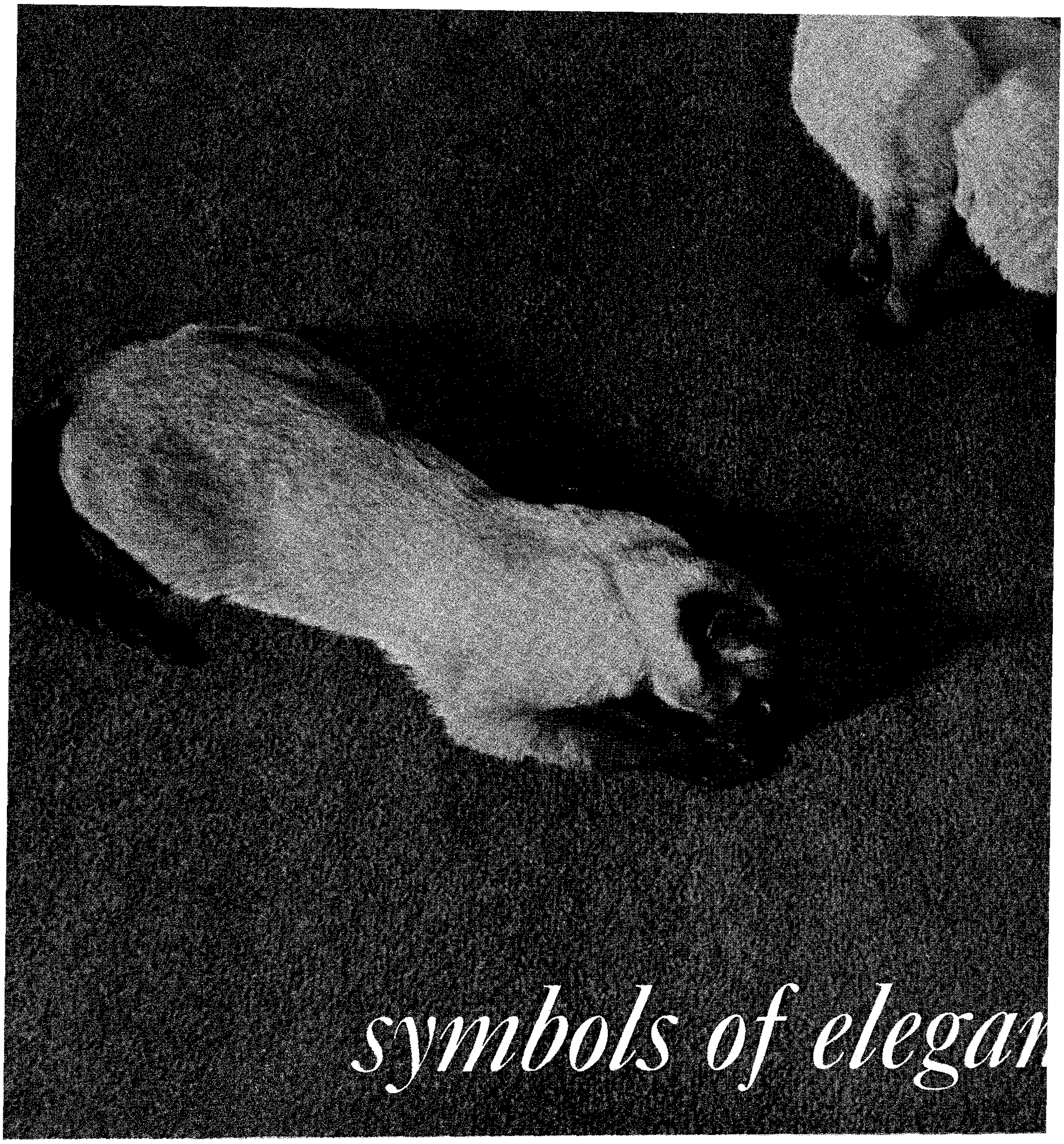


With a friendly tour driver as your guide sightseeing on Maui brings bright rewards.

Visit Iolani Palace, walk in the footsteps of Island kings.

Kauai's charm is compounded of songs, smiles, scenic splendor.

See your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. A-4, Honolulu, Hawaii for colorful folder • Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

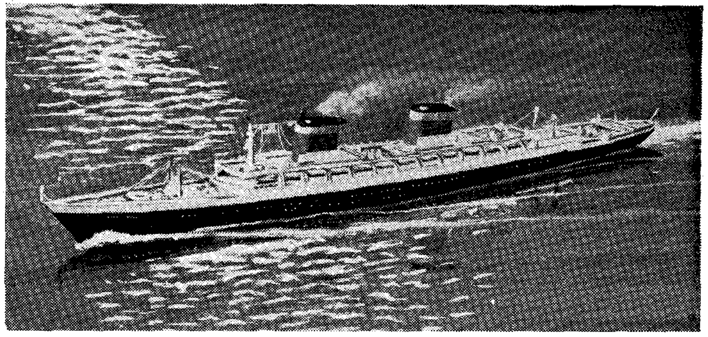


Ah yes! You can rest assured you have the ultimate in style, quality and performance when your lovely carpet boasts the proud names of *Barwick* and *Du Pont!* Barwick's "501"* carpet — all Du Pont nylon pile — is fashioned in a wide variety of heat-set textures . . . an endless choice of subtle, enduring colors. The prestige and performance of two great names — *Barwick* and *Du Pont* — distinguish the best carpet underfoot. Easy care and long service make this the most economical carpet sold. From $7.95 to $24.95 per sq. yd. at better stores everywhere.

* DU PONT
501
N
DU PONT CERTIFICATION MARK FOR CARPETS WITH ALL NYLON PILE MEETING DU PONT QUALITY STANDARDS.

E T B arwick
mills, inc.
CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
World's largest maker of tufted carpets and rugs

There's a staff of 800 attendants–one for every couple. All you do is enjoy your trip to Europe on the s.s. United States



Mr. and Mrs. Pitt F. Carl, Jr. on the bridge of the s.s. America. Mr. Carl is a retired Vice-President of the New York Telephone Company. Aboard these ships are acres of deck space for strolling, for deck games—or just plain relaxation.

Looking busy will be your hardest job... for 5 lovely leisurely days

When you sail for Europe on the s.s. United States, the world's fastest ship, there's nothing for you to do but live graciously for 5 delightful days. Experienced travelers choose this ship again and again.

s.s. United States includes a week-end in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen. You spend only 3 business days aboard.

s.s. America Popular, luxurious. Offers two extra days at sea for a more leisurely crossing.

10% round-trip reduction during Thrift Season. Also special 25% reductions on 30-day individual excursion tickets or group travel during Thrift Season in cabin and tourist classes.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Williamson of Dallas, Texas, being made comfortable while steward gets ready to offer a tasty snack. Cuisine, prepared by artist chefs, is "international." Mr. Williamson is Chairman of the Board of Frito-Lay, Inc.

Miss Elizabeth A. Eigo of Larchmont, N. Y., enjoying the smooth rhythms of a Meyer Davis Orchestra. Others find fun in the heated swimming pool, first-run movies.

FOR DETAILS, SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

United States Lines

United States Lines, 1 Broadway, N. Y. 4, N. Y. Owner-operators of the s.s. United States, s.s. America and a fleet of 52 fast cargo vessels to Europe, United Kingdom, Far East, Australia.

COLOR SECRET

The Secret? An optical illusion! Lively fluid tints to wear (secretly) under your make-up. The right one will neutralize any coloring flaw your skin may have. Result? You will look your best with any shade of make-up you choose, fair or dark, because your skin is optically neutral, with a clarity of tone as pure and true as a child's.

A beauty-maker, unquestionably, and fresh from the hand of

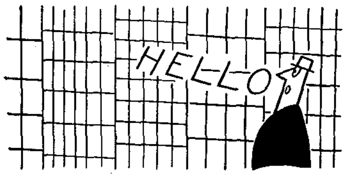
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is no discovery of ours that Park Avenue, which just yesterday was a delicacy of dowagers and poodles between two slices of granite gingerbread, is today mostly glass. Thinking, the other afternoon, that we ought to welcome the future to our city, we strolled over to say hello to the massive, glinting architectural newcomers that have suddenly filled the ten or so blocks north of Forty-seventh Street—and discovered that once "Hello" was pronounced, the conversation threatened to end. For perhaps the first thing to say about the new architectural mode is that it leaves one with little to say. It glossily sheds human comment. The old modernism bustled forward, with its squared-off edges and concrete spirals, like a geometrical puppy eager to be praised for its successful burial of obsolete bones. The new buildings on Park Avenue—Nos. 270, 280, 300, 320, 350, 375, 390, 399, 400, and 410, to give them their names—have not so much arrived as seeped through, and they hover on their thin stilts, slightly darker than the sky, like boxy clouds that, the next moment, may shrug and be gone.



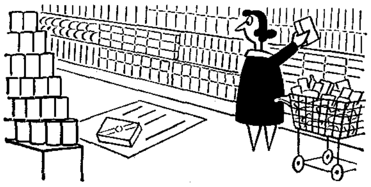
Not that they are transparent. No, they are curiously opaque, considering that they are made of glass. The old skyline, the jagged continuum of rosy-ochre stone, was airier, really; its even ground of tint made the individual buildings appear to have more silhouette than mass. Perhaps the opacity of the glass buildings has to do with their refusal to accept atmosphere, to melt, as it were, into a landscape. For while it is true that they reflect, it is also true that they reflect only each other, like actors at a cocktail party who will speak only to other actors. As we observed the windows of Lever House reflecting, with that warp and shimmer so beloved of our photographic journals, the windows of the First National City Bank Building across the street, and then observed the First National City Bank Building courteously reflecting Lever House, we felt trapped beside a conversation that we would never be invited to enter.

Grant these new buildings their suave good looks. The Seagram Building (375) is, of course, the stately Negro of the group, and Lever House (390) very much the fine lady. The Union Carbide Building, down the street (270), has grandeur—each side of it a prairie county in acreage. The stainless-steel verticals are shaped like flanged railroad tracks, and to the man looking up they recede through fifty-two stories as the Union Pacific roadbed receded west a century ago, the dark between-window horizontal bands serving perfectly, in the visual pun, as railroad ties. But, these three buildings somewhat excepted, the group makes an insubstantial and disquieting impression. As our lives in this era all hang by threads, so our buildings stand on sticks. The stilt mode, though it has doubtless liberated some space for pedestrians, heightens the general impression of danger fostered by the newspapers, the stock market, and the Russians. It is disconcerting to see, in those buildings under construction, such as the Bankers Trust Building, at Forty-eighth Street, how importantly what looks like wide Scotch Tape figures in the construction, and how the first story seems to be built last, almost as an afterthought—as if the buildings were, like mistletoe, actually rooted in the air. Certainly the occupants of these new buildings must be teased by the fear that if they slam the lobby door too hard, an entire cosmos of glass and metal webbing will crash down on their heads.

What we miss, perhaps, is some sense of monument. These new skyscrapers do not aspire to scrape the sky; at the point of exhaustion, where the old skyscrapers used to taper, gather their dwindling energy, and lunge upward with a heart-stopping spire, these glass boxes suffer the intense architectural embarrassment of having to house the air-conditioning apparatus, and the ascent of windows ends in an awkward piece of slatted veiling. A pity, perhaps, but well suited to an age of anticlimax. Glassy-eyed from contemplation of these buildings made entirely of windows, we walked west feeling oddly empty, as if we had dined on a meal of doughnut holes.

Impact on the Floor

JUST as nature abhors a vacuum, any advertising man worth his salt abhors a blank space, for it cries out to be filled with a merchandise-hustling message. Thus, the sensibilities of one local advertising man became outraged a year or so ago when he abruptly realized that thousands of square feet of potential advertising space—i.e., the floors of supermarkets—were unimaginatively being used merely to walk on. The advertising man, Stanley A. Lomas, who is a partner in an advertising-and-marketing agency called Lomas, Foster, Rodin & Co., at once got to work to correct this oversight, and we can now report that with the invention of something called Vismat, which will be introduced in twenty-five metropolitan Bohack supermarkets early in November, he has triumphantly succeeded in placing ads directly underfoot—smack in the center of supermarket aisles. We encountered the new invention at a small late-afternoon kickoff party in the Esso Building, where the chief at-



traction was not one but two working Vismats. A Vismat, we quickly discovered, is a slightly modified slide projector that, by means of a mirror, projects a color-slide image onto a two-foot-square piece of white plastic that is firmly bonded to the floor. "You see, it shoots from above, reflected off the mirror," explained a brisk, hawk-faced young beater for Vismat as we gazed solemnly down at the floor, from which an ad for Del Monte ketchup blinked back at us. "The projector is mounted on a pipe that is only an inch in diameter, so the whole deal takes up only one inch of precious supermarket shelf space. You attach the pipe to the top shelf, bolt on the projector, put the plastic on the floor, and you're in business. The slide goes on and off fifteen times a minute, so in your average eight-hour store day you're getting seventy-two hundred socko messages over to your buying public. With three Vismats in each store, that's what I call impact. Why somebody didn't think of using the floor before, I'll never know—it's just one of those great ideas that are right before your eyes but you don't see them. And point of sale isn't the only place Vismat can work. We're planning to project advertising messages on the floor of Grand Central Station. That'll get those types who scuttle across the station with their heads down, not looking at ads."

We nervously edged a couple of feet away from the Vismat, which continued to click the ketchup ad inexorably on and off, and the beater passed us on to a bespectacled, scholarly-looking man, who turned out to be a market researcher for Vismat, and who, by the number of figures he had at his fingertips, reminded us a little of President Kennedy at one of his news conferences. "According to the recent du Pont study of consumer buying habits," said the market researcher dryly, "seventy-three-point-three per cent of all buying decisions are made after entering the supermarket. Furthermore, as you perhaps know, we are a nation of people who tend to look downward as we walk. Since our test runs of Vismat in New York stores have shown that eight out of ten shoppers, the great majority of whom are housewives, are stopped dead in their tracks by Vismat, it stands to reason that Vismat will increase the sales of the product it's advertising. Naturally, the advertised product is on a shelf directly adjacent to the Vismat message. As a medium of hard sell at the point of sale, it's an absolute stroke of genius. In our tests, no Vismat-advertised item increased in sales by less than fifty per cent, and one product, Angostura bitters, went up in sales by eleven hundred per cent." Having given us the statistical word on Vismat, the market researcher abruptly made off, leaving us with several vaguely heretical thoughts.

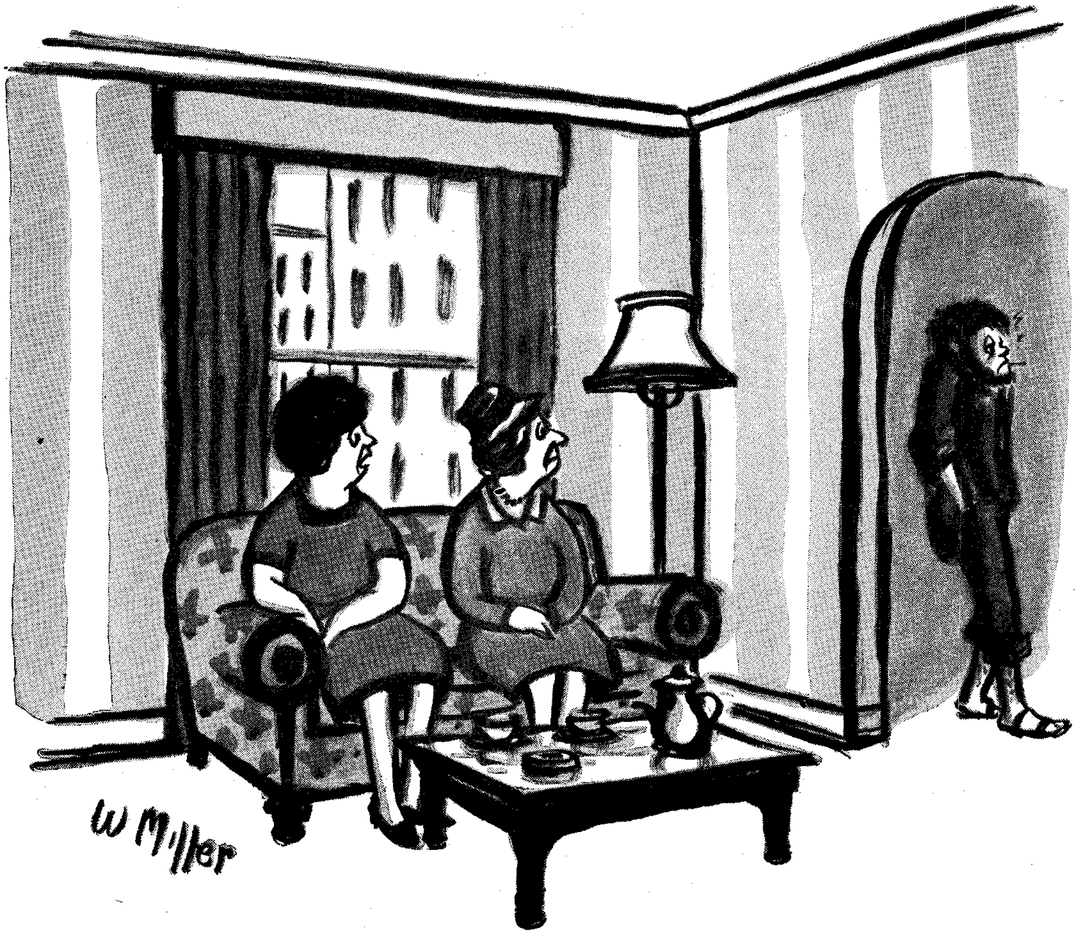
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (WHAT ARE YOU KICKING ABOUT? DIVISION): The Carnegie Delicatessen & Restaurant, on Seventh Avenue near Fifty-fifth Street, has this notice on its menu:

> Any negligence on the part of our employees is unwarranted.

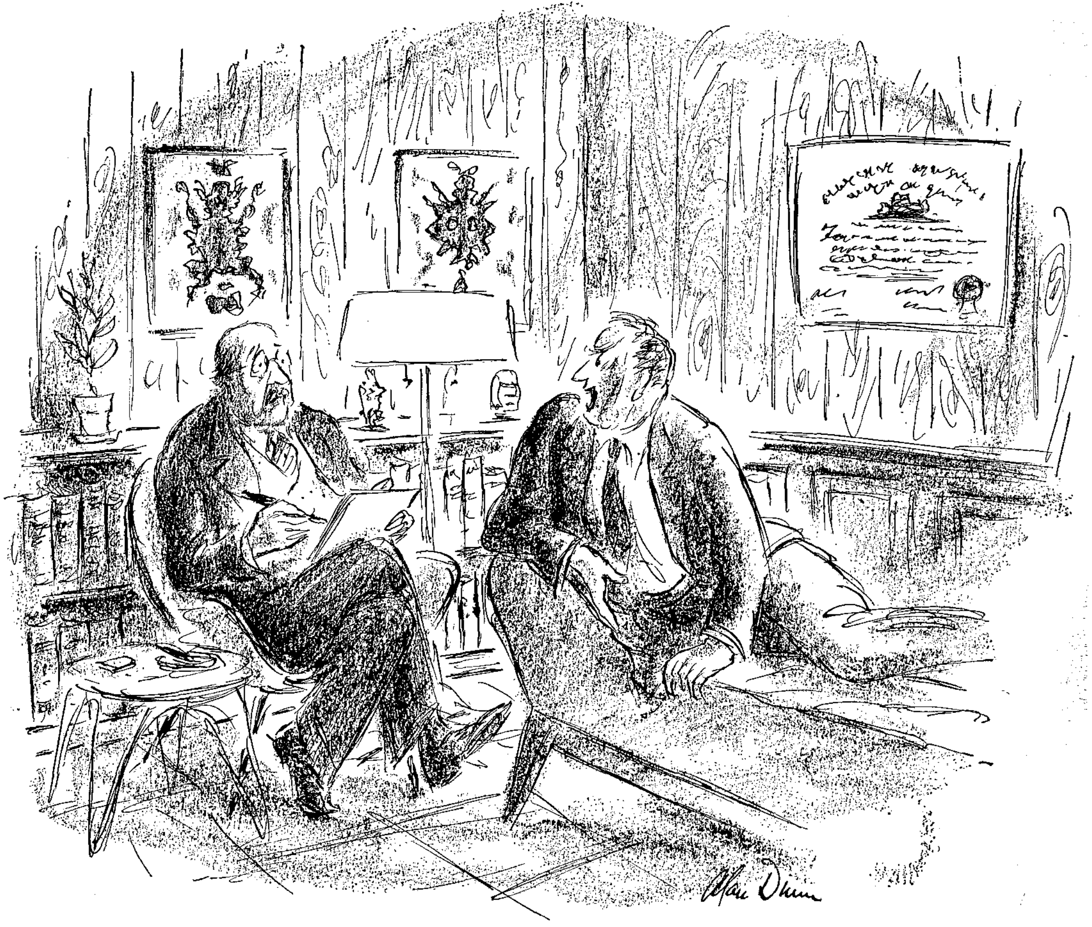
International Moon

THE cordial exchange a few months ago between President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev concerning proposals for a series of joint outer-space projects was in large measure the fruit of a session of the United Nations Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space, whose chairman is Dr. Franz Matsch, the chief Austrian delegate to the United Nations. The Committee was set up in 1959, but until this year the Russians had boycotted it. "We got around that by a compromise," Ambassador Matsch said to us when we called on him in the Austrian Mission's office, on East Sixty-ninth Street. "Voting was dispensed with altogether. In our official report to the General Assembly, we simply made proposals and suggestions for coöperation by representatives of Unesco, the International Telecommunication Union, the Committee on Space Research, and the World Meteorological Organization. Our job has been one of coördination and promotion. The weather satellite is of the greatest importance. Through global observation, it will be possible to predict the weather in specific regions weeks ahead. It may be possible to *change* the weather. Possibly hurricanes can be prevented. When you see one building up, perhaps it will be possible to destroy it with a peaceful blast. If you see a drought coming in China, perhaps you will make rain there. If an individual wants to go on a vacation, he can learn the score ahead of time. As for Telstar, it immediately made possible undisturbed communication between the continents by



"Our son marches to a distant drum."

telephone, radio, and television. This reflects a kind of progress that can be compared in significance to the discovery of fire and the invention of the steam engine. The outer-space climate—its *psychological* climate, that is—has greatly improved. No country is entitled to have national rights on the moon, no matter who gets there first. The moon will be international, and *joint*. You know, there's a big difference between the world situation today and what it was in the thirties. There is not one government today that is planning a war. Such planning used to be a normal thing. That's an enormous difference."



"All right, I am afraid! I'm afraid to eat, to drink, to smoke, to drive, to fly, to breathe! And why shouldn't I be?"

We asked for an autobiographical, inner-space note, and Dr. Matsch said that he was born in Vienna in 1899, the son and namesake of a famous painter and sculptor, whose portraits included Emperor Franz Josef and his empress. "When I was a boy, I was determined to become a painter," he said, "but at seventeen, during the First World War, I was called to the colors and sent to the front-line trenches in the Dolomites, where I was so shocked at what I saw that I resolved to devote myself to peace. People didn't know who it was that they were fighting; we had Bosnians on our side whose one idea was to escape to the other side, and to do that they had to kill us. It was a war within the trenches. One day, in a cave, I saw two hundred and fifty Italians who had been asphyxiated by gas. All were standing with their guns, frozen. For a moment, I didn't realize they were dead. It was a terrible sight."

After the war, the Ambassador went to work as a diplomat with the League of Nations. "You hear the same talk in disarmament conferences today that you heard in Geneva in the nineteen-thirties," he said. "I'll retire in a little more than two years, and I plan to take up painting. I'll have to catch up. I will have lost forty-five years."

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OVERHEARD in a Broadway theatre lobby: "Sure she's ugly, but she's cute-ugly."

Graduation

KING CANUTE is credited with having attempted to turn back the sea, but it remained for Thomas H. Everett, assistant director of horticulture at the Botanical Garden and its senior curator of education, to succeed in turning back the calendar—at least for the graduation party of the Children's Gardencraft Classes, a course of instruction that the Botanical Garden gives each year. Ordinarily, the party is held in August, at the conclusion of the course, but this year it was postponed until the end of September, so that Mr. Everett, who had been spending several horticultural weeks in his native Britain, could help make the affair a success. We had been invited, and we entered the steeply graded, old-fashioned auditorium of the Garden's museum building in time for a pre-ceremony chat with the leader of the course, Mrs. Lillian Weber, who told us that 1962 was Gardencraft's seventh season, and the biggest ever (a hundred and seventy-two boys and girls, ranging in age from nine to sixteen); that its campus is a little more than an acre of land, embracing seventy-seven plots, in back of the museum building; that the course starts in March; and that this year a bumper crop of radishes, peppers, squash, eggplant, peanuts, scallions, tomatoes, broccoli, carrots, beets, beans, and lettuce had been raised and harvested. "The children take their vegetables home in plastic bags," she said. "Each child weighs or counts his products. We grew more this year than ever before, partly because there were more children—we started with fifty, in 1956—and partly because our advisory council gave us a new automatic sprinkling system. We used to rely on hoses." Consulting a list, she continued, "Thirteen hundred and eighty-seven pounds of tomatoes, eight hundred and fifty-five pounds of beets, five hundred and seventy pounds of broccoli, two thousand and thirty scallions, and ninety-seven hundred and thirty-three radishes. Quite a contribution to the children's households, especially when you consider that the registration fee is only three dollars. We also raised some flowers."

We took a seat in the second row, just behind Dr. William C. Steere, who is the director of the Garden and a seasoned bryologist, and Mrs. Steere, as some three hundred graduates, parents, and assorted well-wishers settled down in the big room.

"The tonnage of produce is fantastic," Dr. Steere said to us. "I'll bet the children's families are delighted. Most of them come from the Bronx or Westchester. My wife and I spent six weeks last summer in Greenland, collecting and classifying mosses. I went there on the invitation of Kjeld Holmen, professor of botany at the University of Copenhagen, which has an Arctic research station on Disko Island, off the west coast of Greenland. We did most of our work away from the station, on a thirty-foot fishing boat that slept nine. It was my tenth season in the Arctic—you can do botanical work there only during the short summer period."

"You anchor in a sheltered place, take a dinghy in closer, and then wade ashore in rubber boots to study the plant life," Mrs. Steere said.

Mrs. Weber, who was wearing a pretty frock of delphinium blue, gained a microphone on the platform and launched into an address of welcome to the crafters and their guests.

"It's fascinating to see them working on their plots," Mrs. Steere whispered to us. "Lillian blows her whistle and they all start to work. They do *not* hit each other with their rakes."

"We're grateful to the advisory council not only for the overhead sprinkler system but for a new high fence around the area that keeps away vandals," Mrs. Weber said. "They used to steal the vegetables. But crows are still a nuisance."

"Mummy! I want my mummy!" shrieked a tiny girl seated in a row of older children. A lady descended the aisle from a rear seat and picked the girl up, whereupon she subsided.

"The children invite their brothers and sisters on visitors' days," Mrs. Steere said.

Mrs. Weber concluded her welcome, asked her assistants—three women and one man—to take bows, and introduced Mr. Everett.

"You never can tell what Tom Everett will do," Dr. Steere said to us. "He once called on me to speak when I'd said I was simply on hand as an onlooker. If you could harness his energy, it would light up the entire city of New York."

"You boys and girls will finish up growing vegetables on the moon one of these days," Mr. Everett said. "Next year, I want the advisory council to do something about the *crows'* eating our tomatoes." He went on to show some excellent color slides of people and plants in the Far East, which he had toured last spring.

Next, three or four prize pupils made brief speeches. "Some of our radishes got too big and hard," Marvin Berk, twelve, said. "We should have taken them out sooner."

Mrs. Steere handed diplomas to a long line of children, and prizes—books on gardening—to a shorter line.

Mr. Everett, who had left the platform for Dr. Steere's side, asked the director, sotto voce, if he would say a word.

Dr. Steere shook his head.

"The big boss will now say a word to us," Mr. Everett announced.

Dr. Steere said a word, and all hands adjourned to another part of the building for ice cream.

SIGN on a Long Island road as it approaches Glen Cove: "Chez Lynn—Fashions for Women and Pets."

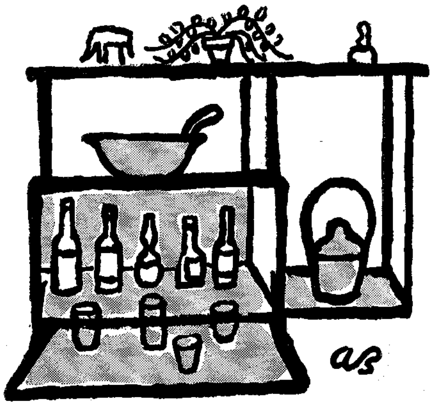
Political Walker

WHAT luck! Our appointment with Robert M. Morgenthau, the Democratic candidate for Governor, fell during the lunch hour, so no sooner had we settled down in his headquarters office, in the Commodore Hotel, than a waiter wheeled in a table of chicken sandwiches, sliced tomato, sour pickles, mayonnaise, mustard, and coffee. "Help yourself," said the aspirant, who was in his shirtsleeves—white shirt, button-down collar, dark tie—and, in response to a query, told us he had just come from a forty-five-minute walking tour of the garment center. "It's helpful to get out and let people know they have a real live candidate," he said, in a deep voice, munching away at a sandwich. We asked whether he was through walking for the day, and he shook his head. He reached over to a desk behind him and handed us his schedule. Its afternoon commitments were wholly pedestrian, to wit:

2:15 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Will begin Walking Tour of Lower East Side, N.Y.C. Start from the Bowery and Canal Street. Proceed to Chrystie Street, north to Sara D. Roosevelt Parkway. Along Sara D. Roosevelt Parkway to Delancey Street. East on Delancey Street to Essex Street. Essex Street to Division Street and East Broadway.

4:15 P.M. to 5:15 P.M. Walking Tour—14th Street. Commence at Fifth Avenue and 14th Street, walking east on south side of 14th Street to Klein's Department Store.

5:45 P.M. to 7:00 P.M. Walking Tour—West Side—Uptown. Commence from 72nd Street and Broadway. Walk east on 72nd Street to Columbus Avenue. Cross 72nd Street to north corner. Walk west again to Broadway.

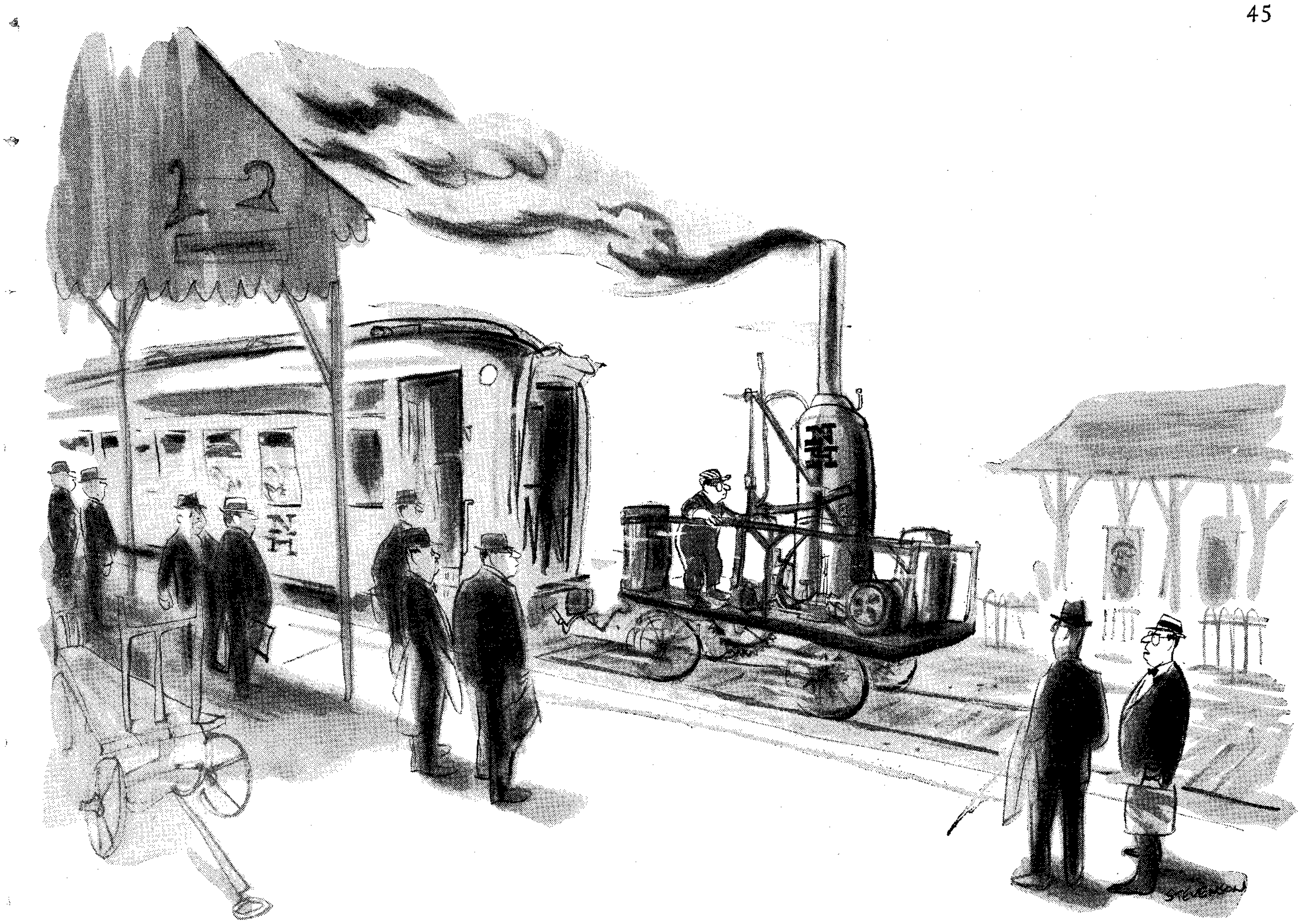


We figured this added up to four and three-quarters hours of walking for the day, and we asked Mr. Morgenthau, who looked spare and in good trim, whether he wore special shoes for this aspect of the campaign.

"Why, no," he said, with a quick smile. "I'm going to walk around the Hudson area the rest of the week—Yonkers, Peekskill, Beacon, Brewster, and so on. I enjoy the business of walking and shaking hands and getting people's spontaneous reactions. I'm surprised at the extent of the friendly response I've been getting; nineteen out of twenty people are very friendly. We don't have the money for TV time that the Republicans have, so we go in for exposure on the street. I ordinarily walk a good deal, weekends, in Riverdale, where I live with my wife and our four children. I like to get outdoors as much as I can. I play some tennis and do a little gardening and skating—low-pressure stuff."

We asked the candidate when his political stirrings had begun to stir, and he said, "Well, I majored in political science at Amherst. And I've always remembered my grandfather—a lawyer and businessman who became Ambassador to Turkey—saying that his only regret was that he had waited until he was fifty-five to enter public service. 'Don't you wait that long,' he said to me." Morgenthau, who is forty-three, was executive officer of three destroyers during the war. "It was a wonderful experience," he said. "Seeing how people from all over could get along on a small ship and do things they'd never done before was a revelation. As the exec of a destroyer, I was responsible for three hundred and sixty people. I'd never dreamed I could meet that kind of problem. I came to the conclusion that you can do almost anything you want if you try."

Back from the Pacific, with a Presidential Unit Citation and two Bronze Stars, Mr. Morgenthau went to Yale Law School and then became associated with the law firm of Patterson, Belknap & Webb, of which, in 1954, he became a partner. "I worked for four years as personal assistant to the late



"They're making a little too much of this bankruptcy business."

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Judge Robert P. Patterson, a truly great lawyer," he said. "He died in a plane accident; it was the first air trip in a long time that I hadn't taken with him. I left the firm last year to become the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and now half a dozen of my young assistants have left the United States Attorney's office to work for me in the campaign. The job involved the prosecution of a great array of narcotics-ring, stock-fraud, tax-evasion, and racket cases, and I loved it. It gave me a basic familiarity with social problems; seventy-five per cent of all criminals have basic environmental problems, you know. I've been much more familiar with state problems than Nelson Rockefeller, who has upgraded me, in his speeches, from a political innocent to a 'rank politician.' I think we've got him over the barrel on a couple of issues. During the first three years of his administration, the state's average unemployment rate was ten per cent higher than the national average. To me, that's pretty shocking. In 1961, the average wage of a manufacturing worker was below the national average. The state's rate of employment growth is fifty-two per cent behind the national average. The electronics industries and aerospace businesses, which require skilled personnel, tend to go elsewhere; NASA contracts go ten times as often to California as they come here. Rockefeller has really not mentioned the problems of unemployment. His key weakness, though, is his failure to do something about higher education; only half as many people in New York go to college as go in California. Rockefeller has placed on local governments a lot of the burdens that should be assumed by the state, such as retraining workers. And I do think that his record on law enforcement is lousy; he has really done nothing on the whole business of gambling upstate. He lets the old pros run the state completely. His record on political appointments of judges is very, very poor. I think we're hitting him where it hurts. We're attacking him on the program he wanted to go to the country on."

The candidate put on his coat and lit a large cigar for his Bowery walk, and after thanking him for lunch we went into an outer office, where a young lady said, "Did Bob tell you how well he cooks swordfish outdoors on a grill? I see him and his family summers, on Martha's Vineyard. He has a sailboat there, which he races every week on Quitsa Pond. He's very familyish—sails with his kids. He's the most relaxed person in this office. I've never seen him ruffled."

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LETTER from a very *small* politician: "As I told you over the telephone, I have been elected president of the 8th grade class, and likewise have the title of president of the school. Mrs. Holly and I had a run-in. In my first day of presidency, we had a pudding, and also carrots along with other things for lunch. I mixed my pudding and my carrots, and was eating them when Mrs. Holly came and saw what I was doing. For some reason (unknown), she sent me out of the lunchroom and later suggested I be impeached. Voting for my impeachment: 7. Against: 11. I am still president. P.S.: Mrs. Holly says people like me shouldn't happen. But I am still president."

HAROLD

EVERY evening of the summer, lanterns were hung from the oleanders and they had dinner in the garden. The table was a long and rickety affair on trestles, and there were always insects because of the lights, but on balance it was worth it. The evenings were cool even after the August days, which recorded heat, long after dark, in the villa's outer walls. The wall facing onto this terrace-garden was still warm to the touch, although it was past nine o'clock and Signora Ricciardi and her guests were sitting down to dinner.

The scene, too, was worth the discomfort: the white table, three flasks of wine, pale dishes of bread, red dishes of meat, green bowls of salad; the summer-colored dresses of the women, and a crimson shawl hung on a chair; everything scented by flower beds, in eclipse beyond the lanterns, and by lemon trees, which stood about in great stone urns. Above the line of hills facing across a valley, the sky glowed from the lights of Siena, but the house at night rode its hilltop in rolling, dark countryside with the purposeful isolation of a ship at sea, and people around the table, too, assumed something of the serene animation of voyagers.

Bernard Tourner was as lean and astringent as his wife, Monique, was plump and soft—a dove in her gray dress. For many years they had come from Paris to spend their summers at this *pensione*, and each morning they would disappear in their little ancient car for an excursion to Arezzo or Volterra, or simply into the Chianti hills, returning as children return from a trip to the seaside, refreshed and exhausted and painfully sunburned.

Bernard's appearance was an index of his personality, sensitive and slightly waspish. A quick understanding and a rich, ready memory made him an excellent companion at the table, but because of his occasional moodiness it was felt that Monique was not to be envied. However, they were deeply dependent upon each other, and Monique seemed always sweetly and unheroically content.

They were sitting, this evening, on either side of Charles Holmes, who was an Englishman, and who, from shyness, talked and listened with a habitual vagueness, glancing at Dora, his wife, sitting opposite. Dora passed the wine to him across the table; Dora was dark and beautiful and not shy at all.

"*O pittore*," called Signora Ricciardi, from the head of the table. Charles turned to her, always charmed that she should address him in this way, since he was an amateur and not very gifted painter, on holiday from a business concerned with lead and zinc. "*O pittore*, have you seen our three boys at all? Have they come back yet?"

Charles gestured toward the house, as if to conjure up the three young men, who at that moment came hurriedly into the garden and seated themselves at the table, murmuring apologies. Englishly alike in grave manners and incisive speech, in an almost womanish refinement of feature and fair skin reddened but not tanned by the sun, they had the names of antique Romans: Julian, Adrian, Antony. With quiet fortitude they had received, that summer, telegrams confirming success in their examinations at Cambridge. At twenty, they already offered a certain distinction and the promise of charm. The only criticism that might have been made of them was that their background and prospects had been provided so amply as to encroach a little on the scope of the present; nothing had been left to chance—perhaps on the assumption that chance is a detrimental element. "*Tutto a posto*," the Signora said of them.

In her way, the Signora herself was as much "in place" as these boys; she would never have been mistaken for a voyager. Sitting at the end of the table, a slender, ageless woman with a disproportionate share of accomplishments, she chatted and rejoiced and sympathized with her guests, sharing their confidences and fulfilling their expectations, giving them a sense of infinite leisure, as though these symmetrical days of summer were to last forever. Their recollections of the villa would be almost indistinguishable from memories of her.

A little withdrawn from the talk that evening, she was listening for the arrival of a pair of unknown guests, a mother and son who were the friends of a friend. All day they had been expected—a not unwelcome intrusion into the intimacy of the present guests, who had been in one another's company all summer. Though, indeed, it had all gone very well this year: no one had been ill or quarrelled or fallen in love. They were all on the best of terms, even with Miss Nicholson.

Miss Nicholson was a diminutive middle-aged Englishwoman who played—surprisingly—the cello and was attending the summer courses at the music academy in Siena. She did not attempt even the simplest of Italian phrases, and she spoke of England with a longing as constant as though she had been condemned to exile. Most surprising of all, she wore a hat to the lunch table, a navy-blue sailor hat with a group of white flowers at one side of it, and in this hat she would take the bus to Siena every afternoon to attend her lesson. The small, prim figure burdened with the cello had become familiar in the spiralling main street that led to the academy, and the instrument was recognized as a token of sympathy and permanence, the antithesis of the camera usually carried by foreigners.

The boys were at their best with Miss Nicholson, who represented a type familiar to their own family circles. They were kind and deferential, invariably willing to help with the inevitable cello or to find out where she could buy an English newspaper. In return, she regarded them with real affection and an almost personal pride.

Now, as the meal began, the arrival of the new guests was announced by one of the maids, the smiling, circular Assunta. "*O Signora*," she said, the formal vocative "O" of Tuscany coming oddly from that genial face, "*son appena arrivati da Firenze*." Arriving at Siena by the late train, the new guests had come out to the villa in a taxi and were seeing to the unloading of their luggage. The Signora, taking up her red shawl, went into the house to greet them, and around the table there was a short, expectant silence.

"*Una vecchia signora*," whispered Assunta, handing around the *pasta*, "*e un giovane grande*." Two chairs were added to the table and two more places set. Conversation resumed, but now they were all detached, awaiting this diversion.

Presently a voice could be heard, raised as a voice sometimes is in a strange house, and the Signora brought the new guests through the doors that led from the living room into the garden; the two women were followed by the "*giovane grande*," a tall young man who remained in shadow behind them while introductions were made. The men rose from the table, scraping their chairs over pebbles.

The mother, large and handsome, was of that vigorous type of Englishwoman generally caricatured for its addiction to outdoor life. Gray hair, squarely cut, contributed to the strength of a face almost grimly straightforward, a directness scarcely modified by an impression of unhappiness. She was wearing a dress of brown linen much creased across the lap from the train journey and, around her neck, a heavy pendant of Mexican design. On her arm was a silver bracelet of incongruous delicacy, and Florence had contributed the sandals in which her feet were firmly planted apart.

Names were pronounced and mispronounced to her by the Signora, and she smiled politely, repeating them like a lesson. She was led to the place laid for her next to Bernard and settled into it.

Her son's name was Harold. He stepped forward into the circle of light to be introduced and stood silent while chairs were shuffled along the table to accommodate him. The three boys, now reseated, looked him over with courteous reserve, exercising that perception for affinities and failings with which public-school life had endowed them.

This boy had none of their diffident grace. Long-limbed and excruciatingly awkward, he was still, at their age, almost grotesquely adolescent. He was very brown, and dressed in khaki trousers and a blue shirt with rolled sleeves, and scratches on his arms were blotched with that purple antiseptic upon which British mothers place such reliance. His blond hair and eyebrows, sun-bleached to a startling fairness, contributed to a look of vacancy that really began at wide-spaced, wide-staring eyes. On his behalf, certainly, there would be no telegraphed confirmation of outstanding performance in examinations; rather, one imagined an education interspersed with letters from school principals, sympathetic and unyielding: "Harold's gifts are not suited to the discipline of the school curriculum."

Stumbling to his chair with an embarrassed acknowledgment of greetings, he sat down next to Dora. His mother was already embarked on an easy tide of conversation concerned with her journey. "So hot in Florence . . . a little tired, yes, but what a beautiful journey . . . light most of the way . . . Lovely country . . ."

Bernard was helping her to *pasta*. "Yes, it's a journey one never tires of, that trip from Florence to Siena."

"So much to see," she went on. "That scenery, sometimes vast and sometimes almost in miniature, like a fairy tale. . . . A great fortress quite near here, what would that be?"

"That was probably Monteriggioni," replied Bernard. "It's from the thirteenth century. But Tuscany is crowded with these hilltop fortresses and walled towns."

"Tomorrow you will see another, just below the house," the Signora told her. "Montacuto. It was ruined by Barbarossa."

"So hard to associate violence with this countryside," the new guest said, and sighed, comforted by antiquity.

"It isn't all as remote as that," the Signora said. "In the last war the front passed through here. The Germans were in this house."

"You see how it is," said Bernard, with a faint smile. "In this country everything has been *done*, as it were—even this landscape has been done to the point where one becomes a detail in a canvas. And they all know too much. In Italy one is almost too much at ease, too well understood; all summer here I feel that nothing new can happen, nothing can surprise or call our capacities into question, that none of us can *add* anything."

"Does this mean we shan't see you here next year?" asked Dora, laughing because Bernard had come there for so many years.

Bernard laughed, too. "Well, you English, you find a sort of prodigality here, too—an easy acceptance which you enjoy but which, after all, you don't wish to emulate."

"You mean that we have scruples about giving but none about receiving?" Charles asked.

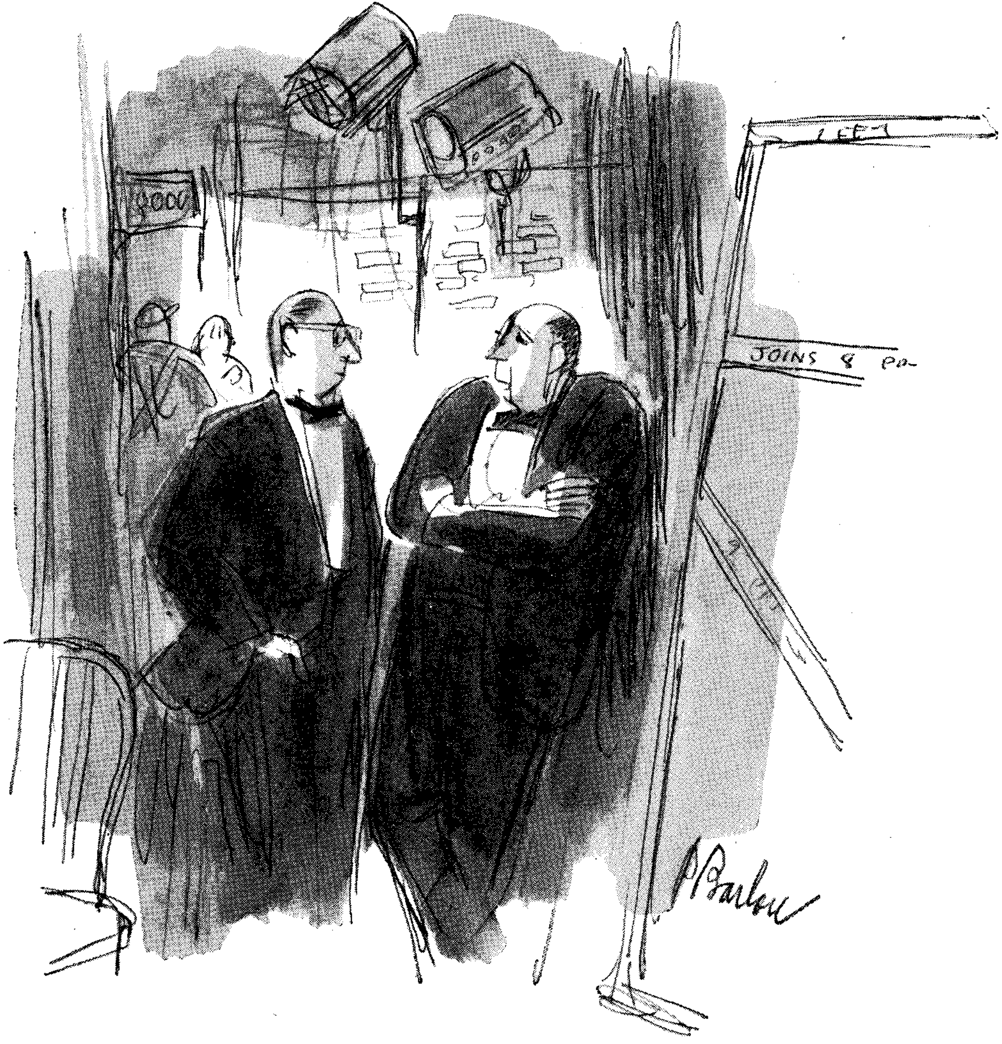
"Not even that," Bernard said. "I simply mean that in our countries one must still be prepared for a few surprises, but here all experience is repetition, and that gives one an outrageous sense of proportion. That's why we feel so comfortable—why we find it so attractive to come here. After all, France is certainly as beautiful as this"—Bernard included the Italian peninsula in a brief gesture.

"And England," said Miss Nicholson, misunderstanding.

"Well, it isn't a competition, after all," replied Charles, filling her wineglass. "Do you know France, Miss Nicholson?"

Miss Nicholson replied that she did not, adding that she had been there several times.

The new guest remarked that she knew France well but that this was her



"New Haven didn't exactly go Boola-Boola."

first visit to Italy, and took the opportunity to resume her account of it. Yes, Florence was lovely, lovely, but a week was nothing, one must go back. "There is too much, far too much," she added accusingly. With a forkful of salad she indicated infinite riches.

"And you." Dora turned to the boy beside her. "What did you think of Florence?"

He stared at her uneasily, shifting his feet on the pebbles beneath the table. His mother's face clouded with a recognizable intensification of the discontent already seen there. "He scarcely saw anything of Florence," she said. "He wouldn't even have seen the cathedral if I hadn't insisted on it."

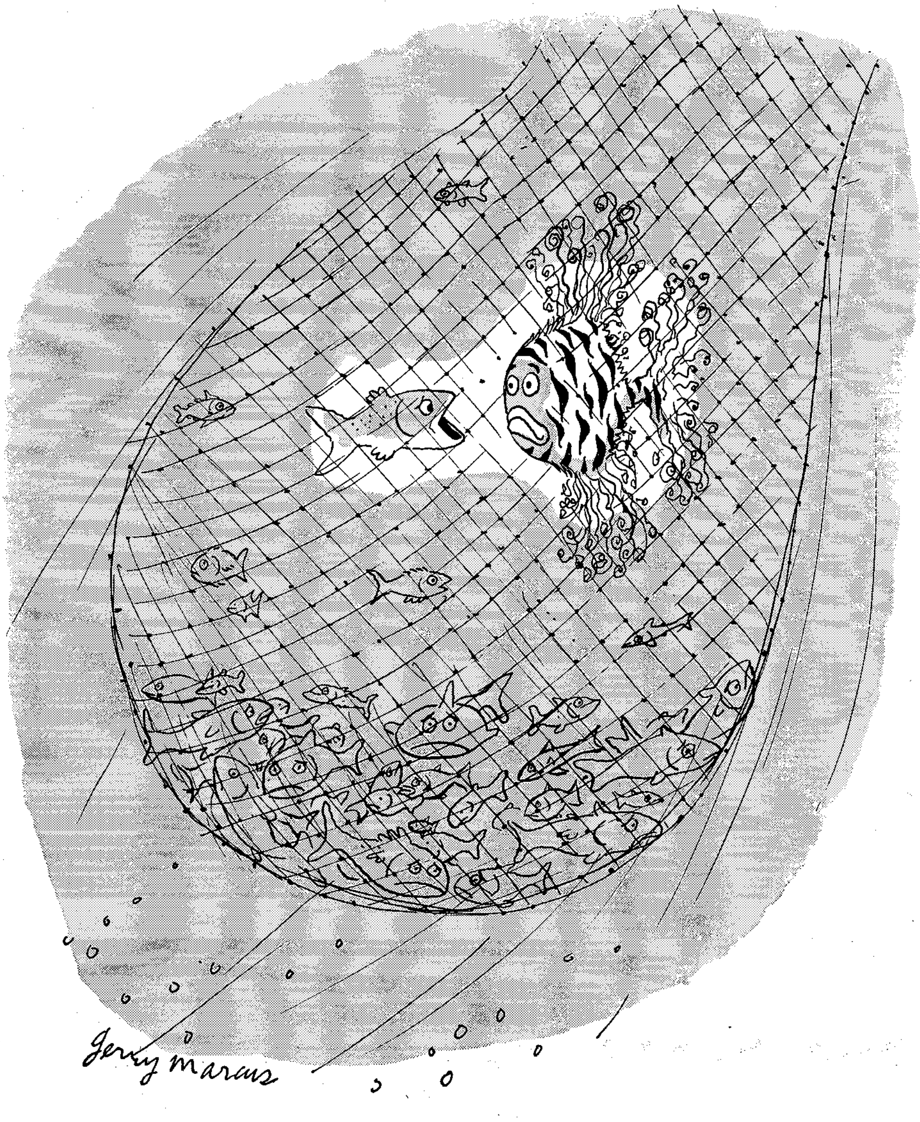
"I had to do some work," he murmured.

His mother appealed to the table. "Such an opportunity at his age. One would think he'd make the most of it." She gave the three boys a covetous, comparing look. Disconcerted, they vaguely protested their own inertia, not wishing to appear to advantage.

"I'm determined that he shall see Siena properly," she persisted.

Something in this prospect seemed to dishearten the boy even further, and he went on with his meal. He did not look at his mother. While she chatted on again about Florence—the heat, the della Robbias, the bargains in tooled leather—she directed toward him a current of censure and disappointment, evoking from him a slow, painful awareness.

But for the wondering eyes, the boy's expression would have been intense. It was a look that concentrated hard but could not quite find its object. Once or twice he entered the conversation, to express agreement with an enthusiasm suggesting that he seldom found his views shared, or to disagree with an emphasis which confirmed that impression. Between times, he maintained a state of subdued apology for his outbursts; in fact, apology appeared to be for him an involuntary means of self-expression. "I'm sorry," he said, passing dishes or reaching his daubed arm for the salt; "I'm sorry," as his wineglass was refilled. His self-effacement was, in its way, demanding; his youth, his gaucheness called up a collective effort of reassurance and encouragement, but he, in a sense, was proving the stronger character. As the evening drew on, his ineptitude pervaded them all.



"You're lucky. You'll probably wind up in an aquarium."

Signora Ricciardi always left the table early, to negotiate with the cook the meals for the following day. At this interruption, Harold's mother rose, too, tired from her long day, and nodded around the table. "Don't stay up late," she told Harold, who stood to wish her good night. "You know how tired you are."

This knowledge passively acquired, Harold prepared to hurry with his fruit. Dispelling a momentary, hopeful silence, the other guests encouraged him to stay, describing to him the house and its surroundings, proposing excursions into the town. They listed for him the attractions of Siena, from *pinacoteca* to post office, and he listened diligently, leaning forward and twisting his napkin about his fingers. He was taking them and their attentions very seriously, almost as seriously as he took himself. A burden of compulsory activities could be seen mounting in his imagination, although he might easily have guessed that those hot days would dwindle into a catalogue of churches unvisited and pictures unsurveyed. At last, with an effort, he mentioned anxiously that he intended to keep part of the day free for his work.

"You must be studying?" asked Dora.

"No, no, I'm not studying anything now."

"What is your work then?"

"I mean my writing."

"Writing?"

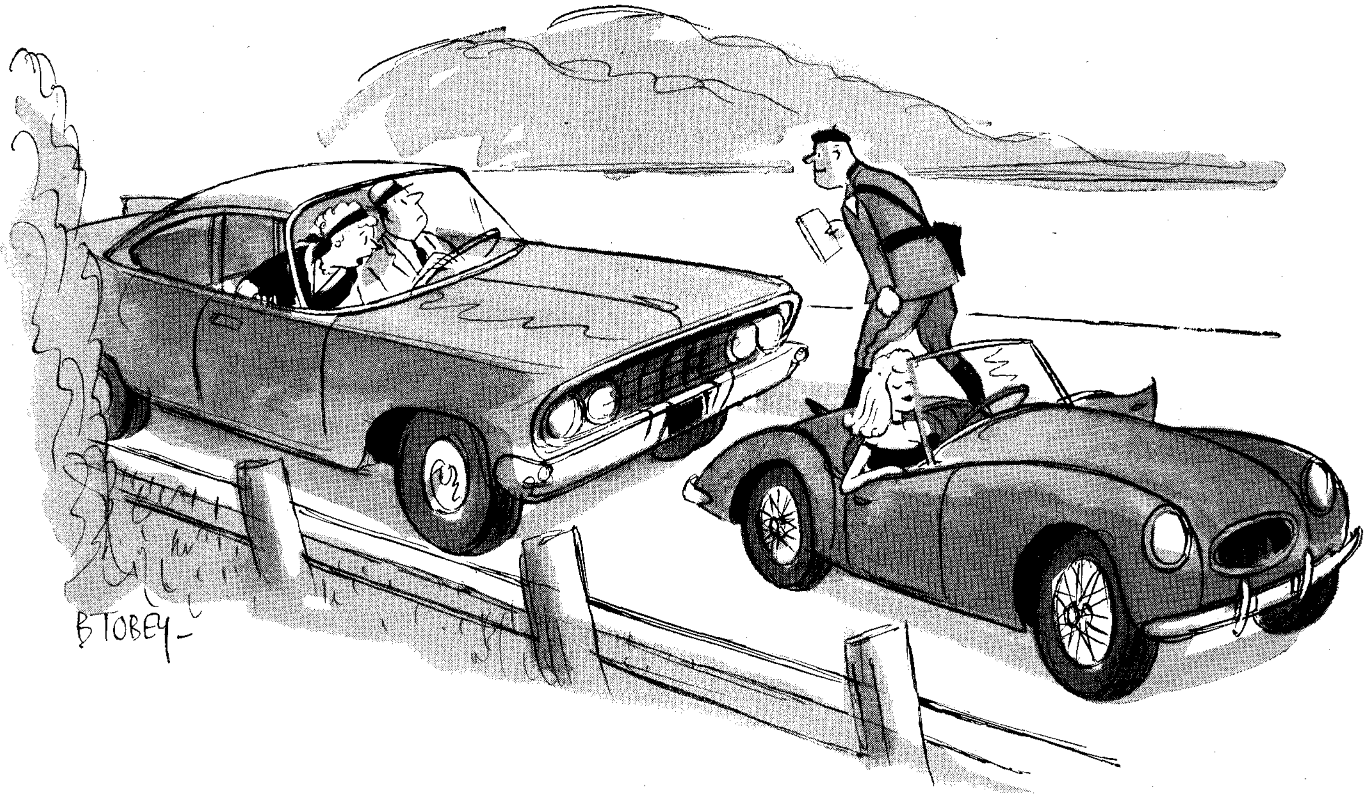
More vulnerable than ever, he glanced around the table. He was repeating a familiar experience.

"I mean poetry. Well . . . yes, poems."

Into the silence Miss Nicholson said gently, "Well, I hope you will read them to us."

He raised his eyes toward her with his concentrating, round-eyed look, not doubting her word. "I have them here, upstairs," he said.

The evening seemed to have lost its balance. They allowed him to fetch his poems, feeling the extent of their indulgence and a sense of imposition. They were already inventing to themselves noncommittal expressions of interest and wondering how soon they might stop him. Their manners pre-



"My! He certainly *is* *unmarked!"*

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venting an exchange of glances, the three boys smiled down at their plates, comfortably appalled; they were all at once drawn together, dissociated from so flagrant a breach of regulations. It was entirely possible that they also wrote poetry, but only within the bounds of a fastidious reticence. Charles Holmes pushed back his chair a little to stretch his legs and muttered, "Let him read one, then—just one. I'm ready for bed."

The boy came out of the house again, clutching a bundle of papers. When he placed them on the table, they slid outward—single, scribbled pages of all sizes. Seated, he examined them, rustling through an apprehensive silence. He read to himself for a moment, and his audience suddenly saw that he was no longer intensely aware of them, or, indeed, of himself, and that his face was unrecognizably calm. Even his arm, resting on the table's edge, was curved toward the papers in a controlled and easy gesture. They were slowly troubled by an idea that formed among them. Without looking about, each knew, too, that it had occurred to the others: an idea almost to be repudiated, requiring, as it did, so much accommodation.

WHEN he had read aloud for a few minutes, the boy looked up, not for commendation but simply to rest his eyes. Charles said quickly, "Go on." The inclined young face had grown, in the most literal sense, self-possessed. Their approval, so greatly required in another context, had now no importance for him. He spoke as though for himself, distinctly but without emotion, hesitating in order to decipher corrections, scattering his crumpled papers on the table as he discarded them. It seemed that no one moved, although the three boys no longer held identical positions; they had separated into solitary, reflective attitudes that conceded this unlikely triumph.

Assunta came to remove the last dishes, but left, after a moment, without disturbing them. A moth thudded against one of the colored lanterns. The evening was at its best, cool and clear. From time to time, his voice tiring, the boy paused to shuffle his papers, or he made some brief explanatory comment on the subject of a poem before reading it. When someone asked whether this was all recent work—as though it could possibly have been otherwise—he replied that it had all been written in the last year or two. "There are more all the time," he said, and laid his hand on the shaggy papers as if they had taken him by surprise.

The wall overlooking them suddenly broke open at a square of light, shutters clattering back against stone, and Harold's mother leaned from the window. Framed in ivy tendrils, she presented, in metal curlers and a dark dressing gown, an altered version of that type of postcard in which ringleted maidens used to lean toward one over window sills. The boy stared up at her blankly, his eyes emptied of all impression. Without looking at the others, she reminded him that he had travelled all day and that it was almost one o'clock. The wall was abruptly resealed.

Harold continued to look up for a moment, and it could be seen rather than heard that he muttered, "I'm sorry." He began to put his papers together, at first slowly and then quickly and nervously, picking up pages that fluttered to the ground. His authority relinquished without a struggle, he rose from the table holding the bundle insecurely against him. "Good night . . . thanks awfully . . . good night," he said, and disappeared into the house with his ungainly steps.

Presently they heard a sound like a splash, a sound that could only be his papers falling across the tiled floor of the living room. They gave him time to gather them up, convinced that alone there in the half darkness he was saying, "I'm sorry." —SHIRLEY HAZZARD

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Beautiful dry studio for storage or artist. Call FEderal 3-8880.—*Washington (D.C.) Georgetowner.*

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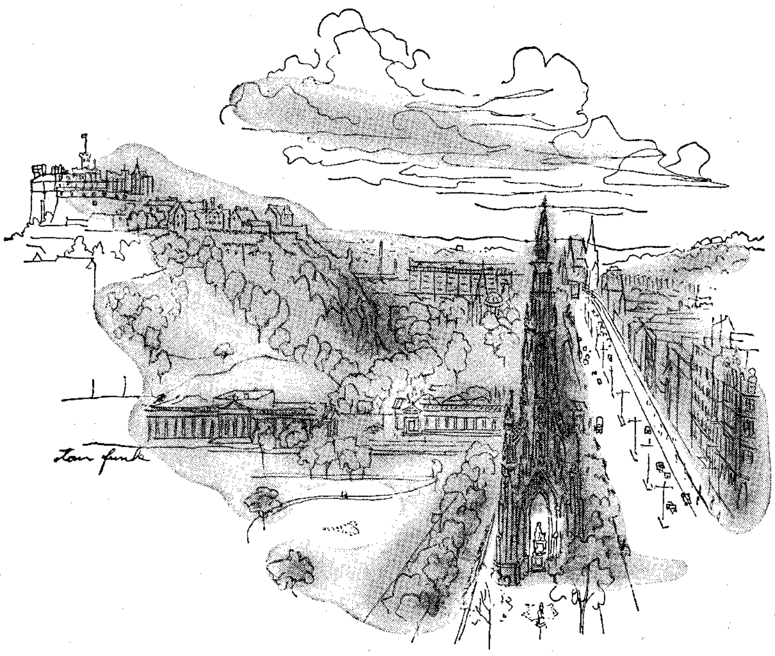
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EDINBURGH CAPER



ON the whole, I haven't greatly minded, these past couple of years, the fact that the Central Intelligence Agency, in Washington, knows something of what I did during my vacation in Scotland in the summer of 1959. I've simply tried to rise above it. Some months ago, however, I did have on my mind the likelihood that General Maxwell D. Taylor, who was investigating the C.I.A. for President Kennedy, would come across the file I'm sure they have on me down there. General Taylor is a thorough officer. He never misses anything, and nobody can pull any wool over his eyes. And in my night thoughts I became pretty well convinced that the General was going to send a couple of his special staff officers up to see me in New York, where I live alone except for a young Scottish terrier named Jock. These two officers were going to interrogate me at length about that vacation trip, and I was going to have to tell them the truth about it. But General Taylor completed his investigation and reported to President Kennedy, and it looked to me as if I weren't going to be interrogated after all. Then, one night quite recently, the thing I'd been preparing myself for suddenly took complete charge of my night thoughts.

TWO officers have come in. They've brought a tape recorder with them, of course. It snuffles along unobtrusively on my coffee table, which is a beat-up, unfashionable-looking antique that I bought for four dollars in a junk shop in Greenwich Village in the nineteen-twenties, when I was a nineteen-year-old reporter on the old New York *World* and was supporting my bob-haired, fun-loving first wife in what seemed to us magnificent style on a salary of fifty dollars a week. Now that Jock has stopped growling at the tape recorder and has also got through sniffing it, he has settled down at my feet, where he likes to lie. It's long past Jock's bedtime.

Jock took to the first of the two officers at once. This one is an Air Force brigadier general, whose wings are those of a command pilot. He is doing most of the interrogating. Jock seems a trifle suspicious of the other chap—an Air Force major, whose insignia show that he is a flight surgeon. Both men are young—years younger than I am—and both are relaxed, casual, and at the same time extremely businesslike. They didn't telephone me and ask when it would be convenient for me to talk to them. They simply rode up to the eighteenth floor of the apartment hotel in which I live, and rang my bell. It was after midnight. Jock woke up and barked, and I got out of bed, where I had been reading a book. When the bell rang, I slipped on the handsome MacGregor-tartan bathrobe I bought that summer of 1959 at a fine shop on Princes Street, in Edinburgh, on a wonderful, cool, sunshiny afternoon in July before all that hell broke loose over there. The brigadier general and the major barged right in, introducing themselves perfunctorily and showing me the official identification cards in their billfolds. Both of them were in uniform. I'd been expecting them, as I say, so I showed them into my cozy living room, with its view of the Central Park reservoir, and its deep, chintz-covered chairs and sofa, which, like the rest of the furniture, belong to me. I offered the two officers drinks.

"No drinks, thanks," said the general. "Perhaps some coffee later, if you'd like to make some or have some sent up from downstairs. This is going to take hours, you know."

"And if coffee won't keep you going, Colonel, I can give you something," said the major. "Are you in pretty good shape these days, Colonel?"

"Not bad," I said. "But there's one thing, Major. I'd much prefer not to be addressed as 'Colonel.' It's courteous of you, of course, and I appreciate that. In the first place, in the Second World War I was only a *lieutenant* colonel, and, in the second place, that's all over and done with now. Just call me 'Mister,' Major. I'm not a lieutenant colonel any more."

"Oh, but you are," said the general. "Technically, you see, you are simply an *inactive* lieutenant colonel in the Air Force. Any time the Air Force wished to, it could issue an order and you'd be an *active* lieutenant colonel. This is an official inquiry, Colonel, and while you're not under oath, you are expected to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about this caper in Edinburgh in the summer of 1959."

I was glad to hear the general say this. There was hardly anything I wanted to do more than get this story off my chest, and I certainly intended (as I now intend) to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I smiled encouragingly at my visitors, and the general went on.

"Now," he said, "your file at the C.I.A. discloses, for example, that on two occasions in July and August of that year you alerted a unit of the United States Security Force, under the command of Colonel Scott and, later on, Colonel Gragg, based at Kirknewton, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, concerning a plot by the Russians to kidnap President Eisenhower during the visit he was soon to make to Scotland. At that time, too, you had alerted the Air Intelligence officer at the American base at Prestwick about the same plot. The file on you is voluminous, but General Taylor doesn't feel that it tells the whole story, and he recommended that you be interrogated. This was, of course, only one of a great many recommendations he made to the President. We have come to get the whole story."

"My God, is it thought to be as important as all that?"

"General Taylor considers everything connected with the C.I.A. as important as all that, as you put it. Did you know the General during the war?"

"No. He's one of the few generals—or so it seems to me—on whose staff I *didn't* serve as a public-relations officer and press censor during that war, but I have enormous respect for him. Almost as much as I have for the last of my Air Force bosses, General Curtis E. LeMay."

"You were on General Curtis E. LeMay's staff toward the end of the war, of course."

"Yes. That was my last job in the Air Force. After that, or not long after, I became what you call an inactive lieutenant colonel."

"It was while the Colonel was on General LeMay's staff," put in the major, "that he accused Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, at that time Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet and Theatre Commander of the Pacific Ocean Areas, of high treason, in an official teletype message to the War Department from General LeMay's headquarters on the island of Guam. The Colonel described that incident at length in an article published in *The New Yorker*, in the issue dated June 14, 1958."

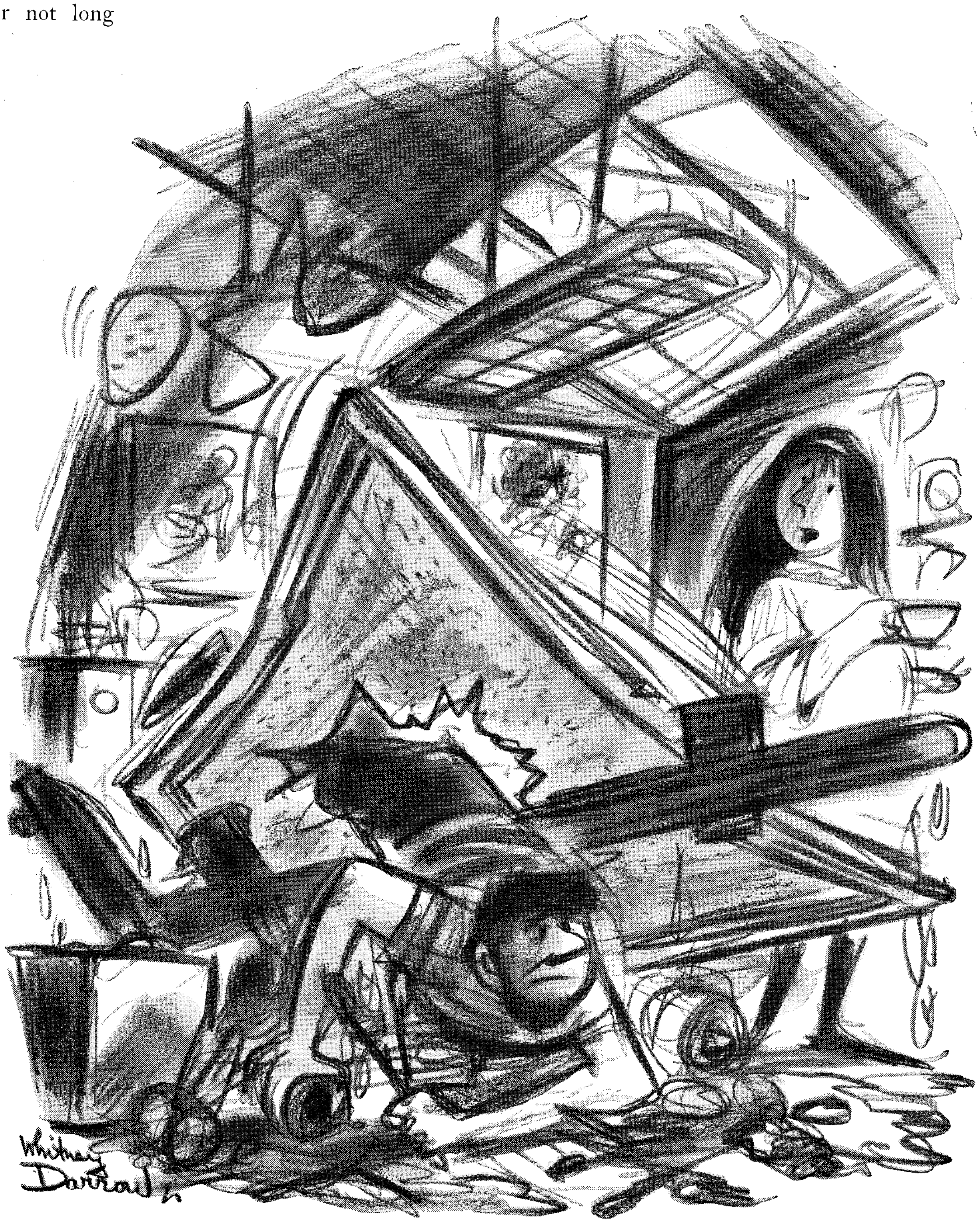
"I know that, Major," said the general. "The article in question is in the C.I.A. file on him, and I have read it, although I haven't read *everything* in his file. It was indeed a very long article. Incidentally, Colonel, what was Admiral Nimitz's reaction to that article?"

"I sent him an advance copy of the magazine and he wrote me a very friendly letter. He said he remembered the incident and thought my account of it was, on the whole, funnier than a book about naval public relations called 'Don't Go Near the Water.'"

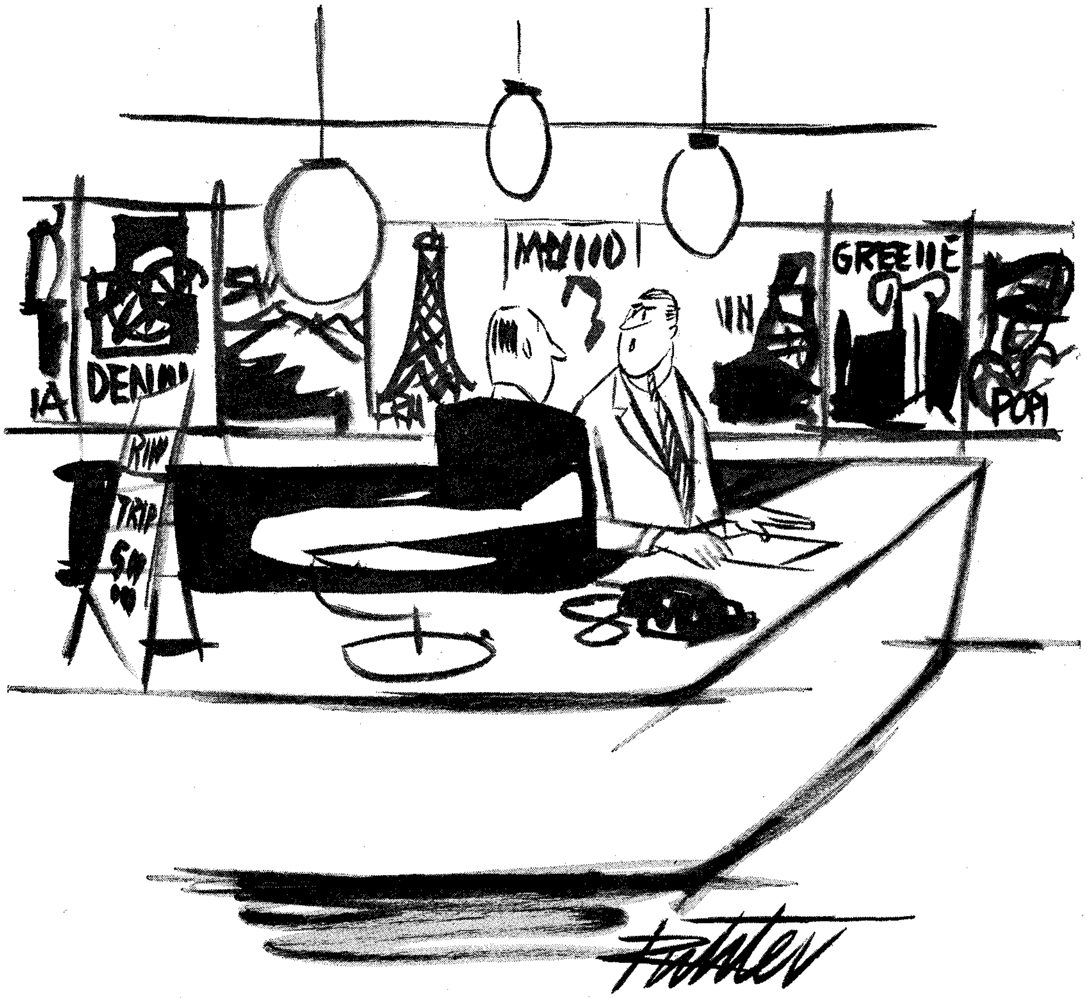
"I talked," said the major, "to General LeMay about all this yesterday, General, but you and I had so much else to discuss about the case on our way up here from Washington this evening that I didn't get a chance to fill you in. General LeMay, sir, seems to have a high regard for the Colonel, both professionally and personally. In spite of the fact that the Colonel accused Admiral Nimitz of high treason in an official teletype message to the Pentagon, General LeMay suggested, some years later on, when the General was commanding the Strategic Air Command out in Omaha, that the Colonel might like to come back into active service as a public-relations adviser. The Colonel didn't take the General's suggestion, on the ground that he wasn't at that time sufficiently recovered—emotionally—from his wartime experiences and his peacetime experiences to be of much use to the Air Force. The Colonel was undergoing some intensive psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy at that time, you see, and didn't wish to interrupt it."

"I see. Are you still undergoing intensive psychotherapy, Colonel?"

"Oh, no, General. It's simmered down to deep psychoanalysis now—with Dr. Hubert F. Carter, of 1163 Fifth Avenue, one of the top younger analysts of the high-muck-a-muck group. I'm in my third year of that,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Face up to it, dear. Action painting isn't your forte."



“Do you ever have those days when you don’t feel like recommending any country?”

• •

and I have hopes of completing the analysis before I go plunging into my sixties, at the beginning of the year 1965. If I do, I expect to live to be a tranquil old man. Is the Major by any chance a psychiatrist as well as a medical man?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now, Colonel,” said the general, “I want you to understand the precise nature of this interrogation. We want everything. No detail of what we’ll call Operation Edinburgh is too small or too trivial to be of interest to us. Have you told anybody else about Operation Edinburgh?”

“My analyst, of course. But I haven’t told even him about it in exhaustive detail. We’ve had more fruitful stuff to work on. I’ve told nobody else since that summer. A dear friend of mine—a lady—turned up in Edinburgh while the thing was going on, and she knew a little bit about it but by no means *all* about it. I’ve hinted here and there to a couple of other friends that I had a damn weird experience on that Scottish vacation, but I’ve never attempted to try to tell them the whole story. For one thing, I don’t know if I’m *capable* of telling the whole story. It’s as intricate as a long nightmare—or as one of those early ‘entertainment’ novels by Graham Greene about international intrigue. But perhaps—if you’ve got the time and patience—I can manage to tell it to you and the Major.”

“There’s no ‘perhaps’ about it, Colonel. You’re *going* to tell it. We’ve got all the time in the world, and we’re both very patient. The Major has been in touch with your analyst—who, incidentally, is an inactive captain—and he gave the Major a rundown on your present condition, which is, on the whole, O.K. The Captain feels that you have every chance of coming through this interrogation with flying colors.”

“To change the subject, Colonel, what’s the longest you’ve ever gone without sleep?” asked the major.

“Oh, I guess four days without *any* sleep. During the war. During the high, hot times on Guam when LeMay’s B-29s were bombing the Japanese cities from our bases in the Marianas and shortening the war out there. Or when I’m writing a long piece here in these rooms. After four days, I’m apt to get exhausted—start sneezing a lot. And if I want to get to sleep then, and can’t, I’m likely to begin calling up old friends long distance just for something to do. Old friends in the Air Force, among others. They’re scattered all over, and that makes it damned expensive. But it’s relaxing. You probably know about me and barbiturates, Major, if you’ve talked to the Captain. And about me and Benzedrine.”

“The Colonel is the comparatively rare type that is stimulated and elated by barbiturates, rather than sedated,” the major explained to the general. “And Benzedrine is apt to put him to sleep instead of keeping him awake.”

“That’s very interesting,” said the general.

“Same over-all type, sir, as some of the most valuable operatives in the C.I.A.,” the major said. “Hypersensitive. High-strung. More or less creative. Mild manic-depressive tendencies. Blessed—or cursed—with total recall. Affable when drinking, and sometimes overgenial. Not incapable of minimal fantasies of a faintly paranoid character. But on the whole, controlled. Quite sane.”

“Thanks,” I said.

“Well, Colonel, we’re in no hurry, of course, but did you by any chance keep any notes during Operation Edinburgh, and have you still got them?”

“I did, General, and I have. In the file—*my* file, I mean, over by the desk there in the corner. I not only kept my notes, which were meagre. I kept every damn scrap of paper connected with the thing, and all the newspapers—the Edinburgh and London newspapers. Everything’s there in the file, and it’s labelled ‘My Vacation in Scotland.’ It’s arranged in more or less chronological order—my own notes on what you call Operation Edinburgh and on everything else that occurred during that trip. I look it over every now and then. I spread it all out on the big divan over there by the west window—the visiting cards, the chits and memoranda, the reminders of lunch dates and dinner dates, my cables to my office and my editor’s replies, copies of the magazine pieces I wrote during that trip, the newspapers, the road maps, everything. When I spread them out on the divan, little Jock knows enough now not to jump up on that divan. Would you fellows like some coffee?"

"I would, as a matter of fact," said the general.

"So would I, thanks," said the major.

"I'll put the kettle on. I hope you like *espresso*."

"I prefer it to any other," said the general. "But what effect, Major, does *espresso* have on the Colonel?"

"Oh, coffee's O.K. for him," said the major. "It acts on him just as if he were an ordinary individual."

I PUT on the kettle, and, after a while, brought in the eight-cup *espresso* pot.

"Delicious," said the general when he had taken a sip. "Look, Colonel, instead of asking you to try to tell us the whole story from start to finish, I think the Major and I will ask you questions as we go along. It'll be easier that way. Easier for you, I mean."

"Go right ahead, General," I said. "I'll just spread the stuff out on the divan, here, and you and the Major can get cracking, as some of the Scots and Englishmen say."

"When was the very first instant that you found yourself believing that what you were on wasn't an ordinary vacation trip to Scotland?"

"The answer to that is: When I discovered that somebody had gone through my briefcase in the living room of my hotel suite in Glasgow while I was asleep in the bedroom. That wasn't something I merely suspected. There was no question about it. Manuscripts disarranged—you know."

"There's no doubt in our minds that your baggage was gone through by somebody," said the general.

"Really? Well, anyway, I don't ordinarily live in two-room suites when I'm travelling—certainly not when I'm travelling alone—but this was my first trip to Scotland, where my McKelway ancestors came from a long way back, and in the two or three days I was planning to spend in Glasgow before going on to Edinburgh I thought I'd do myself proud. So when I got to Dublin—where I spent a pleasurable week at the Dolphin, down by the Liffey—I wrote to the manager of the St. Enoch Hotel, in Glasgow, telling him I expected to do some things for *The New Yorker* when I got there. I asked him to reserve a small suite for me, if possible. I sent him a check on my New York bank for fifty dollars as a deposit. And when I was shown into the suite after flying over from Dublin, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was the biggest place you ever saw. And it only cost twenty dollars a day. The living room—or drawing room, as they call it—had a marble mantelpiece and an open grate, and enormous French windows overlooking St. Enoch's Square. There were overstuffed couches and chairs—enough of them to seat twelve or fourteen people. There was one of the grandest desks I've ever seen in my life, set between two of the French windows. It was very old, and had a leather top burnished and mellowed by time and polishing, and it was about the size of one of our enormous American executive-type desks, with an old Windsor chair to sit in when you were using it. The bedroom was equally magnificent. It also had an open grate in it. I'm wild about open fires. Even in midsummer, in Scotland, an open fire is comfortable in the evening and in the early morning—as well as cheerful to look at—whether or not the building has central heating. There was kindling wood and coal for the two open grates of my hotel suite—standing in great brass scuttles on the hearths—and when I asked the bellboy if the fireplaces worked, he said, 'Why, yes, sir. That's their purpose. Would the gentleman wish to have a fire lit in the drawing room now? I'll send the maid in, sir.' I had dinner in front of the fire in the drawing room—served by a happily talkative Irish room waitress—and I felt so relaxed and contented I thought I might just settle down right there and write something lengthy and significant. Something along the lines of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace.' "

"And did you write anything?"

"Not a syllable."

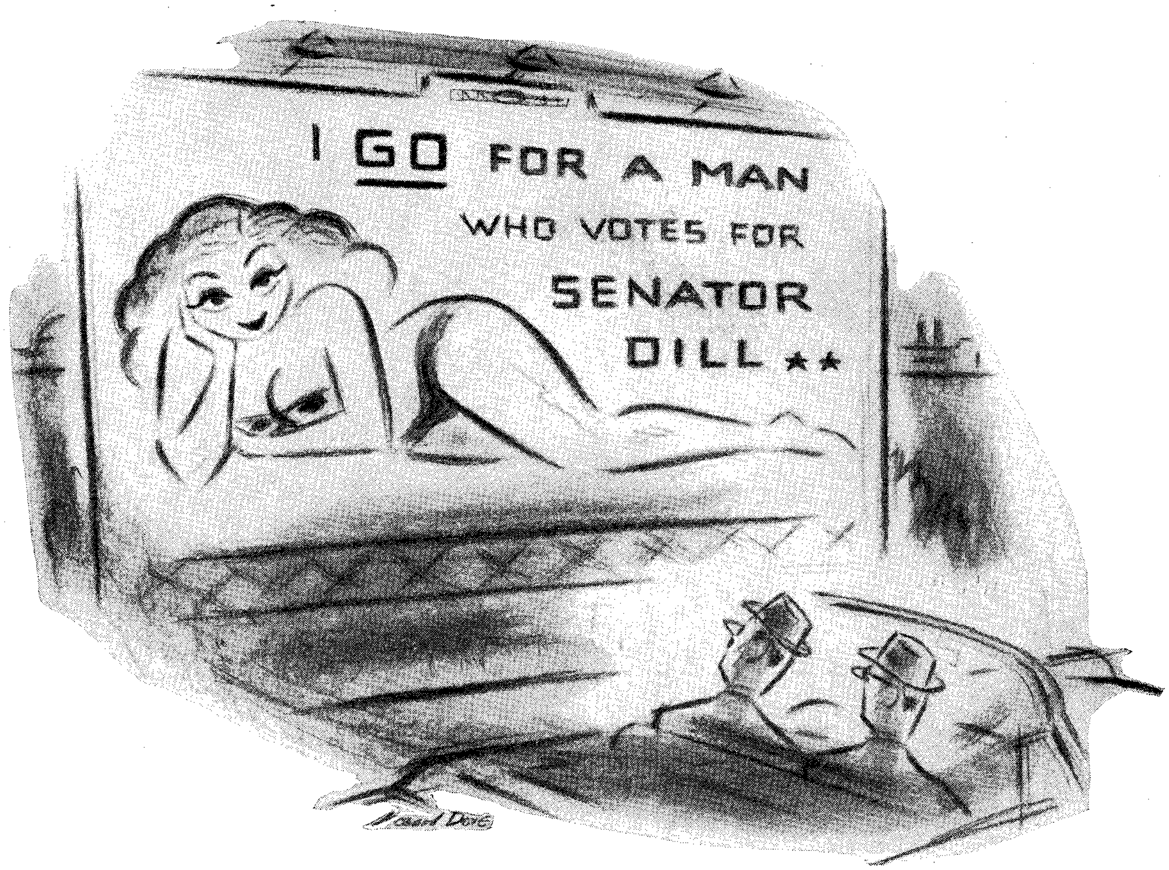
"Why was that?"

"Well, chiefly, I think, because I felt *too* good. I wasn't elated or manic; I just felt too fine to work. Once, Freud had an experience like that. Freud would be technically classified as a mild manic-depressive today—like me. Isn't that so, Major?"

"Absolutely, Colonel. And possibly not necessarily mild."

"Why was your mood so good at that particular time, Colonel?"

"Oh, the magnificence of the suite, the way I took to Scotland straight off—as if I had been there before and had come back home to a place I'd always loved—the exhilaration I felt from the effects of a motor trip through the love-



ly countryside to the village of Dollar. All those things.”

“Why did you go to the village of Dollar?”

“I happened to see it on a map in the classic guidebook—‘Muirhead’s Scotland’—before I left New York, and I thought a visit to a place in Scotland named Dollar might produce a little piece for the magazine. You see, I didn’t really expect to do much work on that trip—it was mostly a vacation—but before I left New York I’d written a short piece for the Talk of the Town department, called ‘Hall En Route,’ in which an imaginary character I long ago invented, a crotchety old codger named Hall who lives on Murray Hill, with a manservant, tells of his plans for his summer vacation in Europe, and so on, and I hoped to do a few pieces of the same kind in the course of the trip. Except for the character named Hall, these pieces are factual, and they are supposed to be humorous. I have here a cable I sent from Glasgow to the editor who handles my stuff at *The New Yorker*, and the reply I received from him about these Hall pieces.”

“Read them,” said the general.

“I didn’t keep a copy of the first cable I sent, but that was from Dublin. The second one is right here on the top of this little pile. It goes like this: ‘WIRED YOU WEDNESDAY OUTLINING ANOTHER POSSIBLE HALL PIECE ON DUBLIN ON STRIKE AT SHELBOURNE HOTEL THERE, BUT NO REPLY RECEIVED. AM AT HOTEL ST. ENOCH, GLASGOW, FOR PRESENT. SINCE CABLING YOU, RAN INTO JIM FARLEY IN DUBLIN AND HERE, AND HIS COCA-COLA TRAVELS COULD BE INCLUDED IN SHELBOURNE PIECE OR MIGHT BE SEPARATE PIECE IF STRIKE STORY NOT WANTED. ADVISE AND REGARDS.’

“The answer I received to that said, ‘ENJOYED YOUR FIRST DUBLIN PIECE. DOLLAR STILL SOUNDS FINE AND YES ON SHELBOURNE PIECE. SORRY THAT OWING TO MY BEING OUT OF OFFICE PART OF LAST WEEK I DID NOT REPLY TO YOUR EARLIER CABLE. WE PLAN TO RUN HALL EN ROUTE PIECE IN ISSUE GOING TO PRESS MONDAY, JULY 27TH, AND YES FARLEY MIGHT MAKE A FOURTH. REGARDS.’ ”

“Interesting,” said the general.

“You see, when I discovered that somebody had gone through my briefcase but that nothing had been taken—and I had a small batch of traveller’s checks in there for emergency purposes, in addition to some I was carrying in my wallet—I figured it might have been the British Intelligence people or Secret Service people, or something like that, who went through it. After all, it was a very sensitive time in the world—the Queen was touring Canada and was soon coming back home, and Eisenhower was coming over to England and Scotland before long—and I thought it might easily be that the British were checking up on all travellers just to be on the safe side. Then it occurred to me that my general behavior and my incoming and outgoing cables would look rather suspicious from the point of view of a British secret agent.”

“Why?”

“Well, it seems to me that the cables kind of sound like something in code when you read them from that point of view. Don’t you think so? As for my general behavior, it occurred to me that it would look as if I were somebody *posing* as a writer, rather than somebody who was a real writer. I was going around in such a daze of happiness—talking to strangers, laughing a lot, listening to long stories of all sorts in the Glasgow pubs—that, from the point of view I’ve mentioned, it might easily look as if I were playing some kind of role. I would seem too happy-go-lucky to be real, looked at from the point of view of a C.I.D. man or a secret agent. And my visit to Dollar, I thought, would seem extraordinarily mysterious to them.”

“What measures did you take to see if you were being followed?”

“I didn’t do much about it, actually. I was amused by the idea that the Secret Service might be tailing me, but I did take a second look at anybody I saw who I thought might be a British secret agent. However, when you start doing *that* sort of thing, you soon discover that there are a great many gentlemen in Glasgow who might be in that line of work. They wear tweeds and carry raincoats and smoke pipes and swing sticks and have easygoing ways and bright, intelligent eyes, and they seem to have plenty of time for lounging around in pubs and hotel lobbies talking to people like me. I decided to stop being suspicious. It tended to spoil my fun. I spent a few more delightful days in Glasgow and moved on by train to Edinburgh, where

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PIGEON WOMAN

Slate, or dirty-marble-colored,
or rusty-iron-colored, the pigeons
on the flagstones in front of the
Public Library make a sharp lake

into which the pigeon woman wades
at exactly 1:30. She wears a
plastic pink raincoat with a round
collar (looking like a little

girl, so gay) and flat gym shoes,
her hair square-cut, orange.
Wide-apart feet carefully enter
the spinning, crooning waves

(as if she’d just learned how
to walk, each step conscious,
an accomplishment); blue knots in the
calves of her bare legs (uglied marble),

age in angled cords of jaw
and neck, her pimento-colored hair,
hanging in thin tassels, is gray
around a balding crown.

The day-old bread drops down
from her veined hand dipping out
of a paper sack. Choppy, shadowy ripples,
the pigeons strike around her legs.

Sack empty, she squats and seems to rinse
her hands in them—the rainy greens and
oily purples of their necks. Almost
they let her wet her thirsty fingertips—

but drain away in an untouchable tide.
A make-believe trade
she has come to, in her lostness
or illness or age—to treat the motley

city pigeons at 1:30 every day, in all
weathers. It is for them she colors
her own feathers. Ruddy-footed
on the lime-stained paving,

purling to meet her when she comes,
they are a lake of love. Retreating
from her hands as soon as empty,
they are the flints of love.

—May Swenson

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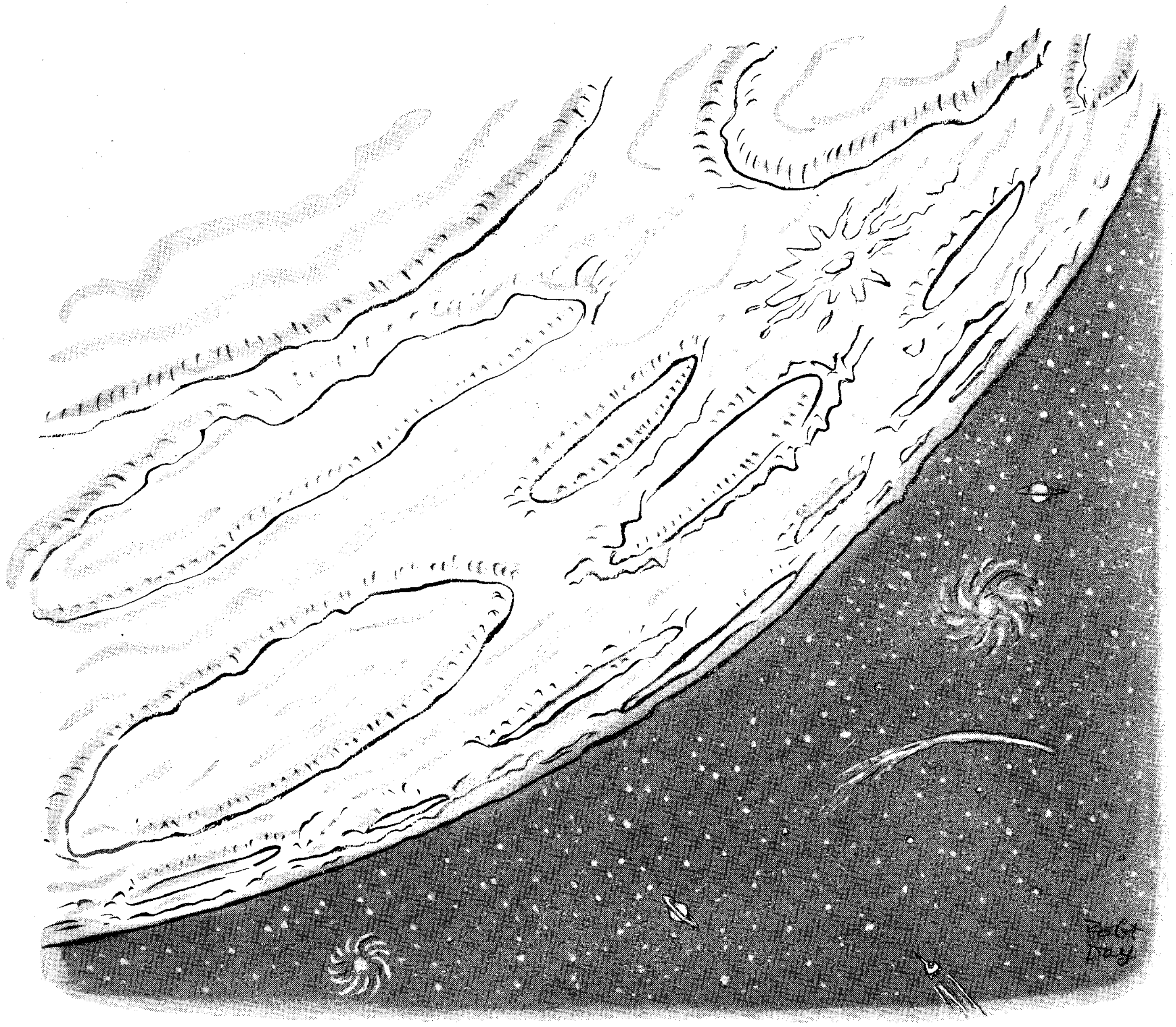


"*Gee! It's big!*"

I'd reserved a room at the Roxburghe Hotel—a marvellous old-fashioned place overlooking Charlotte Square, at the end of George Street and just a block from Princes Street. I liked Edinburgh even better than Glasgow, and although I'd originally planned to go on to Paris, I decided to stay in Edinburgh until the end of my vacation. I was taking about six weeks off all told. I cashed all my traveller's checks at the Bank of Scotland branch on Princes Street—I'm always afraid of losing those damn things—and opened a checking account there. I made friends all over. Mostly at the Press Club, to which I was given a visitor's card by one of the journalists on the *Scotsman*, and at a particularly superior pub, named Scott's, on Rose Street, around the corner from the Roxburghe. I'd been told by a friend in New York who travels a lot that Scott's was sort of like what '21' used to be back in the early nineteen-thirties, and it was—except that Scott's has no restaurant, only snacks and drinks. I met lawyers and doctors and wool merchants and sheep farmers there, and other interesting people, some of whom became my friends and are still my friends. I correspond with a couple of them to this day."

"If the General doesn't mind," said the major. "Look, Colonel, I know it's an imposition, but—well, I'm starving! And it's too late for room service. You wouldn't have something in your kitchenette there, would you? I'll get it myself, if you'll let me. Any old thing at all."

"I guess I'll nibble at something, too, Colonel, if you've got anything in there," the general said.

"How would some Stilton cheese, pumpernickel, sweet butter, and homogenized milk all around strike the two of you?"

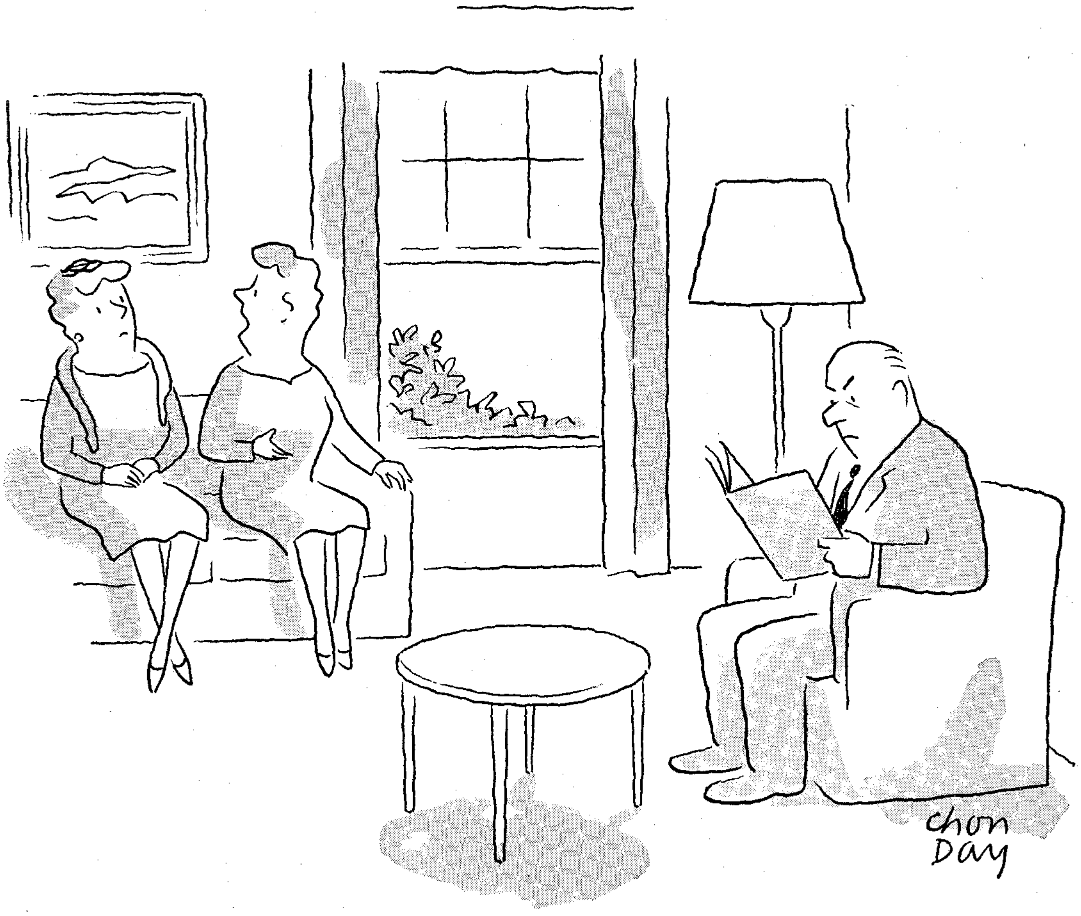
"Thank the good Lord for all his blessings!"

"Stilton and pumpernickel!"

"COLONEL," said the general after a while, "had you pretty much stopped suspecting that you were being followed or checked up on by the British Secret Service by the time you left Glasgow and went on to Edinburgh?"

"Completely. By then I was simply having a wonderful time, and if—as I told myself—I was close to the edge of euphoria at the beginning of my stay in Glasgow, I had levelled out nicely by the time I went to Edinburgh. I was just feeling good, not *too* good. Still, I hadn't really done any work."

"At what moment of what day after



"First he was mad at the Republicans, then he was mad at the Democrats. Then we found out his shoes were too tight."

• •

your arrival in Edinburgh did you again begin to think that you were being followed?"

"Not until the morning after the night I got hit on the head. That was on Saturday, July 25, 1959."

"Who hit you?"

"I think I'd better tell you first about meeting Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. I was with them when I got hit on the head."

"Go right ahead, Colonel."

"You see, I had been in Edinburgh for two days and I was keeping more or less to the same schedule I had laid down for myself in Glasgow. I met Mr. and Mrs. Cameron—"

"Suppose you tell us about the schedule and then about Mr. and Mrs. Cameron."

"O.K. At the Roxburghe, in Edinburgh, I would wake up shortly before 7 A.M., which was the earliest I could get breakfast. I would call the night porter and ask for a pot of morning tea. I would be bathed and shaved and dressed—or anyway half dressed—by the time the porter got there with the tea. There would usually be a few biscuits on the tray. I would eat one or two of these and drink three or four cups of tea—with milk and sugar—and have a cigarette. Do you really want all this?"

"Yes."

"By that time, the Edinburgh and London newspapers would be outside my door, along with my freshly shined shoes. I would finish dressing, put on the shoes, and call room service, which would just be opening up for breakfast. In New York, I eat all sorts of different and dreary things for breakfast, when I eat anything—I frequently don't have breakfast at all—but in Scotland I was always hungry in the morning and yet, at the same time, I had no wish to try anything except the fruit and porridge and the haddock and eggs poached in milk, which were just as delicious at the Roxburghe as they had been at the St. Enoch. So while I was gobbling up this breakfast, I would glance at the headlines, and then I would get down to *really* reading the papers. I had a single room at the Roxburghe—not much bigger than a drawing room on a Pullman car—and liked it fine. The bath was just down the hall, and I always seemed to be the first one up on that floor. The one window of my room, which was on the third floor, looked out on Charlotte Square. And Charlotte Square is just as beautiful today, I guess, as it was in the eighteenth century. I would sit there reading the papers and looking down at Charlotte Square for an hour or so. Then I would perhaps take a gander at my notes for the piece I intended to do on the village of Dollar. Then I would decide to do that piece the next morning. Then—"

"By the way, did you ever write the piece on Dollar?"

"No, General, I didn't."

"Now, to get back to the schedule you had laid out for yourself, what did you usually do after reading the papers for an hour or so in your room at the Roxburghe?"

"Having by that time decided not to do the Dollar piece until the next day, I would take the London *Times* and the *Scotsman*—my two favorite newspapers of all the ones I had delivered to my room every morning—and set out for a walk with the two papers under my arm. I would stroll all around Edinburgh without any particular objective in mind, drinking in the atmosphere I found so stimulating and at the same time so soothing. The gray stones out of which so many old Edinburgh houses and other buildings were built, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, have been turned almost black by time and the thin but incessant vapors from all the open grates in which coal is burned, and from the comparatively small number of industrial plants in and around Edinburgh, which also burn coal. I found the sight of the buildings strangely beautiful, and at the same time evocative, almost familiar—as if I had known them in some earlier existence. I also enjoyed looking at the tweeds in the men's shops on George Street. In short, I enjoyed everything about Edinburgh. By eleven o'clock in the morning, I was ready for a pint of ale, and I usually had it at Scott's, the pub I mentioned a while back. There I would continue to read my *Times* and *Scotsman*, and perhaps talk to the bartenders and to Miss Scott, the proprietress, or to customers I'd already got to know. Miss Scott's father started the place in 1899. She has kept it exactly as it was then. When lunchtime approached, I would feel like having a pink gin, but instead of having it at Scott's I would have it at the bar at the Roxburghe, or at the North British Station Hotel or at the George Hotel, on George Street. It was in the cocktail bar at the George that I met the Camerons. Do you want me to go ahead and tell you about the Camerons now, General, or do you want me to tell you what my afternoon schedule was?"

"Whichever you like, Colonel. But if you have no preference, perhaps it might be just as well to tell us about the Camerons now."

"Right. I breezed into the George at a quarter to one on the afternoon of July 25th. It was that night that I got hit on the head. I sat down on a stool in the cocktail bar at the George—there are three or four different bars in the George, but this was the cocktail bar, at the left as you go in the front door from George Street—and ordered a pink gin. There was a couple sitting there on stools some distance from the one I selected for myself. I had finished my *Times*, but I hadn't quite got through the *Scotsman*. I was reading a column called 'A Scotsman's Log,' by Wilfred Taylor—an entertaining piece that day, in which Taylor described how he was writing his column while trying to cure himself of an acute common cold. So I took my first sip of the pink gin and went on reading Taylor's column. The man and woman at the bar were chatting with the bartender, and I didn't pay any attention to what they were saying. By the time I'd finished the pink gin, I had also finished Taylor's column, and I put my folded papers on the bar beside me, and ordered another pink gin as soon as I could do so without interrupting the conversation going on between the two other people and the bartender. I glanced over at the couple and saw that they were an attractive woman, whom I guessed to be somewhere in her forties, and a nice-looking chap who looked as if he might be about my age or a bit older.

"The woman smiled at me and said, 'Where did you get that shirt?'

" 'At Brooks Brothers, in New York,' I said, smiling back at her.

" 'Then my husband would have to go a long way to get one like it, wouldn't he? Unless you could have some made here, Ian,' she went on, turning to her husband. 'With those little buttons that hold down the corners.'

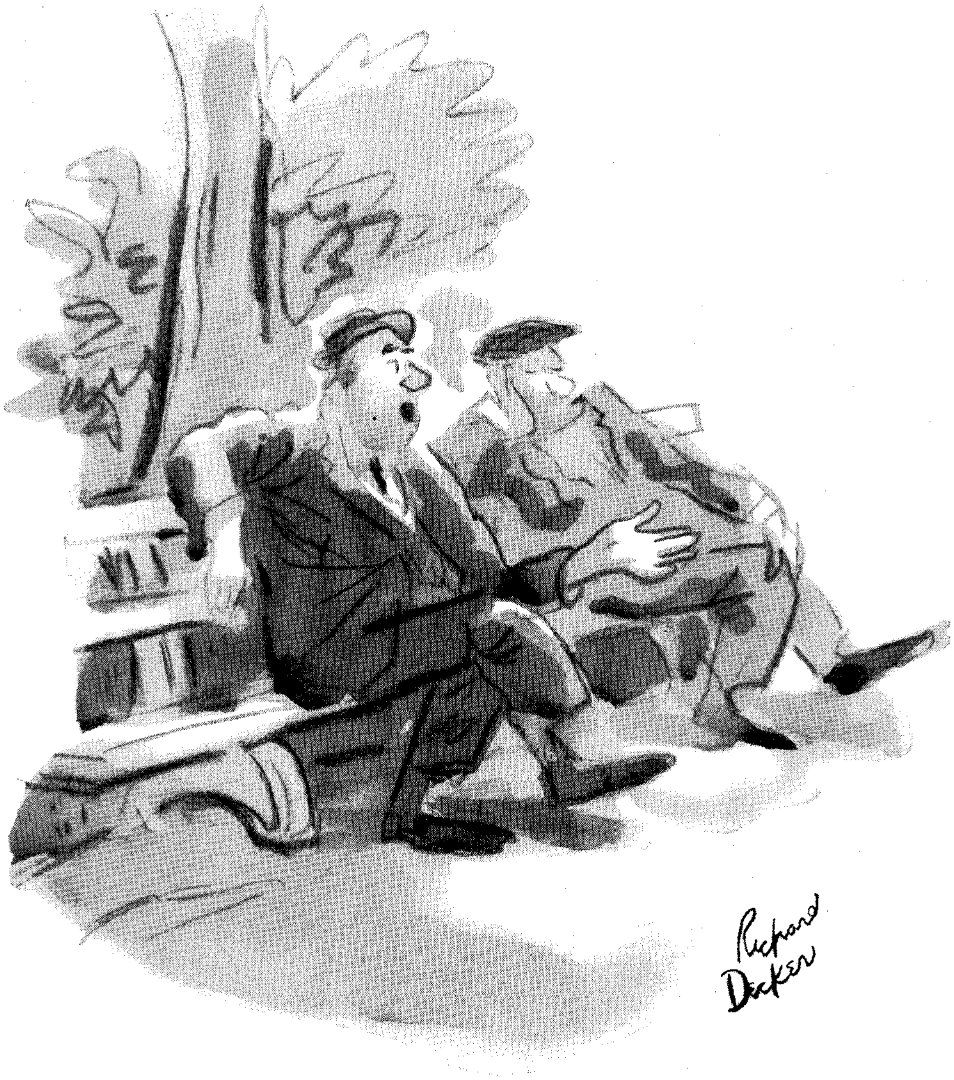
" 'I like the looks of that shirt, too,' the man said to her, 'but why do you want me to wear a shirt with those little buttons on it?'

" 'Because the collars of your shirts always begin to turn up at the corners by midafternoon, if not before.'

" 'Tommy,' said the man to the bartender, 'something similar, I think. And,' he went on, speaking to me, 'won't you join us?'

" 'Thank you very much,' I said.

"Well, General, it turned out to be one of those happy occasions that are not unusual in bars all over the world but that, in my opinion, are likely to occur more frequently in Scotland than anywhere else. At least, they did in my case. Before we said goodbye to go our separate ways for our two-o'clock lunches, Mrs. Cameron had invited me to come over to their flat, at No. 12 Glencairn Crescent, at seven o'clock, have a drink with them, and then have dinner with them at some country inn in the environs of Edinburgh. By that time, I knew a good deal about them and they knew even more about me. I had been told, for example, in the course of our casual, gay, and wide-ranging conversation, that Mrs. Cameron was recuperating from a very serious operation, which had kept her 'in hospital' for some weeks; I had been told that Mr. Cameron never had to worry about sleep, because, as a British Intelligence officer in London during the Second World War, he had worked pretty much around the clock, and, as Mrs. Cameron put it, 'Ian can drop off to sleep absolutely at any time he chooses, just like a dog;' I had been told that until recently Mrs. Cameron had been the owner of an old Scottish castle—she didn't say exactly where it was, and I didn't ask—but that, like so many people over there who inherit property of that sort these days, she'd had to sell it to pay the death duties; and so on. I had no idea whether they were rich or poor or somewhere in the middle, but my impression was that they were at least comfortably off. It was after we had chatted for about half an hour that Mr. Cameron said, 'By the way, my name's Cameron, and this, of course, is my wife.' I then told him my name and gave him one of my business cards. He got out his wallet and



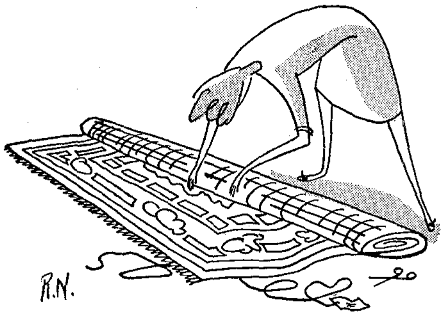
"I never quite got the hang of it. I wheeled when I should have been dealing and dealt when I should have been wheeling."

searched around in it, evidently looking for one of his own business cards, and finally fished one out and handed it to me. From it I learned that he was named Ian E. Cameron and that the firm he worked for—or owned—was 'Ian Cameron, Ltd., Firearms and Fishing Gear, Glasgow, Estd. 1778.' Later on, when Mrs. Cameron asked me to have dinner with them, Mr. Cameron asked me to give his card back to him, and he then scribbled on the back of it their home address in Edinburgh and their Edinburgh telephone number—Caledonia 5269. He said that it was a new number and wasn't in the Edinburgh telephone directory. They had told me they had only recently moved into the flat on Glencairn Crescent. I got there a few minutes after seven o'clock, and—"

"I hate to interrupt the continuity of what you're saying, Colonel, but I think perhaps it would be best at this point if you told us what you did the rest of that afternoon. Perhaps that would also give us an idea of what your typical afternoon schedule in Edinburgh was."

"As you say, General. Let me see, now—I kept a sort of date diary in the calendar part of my pocket address book during that vacation. Where the hell is it? Oh, yes, here we are. I had lunch at the Press Club that day. I went there quite a lot. Ladies were let in after six in the evening but not in the daytime. The club was in what used to be a modest three-story private residence—one of a row of old houses—with a fireplace in practically every room. Drinks and food were paid for cash on the nail—a system that eliminated both bookkeeping and delinquent accounts. On that day, being rather late for lunch, and having had several pink gins, I went straight into the dining room, and didn't stop at the bar. I sat alone and didn't talk to anybody—probably because there was hardly anybody there at that hour. I strolled around the streets for a bit after lunch, and bought a knitted waistcoat—a sweater vest—at the Stewart Christie & Co. shop, on George Street. Then I went along back to the Roxburghe and took a nap. I woke up in time to bathe and dress and go down at five o'clock to the lobby—which, incidentally, has deep black leather chairs and leather couches in it, and French windows looking out on Charlotte Square. There I had a high tea. Little, thin sandwiches, hot scones, and butter and jam and so on, and one soft-boiled egg. I read the latest European edition of *Time* magazine for a few minutes, and then put it in the wastepaper basket. I didn't talk to anybody during this. I took a stroll in the direction of the Old Town of Edinburgh, and got back to the Roxburghe again about six-thirty. I had asked Mrs. Cameron how to get to Glencairn Crescent, and she had told me to simply ask Mr. Ross, the head porter, to give me directions when I was ready to start over there. She said that they'd stayed at the Roxburghe many times and that Mr. Ross was a great fellow. I had already made his acquaintance, and he was indeed. He was about fifty years old, six feet, and solidly built, and he could carry six or eight suitcases as easily as I might carry six or eight books. He was a semi-professional Scottish ballad singer, and often wrote his own words and music. His knowledge of Edinburgh was encyclopedic. Just as I came up to the entrance of the Roxburghe, a Rolls-Royce touring car with a trailer attached to it was pulling up in front of the hotel. On the trailer was a large rowboat. Two gentlemen in tweed fishing clothes and hats stepped out of the Rolls and marched into the hotel, while Mr. Ross, without having been given any instructions by them, began unloading their luggage—fishing rods, wicker hampers, and so on. I drifted into the hotel in their wake and saw them registering. The pretty Irish girl behind the desk handed each of them a key, so evidently they had separate rooms. It occurred to me that they had perfect 'cover' if they were secret agents, but I hardly gave this a second thought.

"Mrs. Cameron had advised me not to waste money on a taxi but to get Mr. Ross to tell me which bus to take, because, she said, I could get the one I wanted right at the corner of George



OCEAN

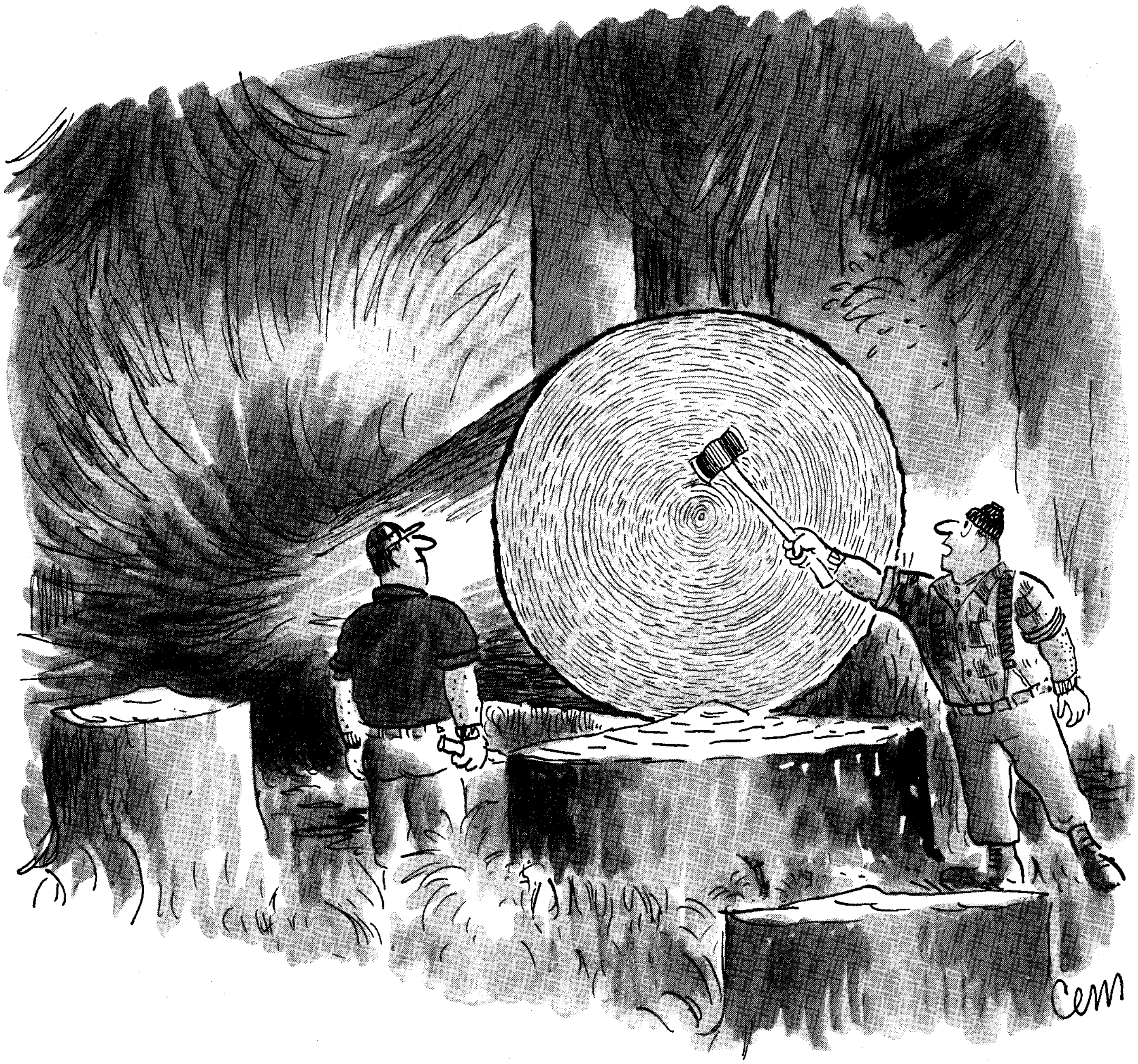
It is all mountains running away in one direction.
It is an amphitheatre of gray, wet locusts.
It is a ranch of colts.
It is a great mouth of pebbles arguing together.
It is the socket of whales and algae.
It is a pasture of wind; it is a trough
uplifting pink rinds and rubber.
It fills up men's mouths.
It washes the rounded skulls of sailors.
It nourishes the gull and the single-minded shark.
It rejects the owl and his boat of feathers.
It is full of salt.

I am not its tenant but a neighbor only,
using it on weekends for a glimpse of horizons
or just the rough edge that seals look over,
connoisseur of its drifting serpents
and wooden angels, collector of sand
for cats and children, beachcomber, thief,
my pockets creaking with the abandoned castles
of star and urchin, a spy observing other travellers
who haunt the edge, each supporting his pail and shadow,
sun lotion, hamper, private expectation
at the land's end or the land's beginning.

Sometimes, at midnight, far from all neighbors,
caught at a corner, waiting for a signal,
I think of starfish lost in cupboards,
sea shells humming in dusty closets—
or an angel sprawled in weeds by a driveway,
the awkward host we could not carry
into apartments already cluttered,
salt piling up, invisible,
from under our small and mourning eyelids.

—Adrien Stoutenburg

• •



"Napoleon Bonaparte? Right about there, I'd say."

• •

Street, ten yards from the hotel. When Mr. Ross was through with the fishermen's gear, I told him I was going to No. 12 Glencairn Crescent to see his friends Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. 'Aye, they are splendid people,' he said heartily, and then gave me explicit instructions about taking such-and-such a bus at the corner and getting off at Palmerston Place. He said he could tell me how to get to Glencairn Crescent from where I got off the bus but that I might be better off if I simply asked some pedestrian when I got to Palmerston Place.

"I thanked him, and caught the right bus, and got off at Palmerston Place in about five minutes. I don't know how they do it, but the buses in Edinburgh manage to go like hell. I asked a nice-looking middle-aged pedestrian—a man—how to get to Glencairn Crescent, and he told me, and said it was just a five-minute walk. I got there at exactly five minutes after seven.

"I rang the push-button bell of No. 12, and nothing happened. I tried the door and it was off the latch, and since they'd told me they lived in a 'flat,' I thought there might be some other kind of push button inside the vestibule. I couldn't find any, but at that point Mr. Cameron appeared at the top of a flight of curving stairs. 'Come on up, McKelway,' he said, and I went on up.

"Mr. Cameron led me into their 'flat' and told me that Mrs. Cameron would be down soon.

" 'My God, what a marvellous place!' I said, looking around the drawing room, which fronted on a tidy little park of green grass, with full-grown trees in it.

" 'We were very fortunate,' he said. 'It's an Adam house.' He took me over to one of the tall windows. From there I could see all the way to the end of the little park. The park was oblong, and the houses on both sides of it had been built along two crescent-shaped streets, which, of course, had been laid out expressly for these houses, late in the eighteenth century. This house I was in was at one end of its crescent, so that as you looked straight down the park from the Camerons' drawing room you could see how the two crescents bulged, so to speak, and then almost came together again at the far end of the park.

" 'My God!' I said again to Mr. Cameron.

" 'Yes,' he said. 'I thought I might have a Scotch-and-soda. What will you have?'

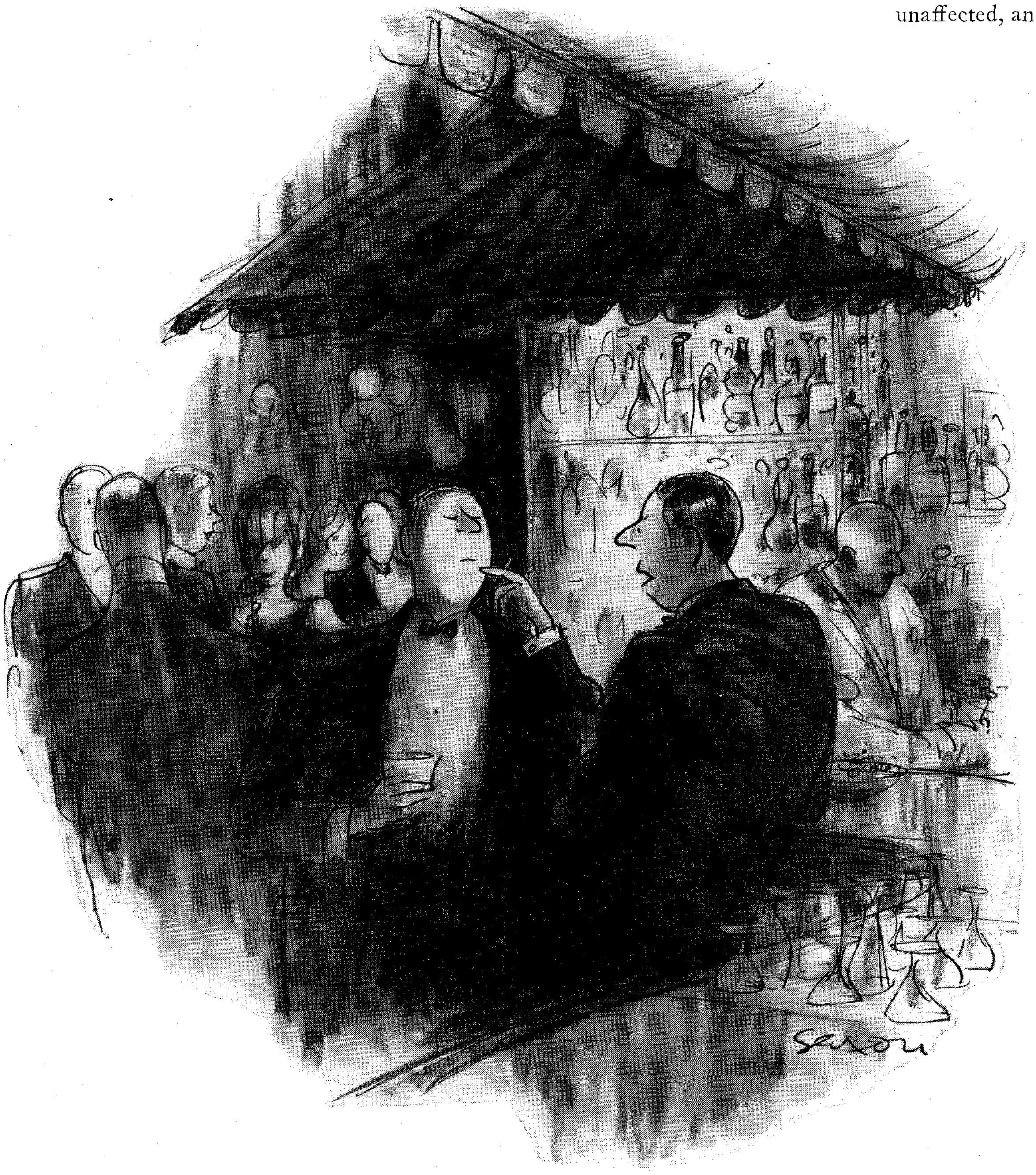
" 'Something similar,' I said, quoting his words to Tommy, the bartender at the George, that afternoon.

" 'Ah, but you miss the point,' he said. 'It's when you've already *had* a drink that you say "something similar." The plot is that in saying this you avoid saying "another," or "one more." '

" 'It's a wonderful expression,' I said. 'I can't wait to try it on the bartender at a saloon called Costello's, on Third Avenue, in Manhattan.'

" 'You know, I've never been to New York,' he said. 'And I want very much to go. So does my wife.'

"I figured out that when the Camerons called this place of theirs a flat they were simply avoiding calling it a house, probably because they felt that calling it that might in some way be verging on the vulgar. As a matter of fact, they had the whole house, which was three stories high. On the ground floor was a separate apartment, in which lived an old lady who performed the duties of what we would call a superintendent over here. Mrs. Cameron came down, and there was some discussion as to whether we should drive out of the city in his car or her car. It appeared that she wouldn't let him drive her car and he wouldn't let her drive his. She had a Hillman and he had a Mercedes. It had become clear to me by this time that Mr. Cameron was determined to let his wife do just about anything that came into her head—because, it was my guess, she was still a little tensed up after her operation. I found Mrs. Cameron to be an altogether charming lady, every bit as loquacious as I am, and the friendship of the three of us had grown so fast that she and I were already contending with each other conversationally, in a joking way, and each of us was accusing the other of talking too much. She was as unaffected, and had a manner as simple and as full of individuality and quality, as one of those young duchesses one occasionally runs into at parties in London. Mr. Cameron was a big man, a little taller than I am—and I'm six feet tall—and his eyes were his outstanding feature. They were extra large and dark brown, and when he said something to you, he looked at you with them in a truly penetrating fashion. This didn't seem to be an affectation on his part but simply something he was born with. Mrs. Cameron was perhaps the more humorous of the two; Mr. Cameron laughed when she said anything witty or comical, but when he himself had the floor—and it wasn't easy to get the floor in that threesome—he was more likely to use his conversational gifts to explain something to me about Scotland: its customs, its history, or its people. Even before Mrs. Cameron had happened to remark to me earlier in the day that her husband had worked under great stress as an intelligence officer during the Second World War, I'd sensed that he was or had been some kind of



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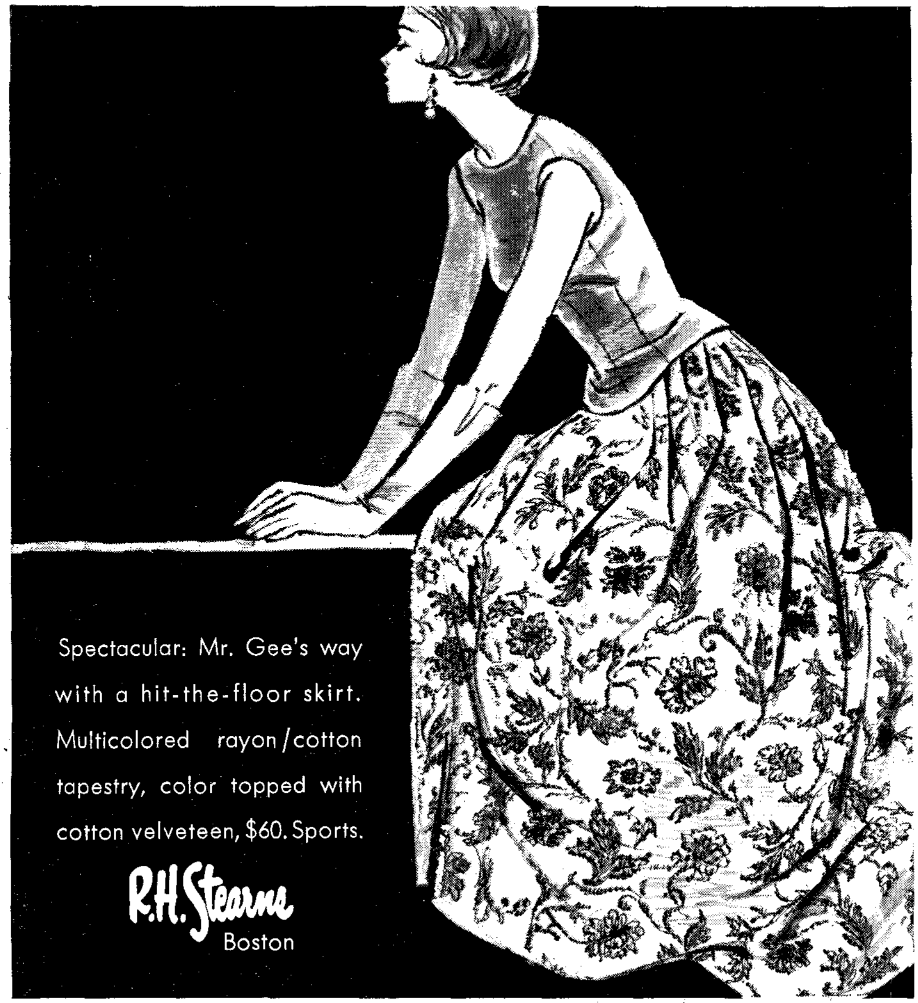

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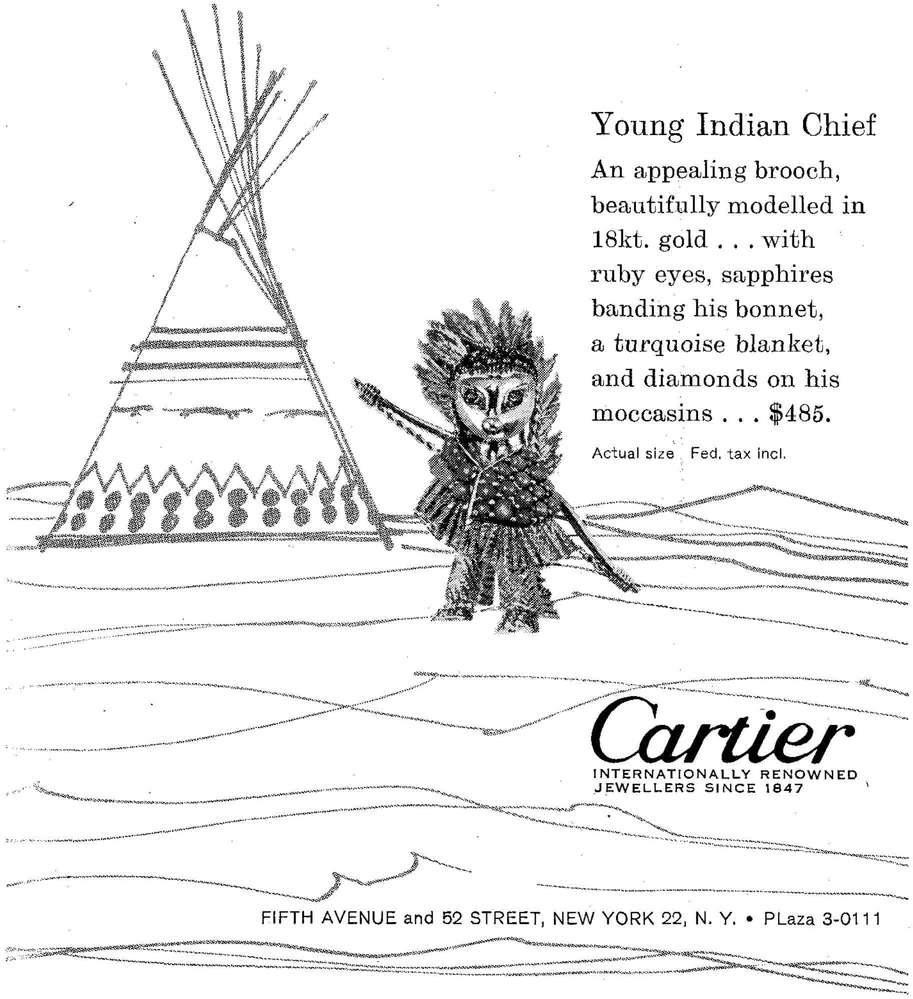

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military man of the highest type. A general, say."

"While I think of it, Colonel," my general said, "I notice that you are talking without making any reference to those notes you have over there on the divan. Did you make any notes on these conversations with the Camerons?"

"No. You see, many years ago, as a young newspaper reporter, I found out I didn't have to make notes, except for specific things like names, street addresses, and so on."

"And the Colonel is blessed—or cursed—with total recall, General," the major said.

"Thank you, Major. Shoot, Colonel."

"Mr. Cameron and I finished our long drinks while Mrs. Cameron had what they call over there 'a wee Scotch.' It's a one-ounce drink, taken as it comes. They discussed where the three of us might go for dinner, having finally settled the question of which car to take. Mrs. Cameron was to drive us in her car. After talking over the good qualities and minor faults of various inns in the environs of Edinburgh, they agreed that we should drive to a little village called Gifford, where there were two inns.

" 'One of them has a nice little bar, so arranged that when you stand at it or sit at it you look through the bottles—set in wide windows—into a nice little garden,' Mrs. Cameron said. 'The food at the other one is a bit better, we think, than it is at that one.'

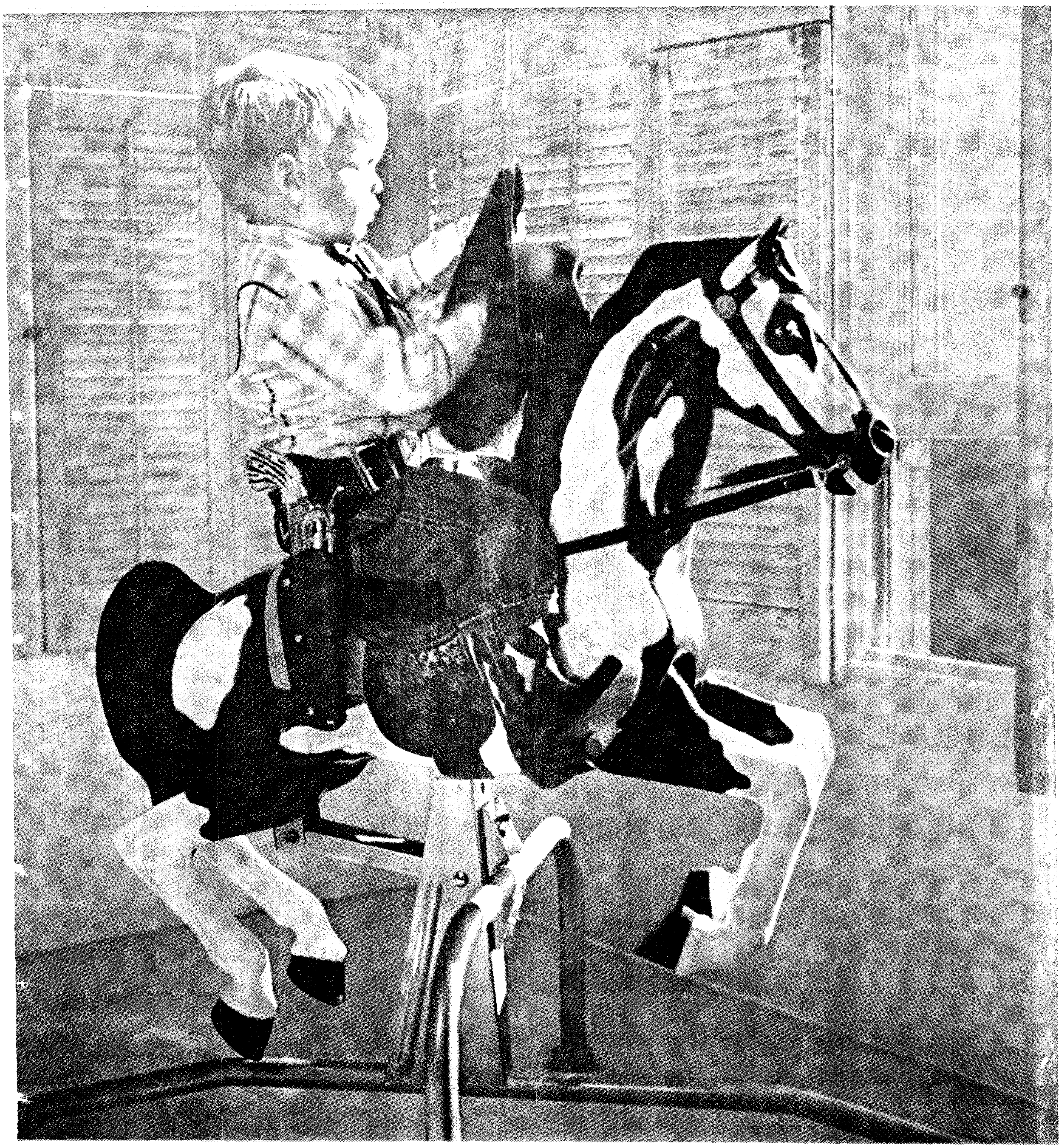
" 'Yes,' said Mr. Cameron.

"So we started out for Gifford. I had no idea how far away it was or where it was, and I didn't care. At the moment, I felt relaxed and calm and happy at the prospect of being in such good hands. Mrs. Cameron, it soon turned out, was a fast driver. I'm not ordinarily nervous in automobiles, but I found myself pressing my right foot against the floorboard quite frequently as we sped in and out of the traffic on Princes Street toward one of the main exits from Edinburgh. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron sat in the front seat, and I sat in the back seat. I decided that the trouble with me was that I hadn't yet got used to the cars approaching us on the wrong side of the road, but I still found myself a bit tense, for it soon developed that Mrs. Cameron not only liked to talk while she drove but felt that when she was addressing me she ought to turn around and look at me.

" 'Tell McKelway about the lock and the police, Ian,' said Mrs. Cameron as we raced along.

" 'You tell him,' said Mr. Cameron.

" 'But I must turn around and look



The marshal said, "My work is finished here." His horse said, "Let's go." And off they rode into the sunset.

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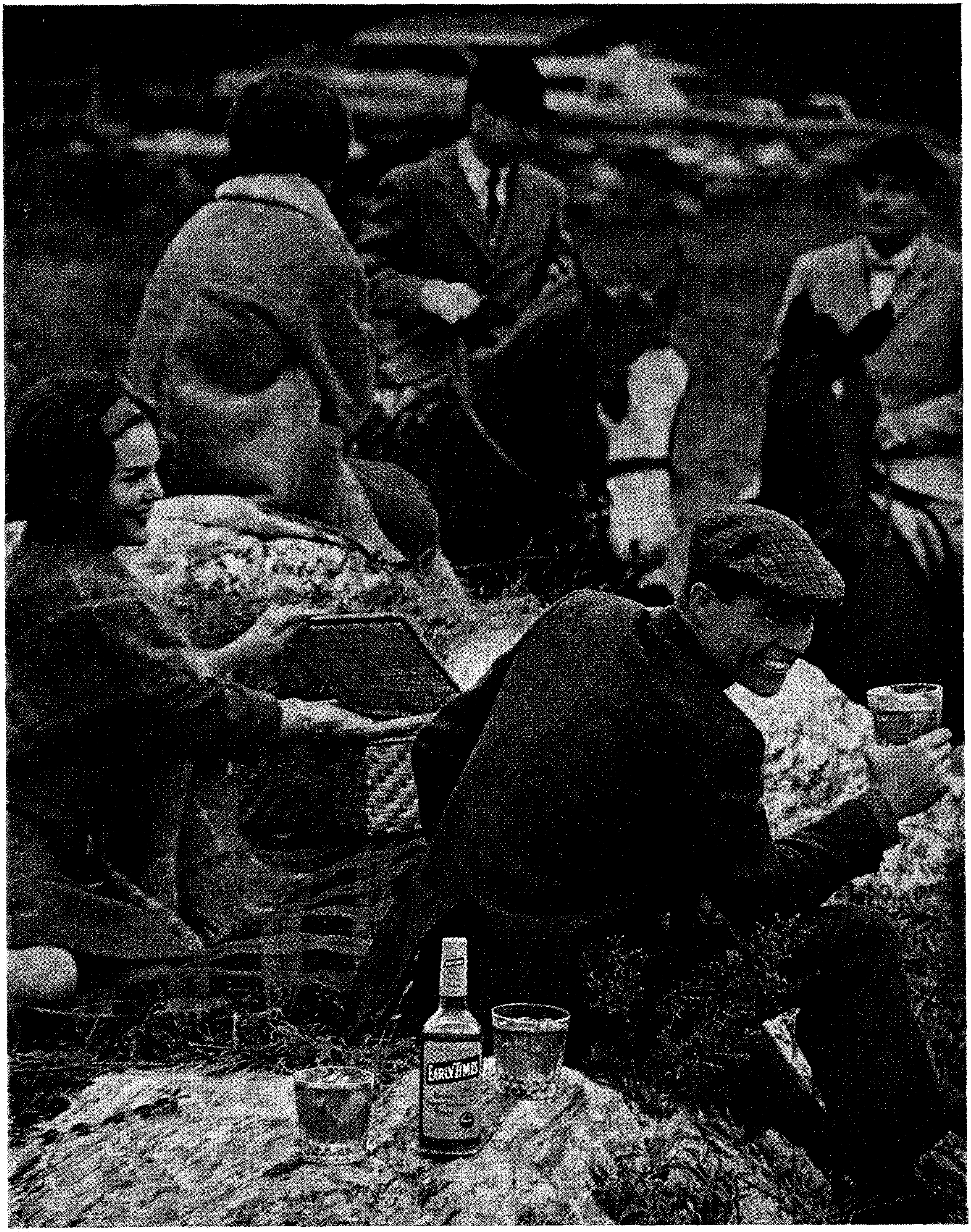

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at him at least part of the time when I'm talking,' said Mrs. Cameron, 'and once or twice I noticed he was looking a little pale.'

" 'Tell me about the police, Mrs. Cameron,' I said. 'I feel as cool as a cucumber.'

"Mrs. Cameron then told me a very long story involving an Adam door, an Adam lock, and an Edinburgh bobby. It ended with the bobby's telling the Camerons that if anything at all out of the way ever happened to them, to be sure to call the police.

" 'Call the police!' said Mr. Cameron, laughing.

" 'Call the police!' said Mrs. Cameron.

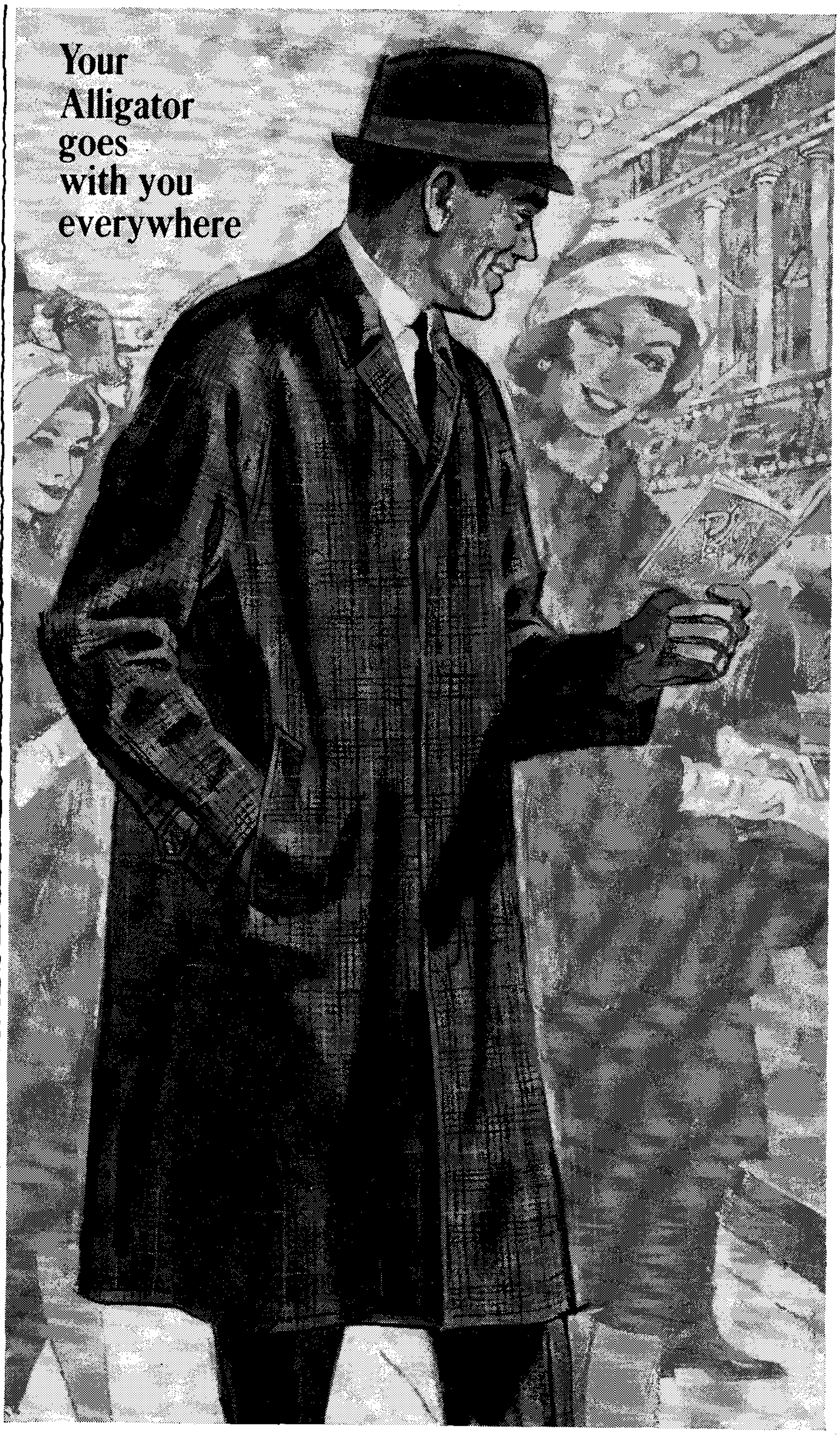
"We drove on gaily, and frequently in the course of the delightful long evening one or another of us would find an opportunity to say 'Call the police!' when something somebody else said seemed to give us an opening. And running along as a minor refrain beneath the animated three-way conversation during this first part of the evening was an intermittent sort of sub-conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Cameron about how to get to Gifford. The pretty little lanes we were barrelling along were of the sort that had been there for centuries, and they followed the contours of the hilly Scottish terrain. Except that I could see the sun beginning to go down in the west—it goes down very late in summertime in Scotland—I wouldn't have had any idea by this time what direction we were travelling in. Actually, the way the lanes wound around, we were going in all directions. It soon developed that Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were hopelessly lost, but at that point Mrs. Cameron seemed to come upon a lane that was familiar to her—although it didn't go to Gifford—and she made a quick left turn into it without slowing down.

" 'Where are you going?' asked Mr. Cameron.

" 'This leads to the palace. I think he'll like it, don't you, Ian?'

" 'Yes,' said Mr. Cameron.

"Our new destination turned out to be a medium-sized palace that, according to Mrs. Cameron, the future King Edward VII had built for himself when he was Prince of Wales. As Mr. Cameron explained to me, it is now a hotel run by a commission of the Scottish government. Anybody can stay there and eat there and drink there, and the prices are only slightly higher than they are at an ordinary country inn. The exterior of King Edward's modest palace—he used it for comparatively brief visits during the summer and autumn,



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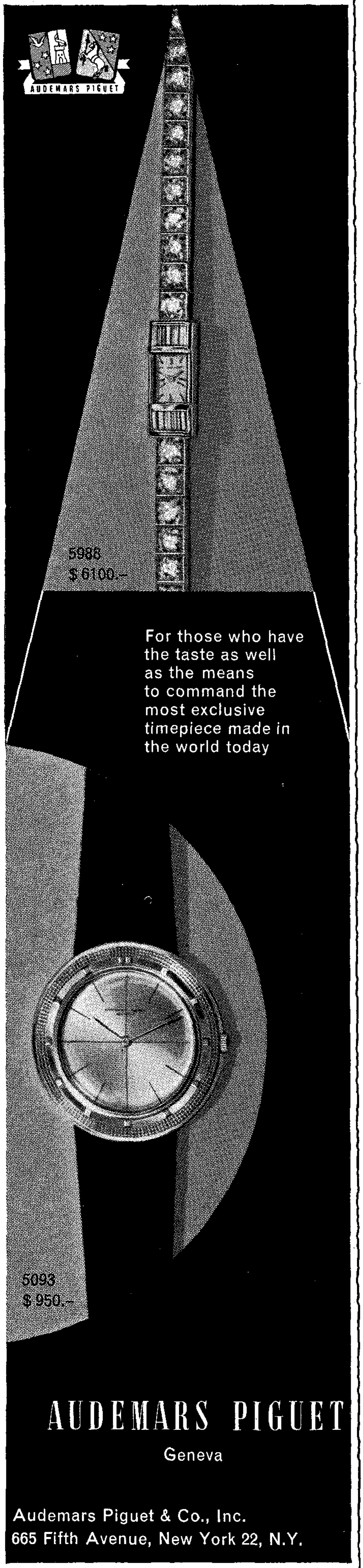

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Mr. Cameron told me—was not up to the standard of the more ancient castles and palaces in Scotland. It looked too modern to me. It was built of stone, and it had hardly had time to get properly mellowed. But the setting was lovely. The palace was right on the sea, and it had its own golf links, of course. It was surrounded on three sides by formal gardens of the kind King Edward had a fancy for, and in the midst of all that wild Scottish scenery their stiffness gave their beauty a startling quality. We walked in at what must originally have been a side entrance, and turned to the right, off a comfortable-looking great hall, into a cozy room with a fireplace and a small bar. The bar seemed at home there, although it had been put in long after King Edward's time. French windows opened out onto one of the formal gardens. There were a few comfortable leather chairs and one or two small tables, and in the corner opposite the bar was a leather banquette, at which there was a larger table. Nobody was in the room except the bartender.

" 'Mr. Cameron, Mrs. Cameron,' said the bartender, with evident pleasure, when we came in.

"The Camerons asked him whether he had been 'in again,' and this seemed to be a big joke—which I did not understand until they explained later that he'd once been threatened with a short stretch for being drunk and disorderly on his day off, and that Mr. Cameron had gone to bat for him. While I was taking in the view of the formal garden, Mr. Cameron beckoned to me conspiratorially. I followed him out of the room and down a small hallway leading off the great hall and through a door and onto a flagstone terrace—and there was the sea! Some geese were lounging around on the terrace, and they began to clatter noisily. Mr. Cameron gave them half a handful of cocktail biscuits he had picked up in the bar. Without saying anything to me, he waved an arm, indicating the sea, and we both stood and looked at it. I was disgusted with the poverty of my vocabulary, so I just grinned at him, and we walked up and down the terrace for a few minutes while he told me about the golf courses that stretched for miles, one after another, along this coastline. He told me that the courses were all public now, and we saw one family of golfers moving along a nearby fairway in the growing dusk. There was a father, a mother, a teen-age boy and girl, and two or three other children, the smallest being a boy five or six years old. He was carrying a putter, and one of the older boys and

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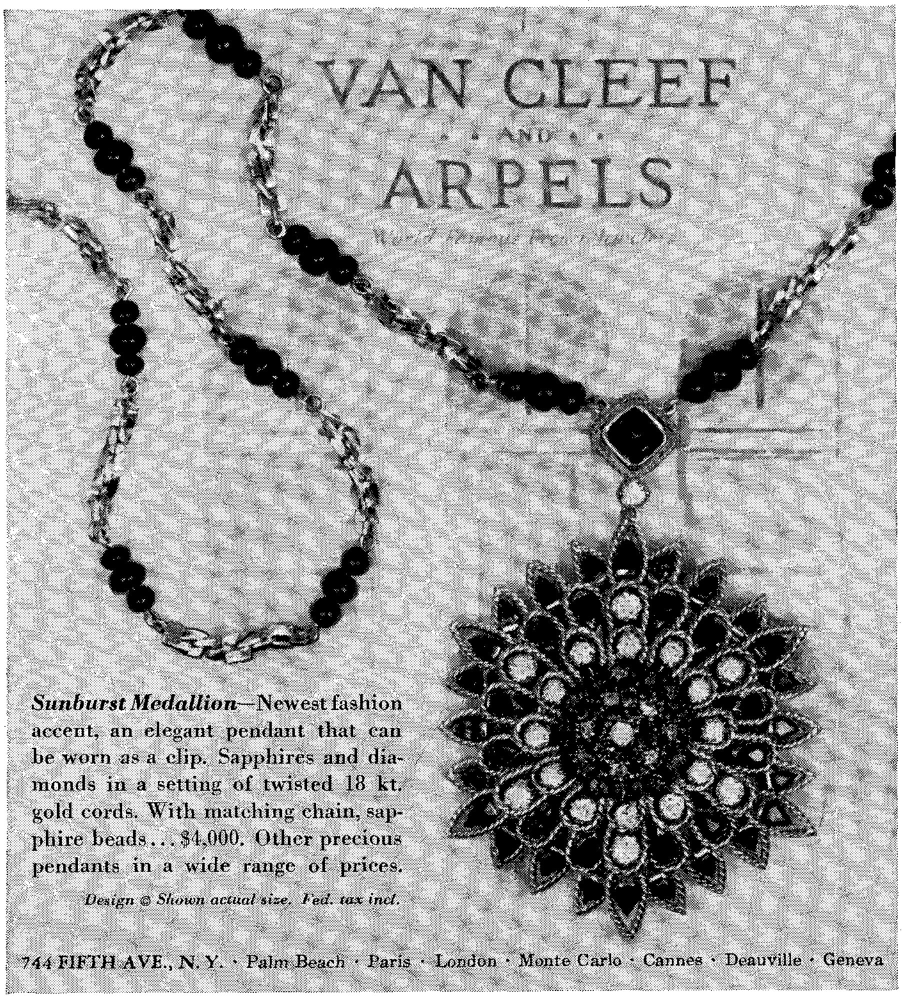

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the father were carrying bags of clubs.

" 'That's the way the Scots often play golf,' said Mr. Cameron. 'They make a family outing of it. It's just a pleasant way of taking a long walk along the grass beside the sea.'

"We reached the end of the terrace, and he indicated with another wave of his arm the great, wide expanse of the long string of golf courses, reaching as far down the coast as the eye could see.

" 'What a place for a paratroop drop!' he said, surprisingly, and, I thought, rather grimly.

"We strolled back in and joined Mrs. Cameron, who was talking with three big young Scots in dark-blue business suits and a pretty Scots lass who was with them. Mrs. Cameron had a delightful way of striking up conversations with strangers, and this was an example of it. The young people seemed to have accepted her as one of themselves, and, without actually appearing to question them, she soon found out that the young men were an assistant engineer on a merchant ship, a postman, and a coal miner who had risen to a sub-executive position in a mine near the village in which all three of them and the girl had been raised. The girl was a student nurse at a hospital in Glasgow, and the four of them were on a weekend lark. Mr. Cameron ordered drinks, including the four young people in the round by making an unobtrusive circular gesture to the bartender with his forefinger. Soon the seven of us were talking about all sorts of things, and when the engineer, at some point, asked me if I was from England, I found myself feeling mysteriously flattered. But I told him I was from New York.

"I managed to buy a round, with considerable difficulty; the postman wanted to buy and insisted it was his turn, but Mrs. Cameron told him that he simply must acquiesce in the wishes of an American visitor. After one more round, which the postman did buy, Mrs. Cameron got explicit directions from the bartender as to how to get to Gifford, and the three of us were once more bowling along the twisting lanes.

" 'Are you very hungry?' Mrs. Cameron asked me.

" 'I'm completely happy, and I'm not a bit hungry,' I said. 'I had a big tea at the Roxburghe.'

" 'Good,' said Mr. Cameron, looking at his watch. 'We shall be sitting down to dinner in Gifford in thirty minutes.'

" 'Unless I get lost again,' said Mrs. Cameron.

" 'Yes,' said Mr. Cameron.

"Gifford was supposed to be ten or

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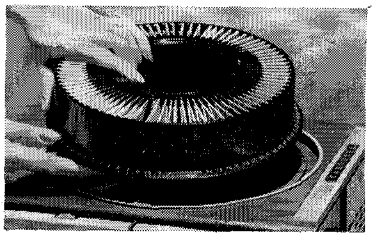

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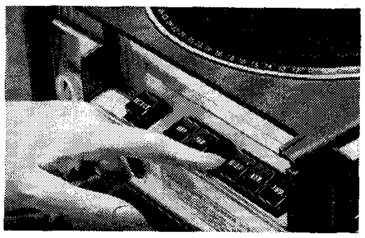

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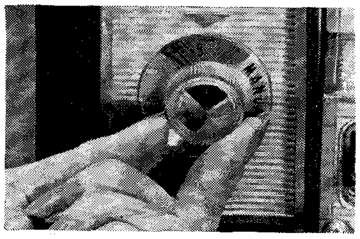

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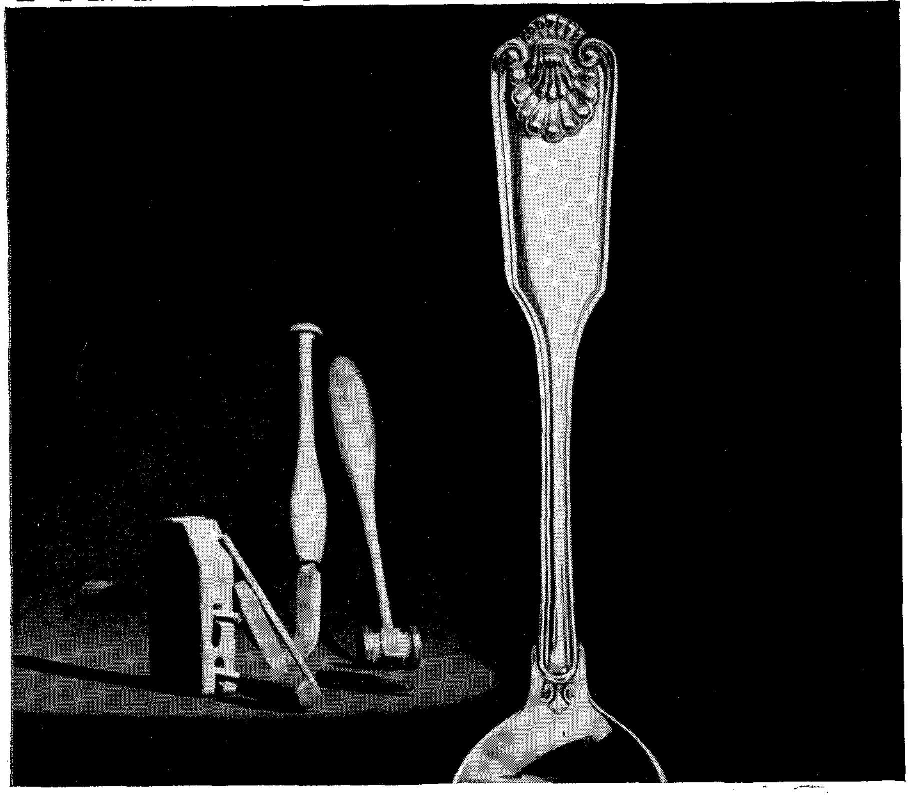

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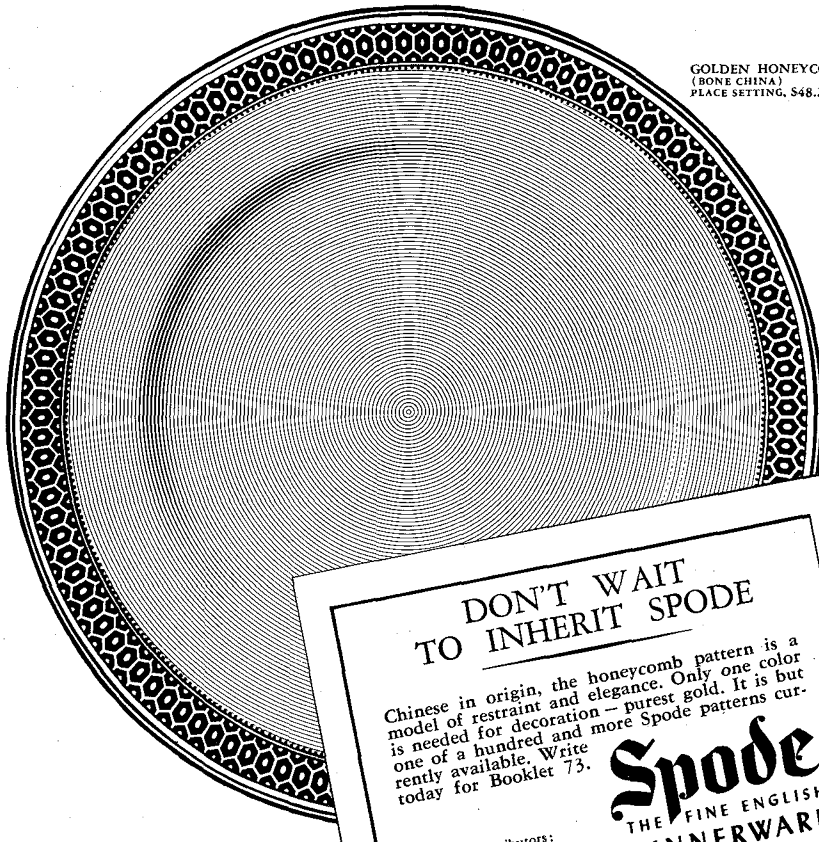

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fifteen miles inland. We were soon lost again, in a maze of charming little lanes.

" 'Gifford doesn't seem to want to see us tonight,' said Mrs. Cameron, drawing up at the side of a lane while Mr. Cameron lit a cigarette for her.

" 'I have maps in my car,' said Mr. Cameron, 'but we're not in my car.'

" 'If I have a map, I *never* get to my destination,' said Mrs. Cameron. 'I invariably see some place with a tantalizing name and I veer off and go there.'

" 'We just went through the village of Duns.'

" 'Duns. Oh, *Duns!* Then we're only a few miles from a place somebody told me about only the other day, at Long-something. Longwich? Longmackie?'

" 'I don't know.'

" 'It's a house-hotel and it's something-burne.'

"A very aged countryman came hobbling toward us along the lane at this point, and when he got abreast of us, Mrs. Cameron hailed him politely, and the two of them had an animated chat about crops and sheep, but he was unable to tell her where the something-burne hotel in Long-something was.

" 'Oh, blast it!' she said, after he had hobbled on. 'It's exactly where we ought to go tonight. It's owned by a painter, who lives there with his family, and it's up in the Lammermuirs. There's a very small village, I was told, and from the inn there is not another house in sight in any direction. It attracts artists and writers, and there's quite a library, these people said. It's quite high in the hills, and they said that on a clear day you could look down all the way to the sea, twenty miles away. Oh, damn it! And this is a clear evening and the sun is just going down.'

" 'We must find out where it is from our friends and take McKelway there on another day,' said Mr. Cameron.

" 'Now we haven't any destination,' said Mrs. Cameron.

" 'I've just thought of something,' said Mr. Cameron. He turned to me and asked, 'Do you like Danish food?'

" 'I sure do,' I said.

" 'Oh, Ian, you *are* a dear!' Mrs. Cameron said, and then, to me, 'Duns is only ten or fifteen miles from Melrose, and there is a splendid little inn quite near there, where they have a very superior *smörgåsbord* and exceptional soup, which the proprietress makes herself. It's just what we want, after those drinks.' She whipped the car around and presumably headed for Duns.

"It turned out to be a comparatively straight course from Duns to Melrose

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and thence to Peebles and thence—after one or two pauses for directions in another tangle of little lanes—to the inn they were talking about. It was on the village street, and was, in fact, the village pub. We were greeted as we went in by the proprietor and his wife, who seemed to know the Camerons quite well. The working people in such places usually patronize the public bar, although they can go into the private bar if they want to. In the private bar, our host brought us little open-faced Danish sandwiches on buttered pumpernickel as hors d'oeuvres while each of us had an akvavit poured out of a bottle encased in ice, the way the Danes serve it in Copenhagen. The place was fairly crowded, but he said we could have a table in a few minutes. He brought us menus, and while Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were chatting with some strangers, he told me that he and his wife had bought the place some years before and, by means of a semi-official arrangement with the Danish Consul-General in Edinburgh, had had their chef and three waitresses trained in Copenhagen, at the expense of the Danish government, while they themselves were restoring—and remodelling, to a small extent—the ancient village pub. Mrs. Cameron ordered some smoked eels, smoked salmon, a salad, and the fish soup, and Mr. Cameron and I both ordered the Danish-style steak tartare, as well as the eels and salmon, the salad, and the soup. We all decided against having any wine and agreed that we would go along with just the akvavit and the Carlsberg beer on draught, which was one of the specialties of the house. We sat at a corner table overlooking a garden, which was surrounded by a low stone wall, and in which a small, fluffy white bitch of Tibetan ancestry was playing with her two three-month-old puppies. We were all feeling very gay but not in the least drunk. To be exact, I'd say that Mrs. Cameron and I were a good way this side of being tipsy, and that Mr. Cameron was just the same as he'd been when we started out."

"This is a good place to ask you, Colonel, about you and alcohol. Can you drink a good deal without getting drunk?"

"When I'm in good form, as the Irish say," I told the general, "my tolerance for alcohol is considerable; in fact, I have sometimes found it frightening. But if I'm feeling low, my tolerance for it decreases, depending on how low I'm feeling. I can drink a good deal under certain conditions, but it's very likely to creep up on me if I'm not care-

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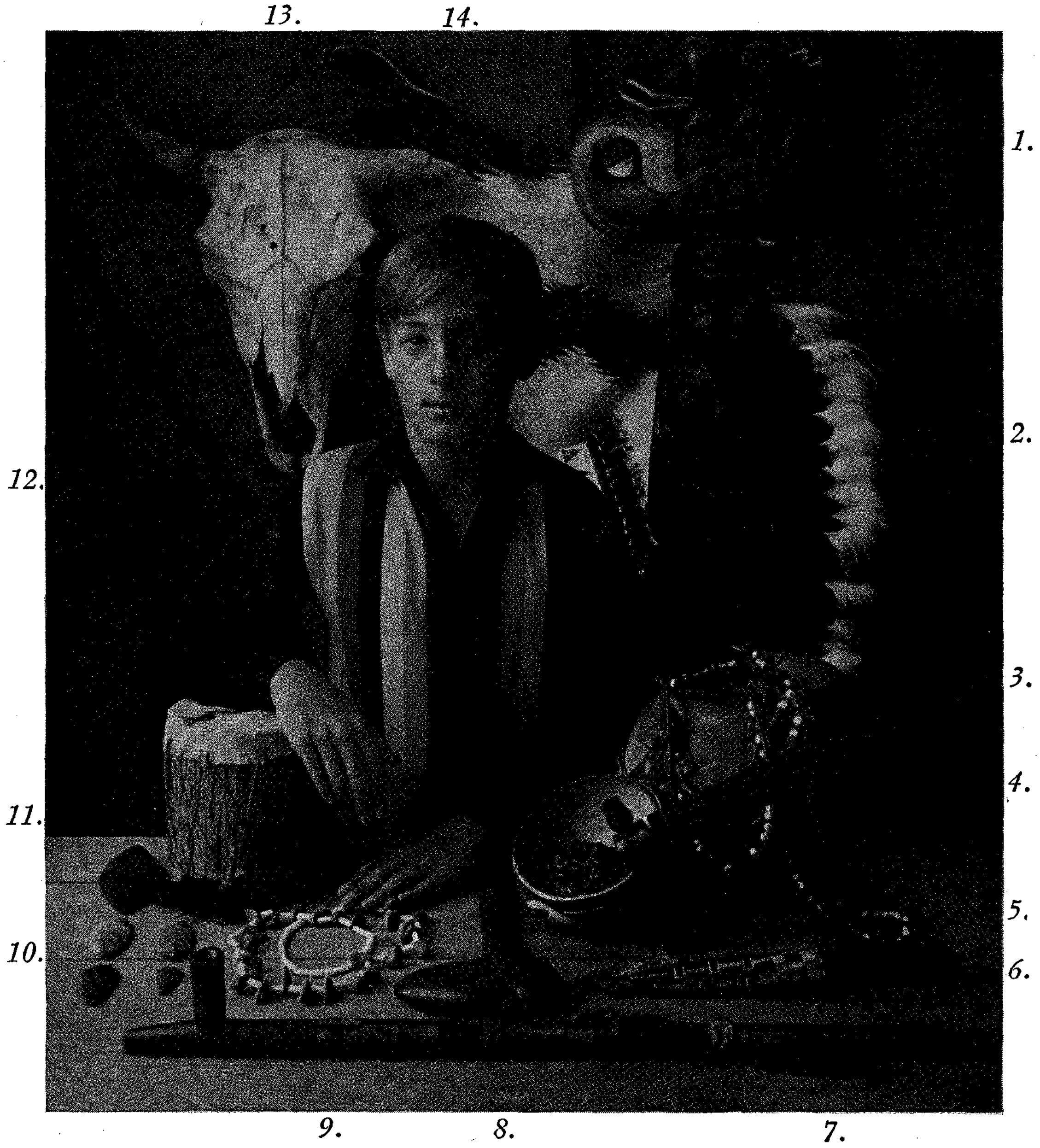

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1. **Totem pole.** Found in front of homes of the Alaskan Indians. Specific clans were identified by the symbol on the top of their totem pole.
2. **Sioux war bonnet.** Each feather was earned for a good deed or bravery. Bonnets have 28 to 30 feathers (eagle).
3. **Trade tomahawk.** Called "trade" because the Indians didn't make the metal heads, they got them from settlers in return for supplies.
4. **Clay pottery** for storing food or eating from. The large piece is Santo Domingo, the little one is Pueblo.
5. **Sioux necklace** of animal claws, toes of deers and beads strung on rawhide.
6. **Scabbard** made of beads brought from Venice by the Spaniards around 1800 for trading purposes. (The knife in it is of a much earlier era – has a stone head and wooden handle.)
7. **Sioux peace pipe.** At conferences, when an agreement was reached, each person took a puff and passed it on.
8. **Stone headed tomahawk** used by the Plains Indians in the "stone age", or before the white men came.
9. **Zuñi necklace** of pure turquoise from New Mexico.
10. **Stone arrowheads.** The skillful art of chipping stone against stone was used to get them sharp enough.
11. **Osage tom-tom.** Used to beat rhythms at ceremonial dances. Large ones were for sending messages from village to village.
12. **Rawhide quiver** and arrows belonged to the Crows. These arrows have metal tips, which means they were made after the settlers invaded Indian territory. The bow is Sioux.
13. **Dried buffalo skull.** A symbol of worship. The buffalo was the mainstay of the Plains Indians' *civilization.*
14. **Navajo rug.** Since this tribe raised sheep, they used the wool to make rugs (which they wore when it was cold) and had roast lamb for dinner.

P.S. For a free reprint of our Rob Roy Indian Ad and more information about his tomahawk adventures, just send a self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box #1931, New York 1, N. Y., care of **ROB ROY SHIRTS FOR BOYS.**

ful, even when I'm at my best. I don't know what my capacity would be right now, however, because, except for the drinking I did in Edinburgh and one or two subsequent and more or less inadvertent lapses, I don't drink. The Captain has convinced me that drinking in the course of my analysis tends to anesthetize my emotions, and thus short-circuit everything, and that my drinking would only prolong the analysis, which, naturally, I'm in a hurry to complete. So on the whole I don't drink."

"Did the Colonel and the Camerons stay at the Danish food place very late that night?" asked the major.

"No, Major. You can't stay very late at a pub in Scotland. The pubs shut up tight at ten o'clock, and then, as they say over there, you've had it. We got there a little after nine, and were having coffee and brandy when the 'Time, gentlemen, time' time came around. You can finish what you're drinking when that hour arrives, but you can't get any more, no matter who you are, unless you are staying at the inn, and are thus a 'traveller,' in which case, according to Scottish law, you can drink your head off until breakfast time and right on through the day, if you want to, as long as you don't behave in an intoxicated manner. Hasn't either of you been over to Britain yet?"

"No, sir. The General was in the Korean War, and I had a tour of duty in Japan. But since then we've both been stuck in or near Washington with the Research and Development Command of the Air Force."

"But I thought you were with the Central Intelligence Agency!"

"Oh, no," said the general. "We're on temporary duty with the C.I.A. We were on General Taylor's small personal staff during his investigation of the C.I.A. for the President, and we're still doing odd jobs there as they come along."

"Oh, I see. Well, the only thing the Camerons talked about during dinner that bothered me later was about the Tory Scots. And the Highlanders. They said some of the extreme Tories—landowners—in Scotland were close to being Fascist. That they still hated England as their ancestors had, and they hated the Labour Party, and even Macmillan's Conservative Party wasn't conservative enough for them. And that they were quite capable of working up a movement of force against England if they thought they could put it over and make Britain a Fascist country. And, the Camerons said, since the Soviet Union was so similar to a Fascist regime, in spite of its being So-

Q

What Are Convertibles? What Is Leverage?

A

A convertible is a kind of hybrid—usually a bond or a preferred stock that can be exchanged for a common stock, ordinarily of the same company, at a set rate of exchange.

Here's how a convertible works: Let's say that you buy a convertible debenture of Typical Manufacturing Company for $1,000. It pays interest at the rate of 4% per year and is convertible to 25 shares of Typical's common stock. If the common stock is currently selling around $35 a share, obviously you will not exercise the conversion privilege, since you will get stock worth only about $875 (25 x $35) for a bond worth $1,000, and you may be sacrificing relatively certain interest for relatively uncertain dividends. The chances are that you will not choose to exercise the conversion privilege until or unless the stock exceeds $40 a share, for only then can you be sure of getting at least as much in common stock as you paid for your bond. In essence, the conversion feature of a convertible preferred stock works in much the same way. Clearly, the advantage of a convertible is that it combines the relative safety and fixed income of a bond or a preferred stock with the appreciation possibilities of a common stock.

In a sense, a convertible looks like a way of having your cake and eating it, too. But it isn't as simple as that. Selection is not an easy matter. Of the available convertibles, not all are of equal quality. The buyer must decide whether the price he pays for the conversion privilege is or is not costly in relation to the potential of the common stock he can get in exchange. And if he wishes to exchange the senior security for the junior, he must time his action carefully.

In general, people buy convertibles when common stock prices are depressed because they expect to make a profit by an increase in the value of the convertible or by exercising the conversion privilege if the common stock rises and to enjoy the relative price stability and fixed income of a bond or a preferred stock in the meantime. If the common stock stays depressed or drops still further in price, the convertible-owner simply does not exercise his conversion privilege.

Like all other securities, convertibles have both advantages and risks that should be recognized, considered, and estimated with care before a purchase is made.

What happens to the money a company takes in when it sells its products or services? A number of things. Some is used to pay various expenses of doing business. Some goes to pay taxes. And if a company has "senior" securities, some will be used to pay the necessary interest to bondholders and some to pay the dividends to owners of any preferred stock. After all such claims have been taken care of, if any earnings still remain, they may be paid to owners of the common stock as dividends or retained for future expansion and development or some of each.

Bond interest and preferred-stock dividends must be paid before owners of a company's common stock receive any dividends at all. The effect on the per-share earnings of the common stock when large sums must be paid for bond interest or preferred-stock dividends is called *leverage*. If there are a lot of bonds and preferred stock outstanding in relation to the amount of common stock, a company is said to have high leverage. If there are no senior securities, no leverage exists.

The effect of leverage is to translate a given change in a corporation's income into a larger *proportionate* change—either up or down—in the earnings available for the common stockholders. Here's how it works. Assume, for example, a corporation with income of $1,000,000, of which $500,000 goes for bond interest and preferred-stock dividends, with the balance of $500,000 available for dividends on the common stock. A 10% rise in income—to $1,100,000—would leave $600,000 for the common stock, an increase of 20%. Similarly, a 10% drop in total income would produce twice as big a percentage cut (20%) in the amount available for the common stock ($400,000).

But suppose the company has no senior securities at all—no bonds or preferred stock outstanding. Then its total earnings, after operating expenses and taxes, will be available for dividends for owners of the common stock—$1,000,000 or $900,000 or $1,100,000, as the case may be. These examples are greatly oversimplified, of course.

Leverage may work to either the advantage or the disadvantage of the common stockholders. In general, its effect will be advantageous for them when the company's earnings are good and disadvantageous when earnings decrease. That is why many experienced investors study a company's capital structure, the amount of the various securities issued by the company, as well as its prospects before buying its common stock.

NEXT WEEK: *What Do These Stock-Market Terms Mean?*

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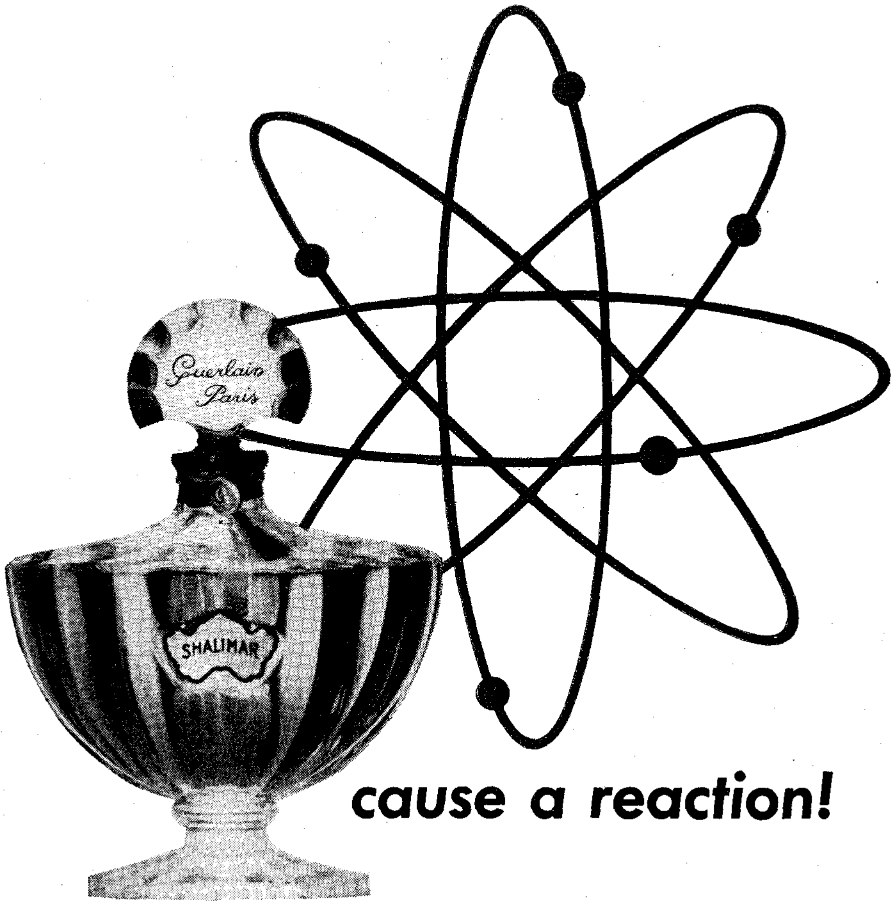

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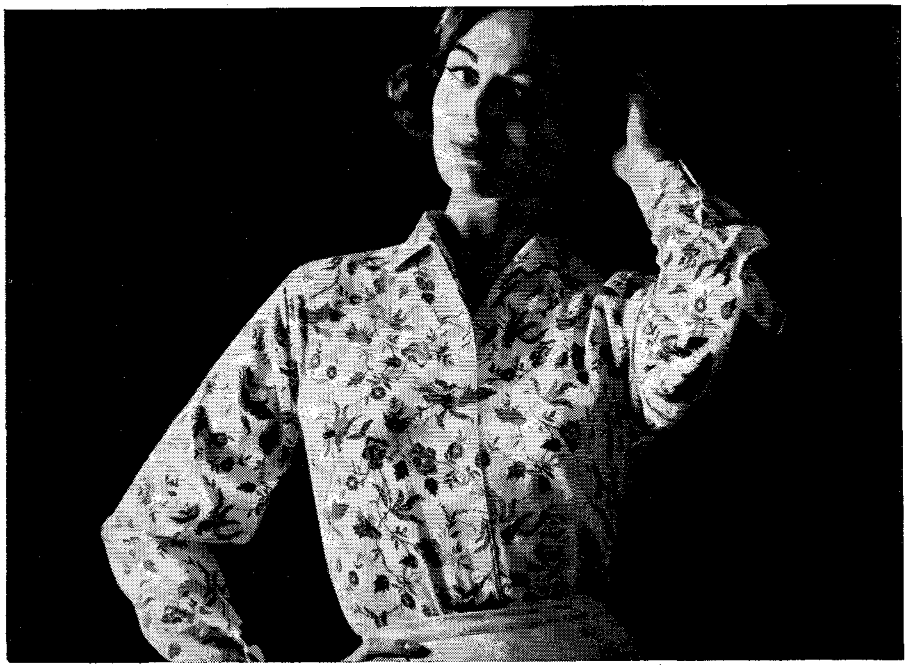

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cialistic, many people feared that someday, if exactly the right circumstances arose, the extreme Tories in Scotland and England might try to make some kind of deal with the Russians that would tie in with their plans for a totalitarian Britain. And, they said, the true Highlanders were so wild and savage, at heart, that they were capable of joining in just about anything if it meant a fight against England. The Camerons spoke of this mostly in a humorous and speculative vein, but it stuck in my mind.

"Well, anyway, the Camerons and I left the Danish place at a few minutes after eleven and started back to Edinburgh. In those few minutes before we left, we were chatting with the proprietor and his wife and sort of kidding around, and I teased Mrs. Cameron about how hard it was to get a word in edgewise when one was surrounded by taciturn Scots, and she said, 'We call McKelway, here, the Noisy American,' and then she said, 'Shall we just throw him in a ditch on the way back to Edinburgh, Ian?' and Mr. Cameron said, 'Yes, and then we'll call the police,' and I said 'Call the police!' and we all laughed at our private joke. And then, on our way back to Edinburgh, we got lost again. I'd had a marvellous time, but my nerves were a little jumpy, what with all the fast driving, the cars coming at me on the wrong side of the road, and the lickety-split speed of our wide-ranging conversation, and when we got lost in still another cluster of small lanes, and I saw a signpost at a crossroads, I volunteered to jump out of the car and see if the signpost would tell us how to get back to Edinburgh. So Mrs. Cameron stopped the car. It was pitch dark by now, and cloudy—no moon, no stars. Mrs. Cameron turned up the headlights and shifted the car so they were focussed on the signpost, which was on the other side of the lane from us, about ten yards off. I got out and went loping cheerfully in the direction of the signpost, looking up at it as I trotted along, and the next thing I knew I'd been hit on the head and was coming back to consciousness after what seemed a long time. There was blood all over my face, and I was at the bottom of what I at first thought was my unfilled grave. What had apparently happened was that, not then being acquainted with the fact that all such lanes in Scotland have deep ditches on both sides of them, whereas we would expect in this country to find only soft shoulders at the sides of a road, I'd fallen into the ditch. And the signposts in Scotland are made

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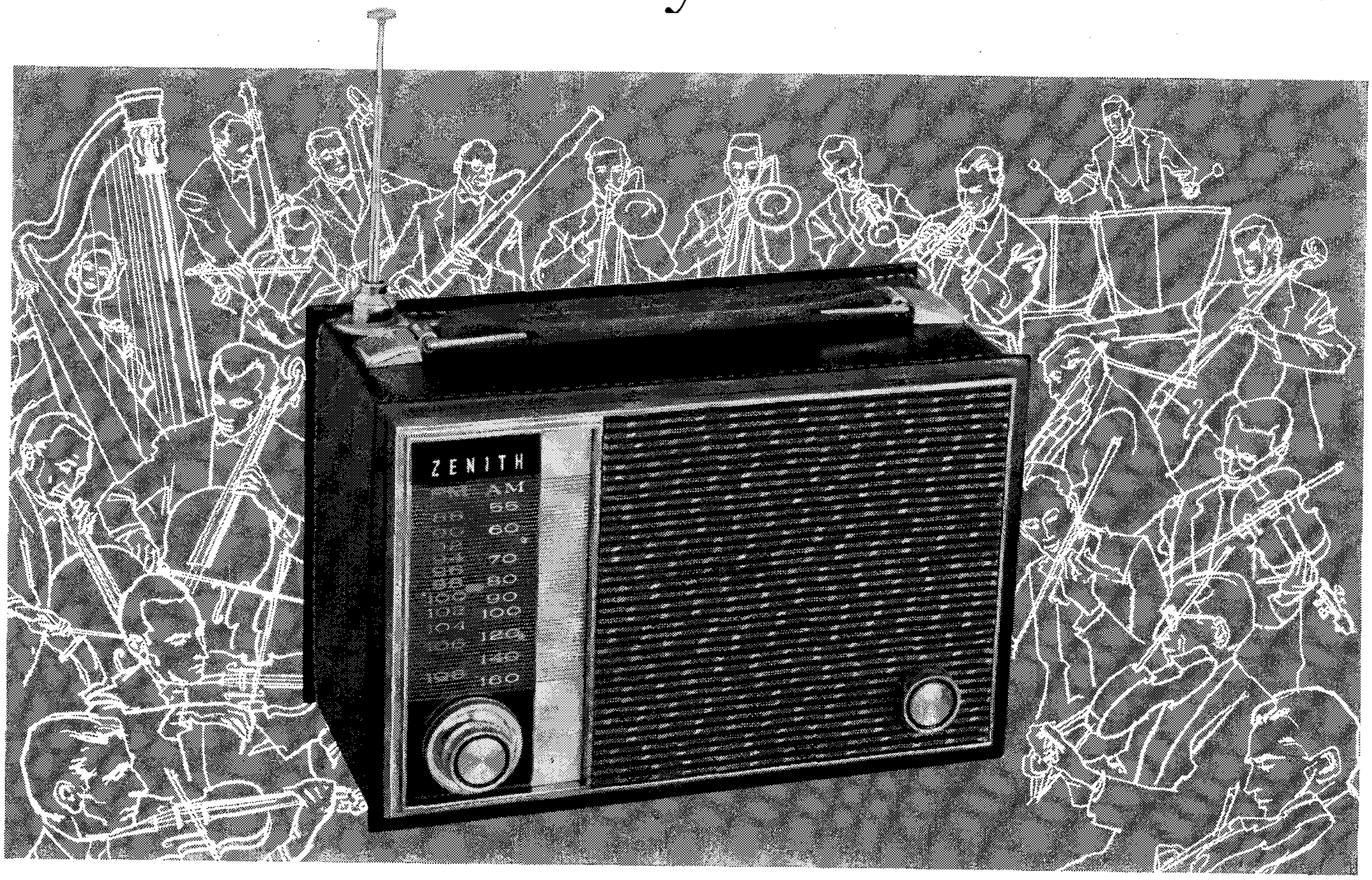

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of iron. As I groped my way back into this world, I figured out that this was a ditch I was in and that I had fallen feet first into it as I trotted toward the signpost, and that my momentum had carried my head bang into the base of the signpost, knocking me out cold, so that I then sank into the ditch full length on my back. I crawled out of the ditch, mopping my bleeding forehead with my handkerchief, and discovered that the headlights were still turned on the signpost—and on me—and that two helmeted motorcycle policemen, having dismounted from their motorcycles, were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, who still sat in the front seat of their car. I tottered over to them, and there were exclamations all around. It seems that as I approached the signpost, and before I fell into the ditch, Mrs. Cameron had flagged down the two policemen, who were going in the opposite direction, with the idea of asking *them* how to get back to Edinburgh. Since neither Mr. nor Mrs. Cameron's eyes were on me when I disappeared from view, they thought I had walked on past the signpost. In any case, Mr. Cameron all at once assumed the role of a British Army officer confronted with a wounded trooper. He sprang out of the car and took a look at the front of my head, and asked me how long I thought I had been unconscious, and when I told him that I had no idea, but that it couldn't have been very long, he said he thought that to be on the safe side I'd better let them take me to the Royal Infirmary, in Edinburgh, because I probably had a concussion, if not a fracture. He said the cut on my forehead was about an inch long and looked rather deep. The cut was still bleeding to beat hell, and he made a tight bandage for it with a clean handkerchief that he took from his jacket pocket, so that I looked and felt just like the soldier in the threesome playing 'Yankee Doodle.' My head didn't hurt much, and I was laughing about the whole silly business, although actually I was damn well shaken up, but before Mrs. Cameron, on the drive back to Edinburgh, said something about the coincidence—the fact that they had said they might throw me into a ditch and call the police, and so on—I had already thought of it myself."

"Did you at that time believe it possible that somebody *had* hit you on the head, rather than that you had hit it on the base of the signpost?"

"Not for an instant—at that time. I was preoccupied with being a brave soldier and was cursing myself out over the fact that I would now be going

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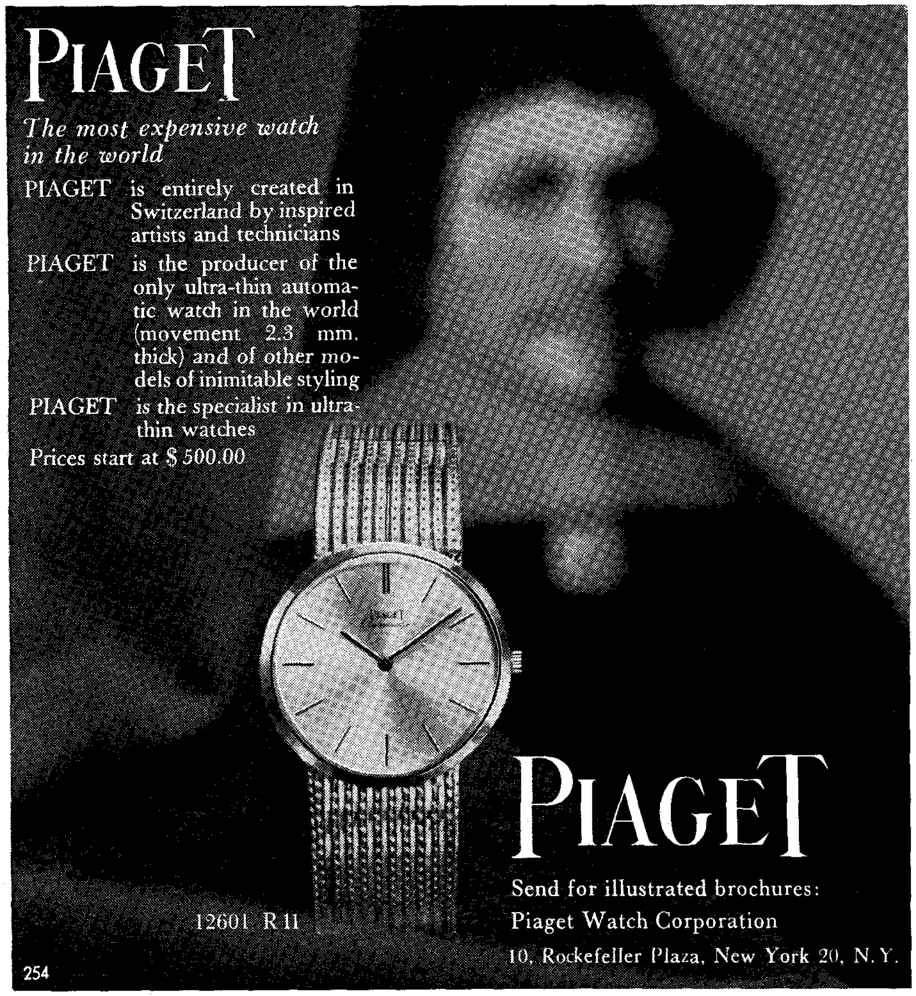
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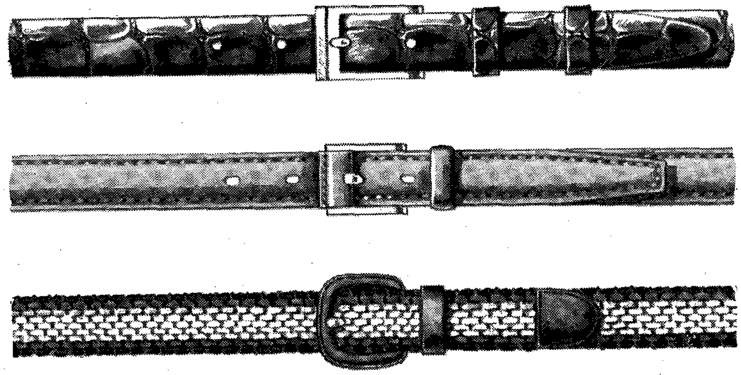
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around Edinburgh for at least a week with some kind of bandage on my forehead, making me look as if I had been in a drunken brawl, or something."

"Have you ever been in a drunken brawl?" asked the major.

"Well, I've never been injured in one."

"Then why did you think other people would think that was where you suffered this injury?"

"You've got me, Major. I suppose because, in my youth, I frequently woke up in the morning surprised to find that nobody had hit me on the head or on the nose the night before. But nobody ever did. Anyway, I'm as vain as the next man, I guess, and I was annoyed about being even temporarily disfigured. In short, I felt like a fool."

"Did Mrs. Cameron drive straight back to Edinburgh then?"

"As straight as she could. On the way, I told Mr. Cameron I didn't think I needed to go to the Infirmary, and he said we'd stop at the North British Hotel, where, in the gentlemen's room, I could wash my face and let him take a closer look at the cut. We did that, while Mrs. Cameron sat waiting in the lobby. When I took a look at my head in the mirror, I agreed with Mr. Cameron that I had better get the hell on to the Infirmary. There was a lump the size of a small egg on my forehead, halfway between my right eyebrow and my receding hair, and the cut looked ugly. Also, I was beginning to feel kind of weak—as if I might faint, or something. They took me to the Infirmary—Mrs. Cameron driving as safely and as competently as one of those lady Red Cross ambulance drivers in the war—and they turned me over to the nurses. I was taken straight into the emergency ward. The Camerons came along with me."

"Now, exactly what did they do to you in the Infirmary? Don't leave anything out, Colonel."

"Nobody else was waiting in the emergency ward, and a young doctor came along in a couple of minutes. There were two pretty young nurses, and each of them had held me by an arm when they brought me into the ward—evidently thinking that I might be about to black out. They had eased me into a chair, and I was sitting there when the doctor came up. Mr. Cameron explained briefly to him what had happened—that is, that I had fallen against the base of an iron signpost in the environs of Edinburgh—and the doctor asked me to get up on what looked like an operating table, and I did, lying on my back. The doctor examined

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the cut under a bright light and said something I didn't catch to one of the nurses. She went away and reappeared in a couple of minutes carrying a hypodermic needle and stood waiting to give me a shot of something in the arm after the doctor had rolled up my sleeve. I asked the doctor what that was, and he said it was an anti-tetanus shot. When the nurse had given me the shot, he said that it didn't look as if I had a fracture but that I probably did have a concussion and that in any case he wanted to have my head X-rayed right there and then. Mr. Cameron had told him that I was an American journalist, and so on, but I'm sure that had nothing to do with the efficiency and thoughtfulness with which I was treated. When the doctor said he wanted to X-ray me, I told the Camerons not to wait, because it would probably take a while. With what seemed like some reluctance, they said good night, and told me to be sure to call them the next day and let them know how I was getting along. Before they left, Mr. Cameron said it would be wise for me to drink a lot of milk the next day. The doctor said that unless I had a fracture it would not be necessary for me to stay at the Infirmary that night. In due course, I was X-rayed from every possible angle, and after I'd waited quite a long time in the waiting room—until the X-rays were developed and the doctor had studied them, evidently along with an X-ray specialist—the doctor told me the story."

"And what was that?"

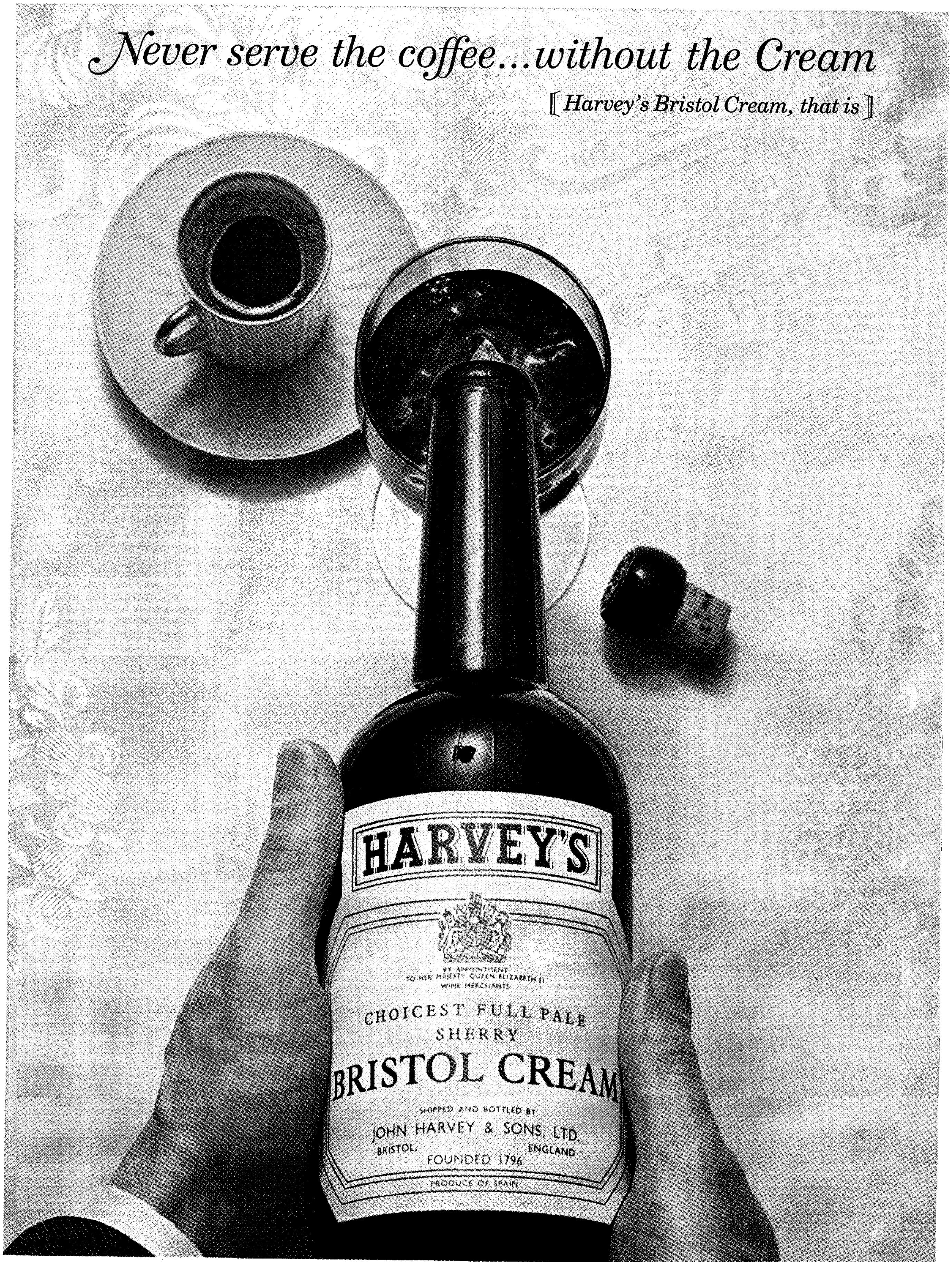
"In the first place, he said that I had no fracture, and that I should take it easy for a day or two and shouldn't have any strong drink for forty-eight hours at least, on account of the mild concussion I had probably suffered. He said it would be a good idea if I stayed in bed the next day, but that if I felt all right in the morning it wouldn't do me any harm to move around as long as I took it easy and didn't overexert myself. He was a very solemn, serious-minded young doctor, and was extraordinarily thorough. His name was MacLean. He was writing out a long passage in longhand on some kind of hospital form, and as he did that, he would pause and go on telling me about my injury."

"But what else was there to tell you?"

"Well, although my head didn't hurt, I had begun to feel a good deal of pain at the bottom of the back of my neck—at the top of my spine—and when I'd mentioned this to the doctor, before being X-rayed, he'd nodded as if he knew all about that. Now he said that in falling I had apparently wrenched the back of my neck, and that I already had what he called an 'arthritic pocket' in that particular area. He said that this wrenching of the top of my spine might activate the incipient arthritis, and that he would advise me to come to the Infirmary every day for about ten days and undergo a series of orthopedic treatments and exercises, which he said might serve not only to relieve me of the discomfort at the back of my neck but to prevent an onset of acute arthritis in that area later on in my life. He said that I really ought to have these orthopedic treatments and exercises—even if I had not been injured—and that I ought to continue them after I got back to New York. He said good night to me, and shook hands and wished me luck, and left me in the care of one of the nurses. One of them went out with him and soon returned with one of those complicated braces of the sort that people wear when they have broken their neck. My neck wasn't really bothering me much by this time, and I told the nurse that I simply couldn't go around in that brace, that I had a lot of work to do and a lot of people to see, and that I wouldn't wear it unless I was absolutely ordered to do so by the doctor. She said that the doctor hadn't ordered me to wear it but that he had advised it, and that I didn't have to wear it unless I wished to. The doctor had taken three stitches in my forehead, and had told me that the swelling would go down if I applied hot and cold towels to it as often as I could after I got back to the hotel, and again on the following morning. He hadn't put a bandage on it, and he'd painted it with colorless iodine. The threads he'd used to stitch it up with, however, were black, and when I got back to the hotel, by taxi, and saw myself in the mirror, I certainly looked a mess. Before I climbed into bed and sank into a deep sleep, I made a firm resolution to rest up on Sunday and get to work the next day in earnest."

"So you got to work in earnest on Monday morning, I take it."

"Well, not exactly, General. I wrote six lines—the beginning of the piece on Dollar—very fast on my portable typewriter while I was waiting for my breakfast, around seven o'clock, having had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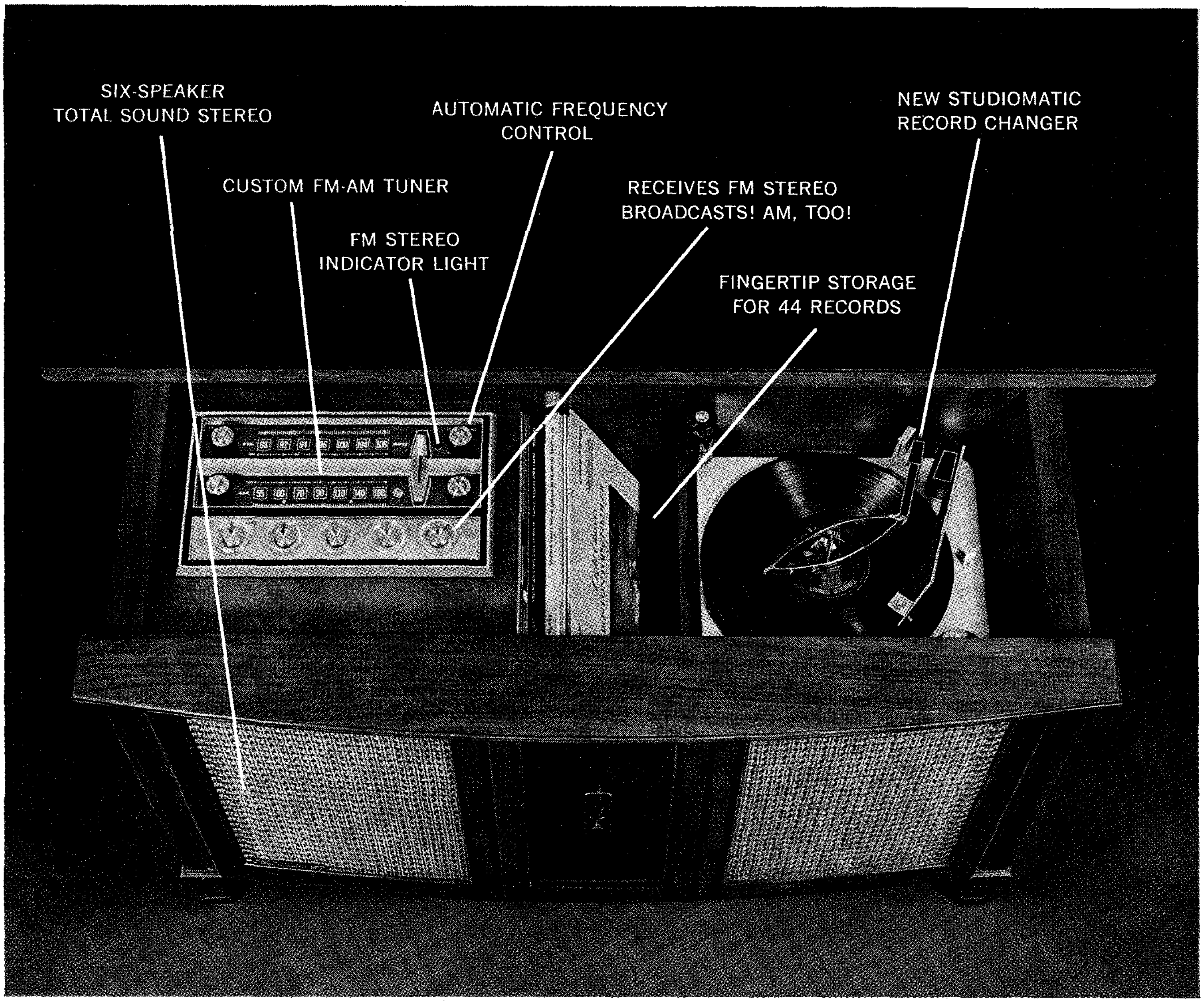
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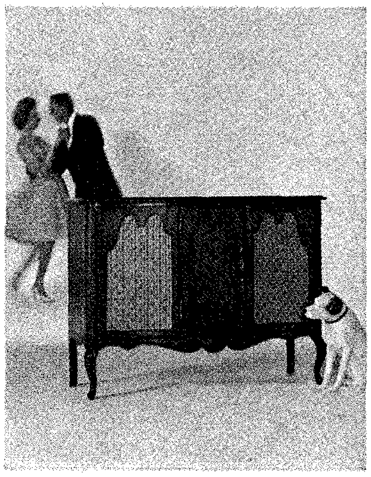

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my usual early-morning tea and biscuits. Then I—"

"Do you have a copy of what you wrote?"

"Why, yes. Let's see, that would be in this pile over here. In fact, it's right at the bottom of the pile, under the copies of the *Dollar Magazine*, a school publication. I must explain, General, that these little pieces I write for the Talk of the Town department, using my imaginary character Mr. Hall, are written in the form of a letter to the editors of that department, and are in the first person singular. Now, this beginning of the Dollar piece says, ' "It occurred to me this morning," says an airmail dispatch from our old-timey operative Mr. Hall, "that some of your more materialistic readers might be interested in a small Scottish village some twenty miles northwest of Edinburgh, the name of which for several centuries has been Dollar." ' That's all I wrote that morning, and I never got back to that piece again."

"It seems to me you had a good start there, Colonel, although I don't pretend to know anything about this writing game," said the general. "Why didn't you go on with it?"

"I was feeling extremely restless. I felt as happy as ever, but I wanted to get into action. Limiting my action to finishing that inconsequential little piece on Dollar didn't seem like enough. I wanted to do some kind of piece that would include a whole lot of my impressions and feelings about Scotland in general and Edinburgh in particular. I don't mean that I wanted to do a travel piece. I wanted to do what I suppose would be called an impressionistic, if not Surrealistic, piece, over my own signature, that would show what it was like to be an American in a lonely hotel room in Edinburgh, an American who was nuts about Scotland and the Scots, and at the same time was bewildered and confused by them—by the subtle differences in the style of the English in the newspapers, by the labored and long-winded inscriptions on the plaques to be found on old castles and new monuments, by the kind of things he found himself reading and rereading, such as hotel menus and hotel guest booklets, and customs and immigration regulations on the forms they give you when you arrive in Scotland. Then, I also wanted to get on with my ancestor search. I had been neglecting that, along with neglecting the piece on Dollar, in favor of simply drifting around and having a wonderful time. And then, too—"

"Colonel, suppose you tell us about the ancestor search and then go back to

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the 'piece' you were now thinking about writing."

"Ancestor search. That's over here. A whole big envelope full of it. Do you want all of it or some of it, or what, General?"

"Just go ahead with it in your own way and see how it turns out."

"Well, it starts with a cable I sent from Edinburgh to my elder brother, in Washington, which says—"

"I think the General ought to know who that is, Colonel. The Colonel's elder brother is Benjamin Mosby McKelway, editor of the Washington *Evening Star* and president of the Associated Press. He is also a member of the board of trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation."

"Hmm. Thanks, Major. Shoot, Colonel."

"My cable to him says, 'DEAR BEN WHAT WAS NAME OF ORIGINAL DOCTOR MCKELWAY WHO WENT TO U.S. FROM GLASGOW AND WHEN DID HE GO STOP ALSO WAS HE OUR GREAT OR GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER OR WHAT STOP WE MAY HAVE SOME COUSINS IN THIS WONDERFUL CITY STOP PLEASE REPLY COLLECT LOVE TO ALL,' and it's signed 'SAINT,' which is what the family calls me. Then under that in this pile is the reply from my brother, which says, 'DOCTOR JOHN MCKELWAY BORN GLASGOW 1788 CAME TO TRENTON 1817 AND WAS SON OF ALEXANDER JEFFREY STOP DOCTOR JOHN'S SON ALSO NAMED ALEXANDER JEFFREY STOP BORN GLASGOW 1813 STOP WAS FATHER OF UNCLE ST. CLAIR AND OF OUR GRANDFATHER JOHN STOP WE HAVE ENOUGH COUSINS AS IS.' You see, I had been told by one of the lawyers I met in Scott's pub that—"

"What was the lawyer's name?"

"I must move over to the Scott's pile for that. Here it is. He wrote his last name and address and telephone number on the back of one of *my* cards. Doesn't give his first name. His last name is McConnachie, and his office is at 32 Charlotte Square and his telephone number is Caledonia 5554. He had told me that the place to initiate an ancestor search was at the Registrar General's Office of the Scottish government, in an old public building on an alley in back of Princes Street, not far from the North British Hotel. McConnachie told me that if I had any trouble there I should call him, and he would drop everything and run right over and, as he put it, 'start them off on the right foot.' He said that the Registrar General's Office would give me for nothing anything they had on my ancestors, but that

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for a few shillings I could hire one of the clerks there to make a special search for records not in the possession of the Registrar General's Office. I wanted to get this search under way, because in recent years I've become more and more interested in who the hell I am and where I came from, and my brother and I have always wondered whether this original Dr. McKelway was Scots or Irish. We've never heard of any McKelway in the United States who was not a direct descendant of this same ancestor, and both of us have made a practice of looking for McKelways in the telephone book of whatever city we may happen to be in, either in the United States or abroad. I had looked in the telephone books of both Glasgow and Edinburgh, and had found none. In spite of the fact that I had to cable my brother to set me straight on the paternal ancestral line, I carry around in my head a great many facts and names relating to my maternal forebears—most of whom were definitely Scots or English. I wanted to write a memorandum for the Registrar General's Office giving them what dope I had on both ancestral lines, and as soon as I started writing this that morning—having put aside the piece on Dollar—I realized that it could also be the basis of a speech."

"A what?"

"A speech. I had made friends with a young doctor at Scott's named Bignold, and he was a member of the Liberal Club at Edinburgh. He'd said that he would like to persuade me to make a speech at the Liberal Club, at some kind of annual stag get-together they have in the summer, at which foreign visitors who they hope are interesting are asked to give little talks. I'd never made a public speech in my life, but I'd always been aware of the reputation of both my Great-Uncle St. Clair and my brother Ben as after-dinner speakers, and I was feeling so optimistic and so full of self-confidence at this time that I thought I would accept the invitation of the Liberal Club if Dr. Bignold extended it to me officially. I wanted to get this memorandum-and-speech done, in addition to the Surrealistic piece on the lonely American in his hotel room, and the Dollar piece, and I now decided I would need a secretary, because all three projects were of the kind that I can do faster by dictating a first draft to a secretary and then polishing it up by running it through my typewriter. So I got a secretary. However, she couldn't come over until the next morning, so I decided not to get to work on any of these projects until I could start dictating, and after breakfast I went by

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Good things from the garden

Gourmet Cooking with Vegetables

By James A. Beard

See what elegant dishes you can whip up with a bit of imagination, a can opener, and those fine Green Giant vegetables. Fifty-two more recipes like these are in the *Easy Gourmet Vegetable Cook Booklet,* which you can get free by sending your name and address to: Gourmet Recipes, Green Giant Company, Le Sueur, Minn.

Cream Style Corn Pacifique

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Golden Sweet Corn
CREAM STYLE

- 17-oz. can Green Giant Brand cream style corn
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- ¼ cup chopped ripe olives
- ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tbsp. bread crumbs
- 4 tbsp. butter

Combine corn, eggs, olives, cheese, salt and pepper. Pour into greased 1-qt. casserole. Sprinkle top with bread crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake at 350° for 20-25 minutes. Serves 4.

Green Beans Rosemary

GREEN GIANT
Kitchen Sliced
GREEN BEANS

- 2 1-lb cans Green Giant Brand whole or kitchen-sliced green beans
- ½ cup chopped green onion
- ¾ cup olive oil
- 1½ tsp. rosemary
- Juice from 1 lemon
- Pinch dry mustard

Mix drained beans with onions. Combine oil, rosemary, lemon juice, dry mustard. Season to taste. Cover and chill in refrigerator for at least 1 hour. Serve on bed of greens. Garnish with chopped onions and a little rosemary. Serves 4 or 5.

Green Giant®

Good things from the garden

© Green Giant Company

taxicab to the Registrar General's Office, where I could get somebody started on the comparatively simple job of finding out whether the McKelway name was originally Scottish or Irish. A good many Americans turn up at the Registrar General's Office, also searching for their ancestors, but it is seldom crowded, because the great majority of Americans who engage in ancestor worship prefer to go to the private genealogical setups in Edinburgh, where some of them not only do a quick job of running down your ancestors but also sell you a coat of arms, whether you really deserve one or not. The Registrar General's Office is a thoroughly efficient and serious government bureau. I climbed three or four flights of stairs in the old public building in which the Registrar General's Office is situated, and waited at a long counter until one of the clerks was free to talk to me. The clerk who finally got around to me was a jolly, roly-poly little middle-aged lady, whose card I have right here. Her name is Miss E. Winifred Binning, her home address is 224 Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh 10, and her telephone number is Fountainbridge 7145. I told her I wanted some special research done as soon as I had finished writing a memorandum about it, and she said she would be available for this special work—which she does in her spare time—and that the charge would be ten shillings an hour, plus a small government tax, which goes to the Registrar General's Office of Scotland. I told her I would try to mail her the memorandum on the following day, and asked her if, in the meantime, she had any sort of Scottish-name book, which might throw some light on the origins of the McKelway name. She briskly said, 'Of course,' and took down an enormous volume from one of the bookshelves. In no time at all, I was reading what it had to say about the origins of the name McKelway. But before I read those short paragraphs, I flipped the pages to the beginning of the book, in order to see what the title was and who had written it. To my astonishment, I found that the book had been published in 1946 by the New York Public Library, which is exactly a block and a half from my office in New York. The author of this big volume was George F. Black, Ph.D., who, Miss Binning told me, was the leading Scottish authority on Scottish names, and who had had the book published by the New York Public Library instead of by a British publisher because in 1946 Britain was, as she put it, 'in a state of considerable disarray,' as a result of the Second World War. I thanked Miss Binning,

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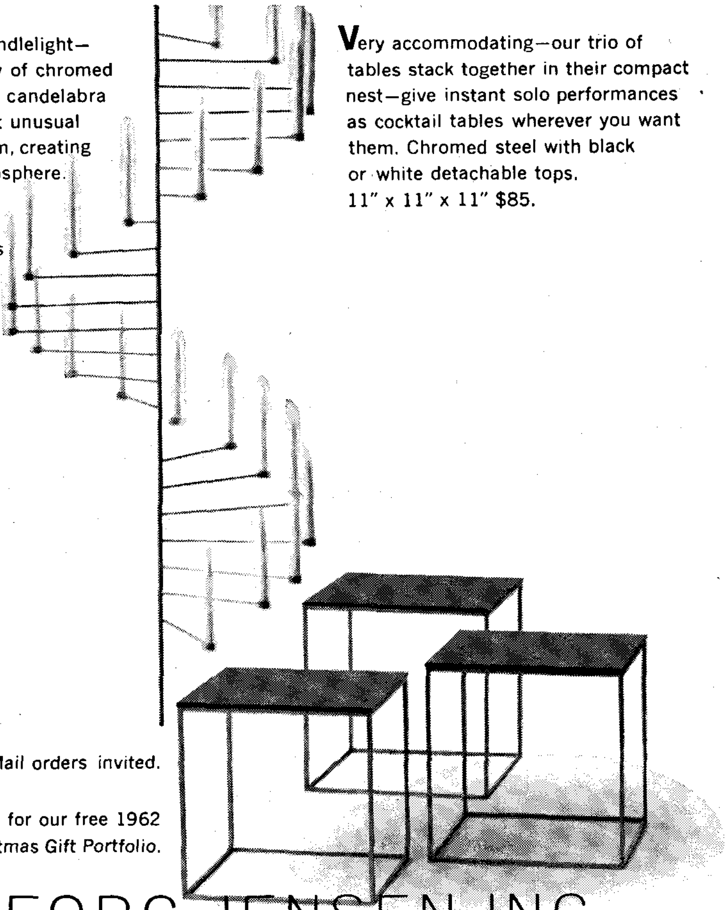

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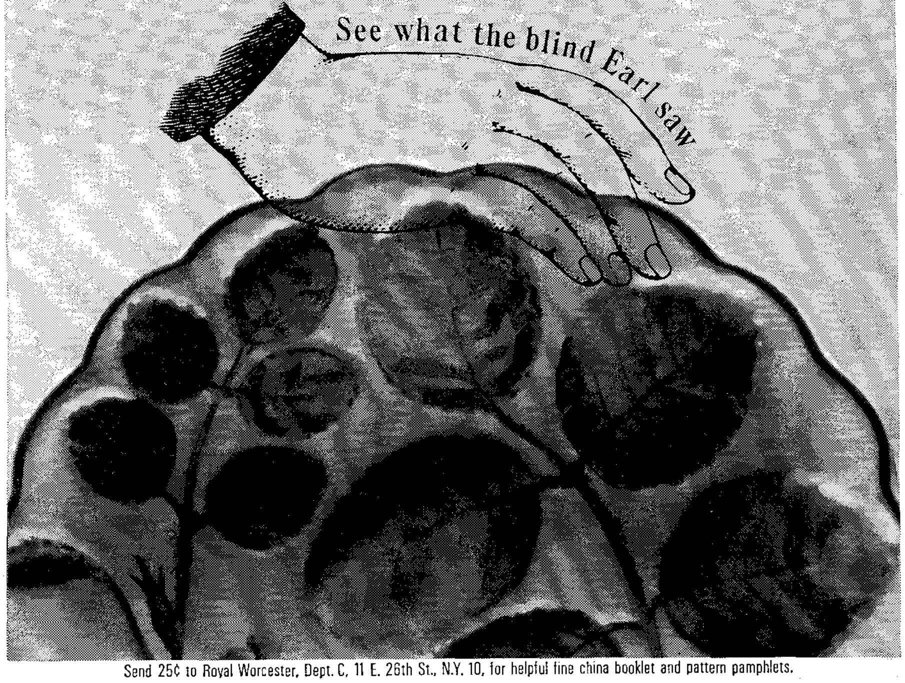
See what the blind Earl saw

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and she left me with Dr. Black's book. I then read the following paragraphs under the heading 'Mackelvie, Mackelvey, Mackelvy, Mackilvie.' I'm giving them to you in full, General, because all this seemed later on to have a direct bearing on my involvement in the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower. The paragraphs went like this:

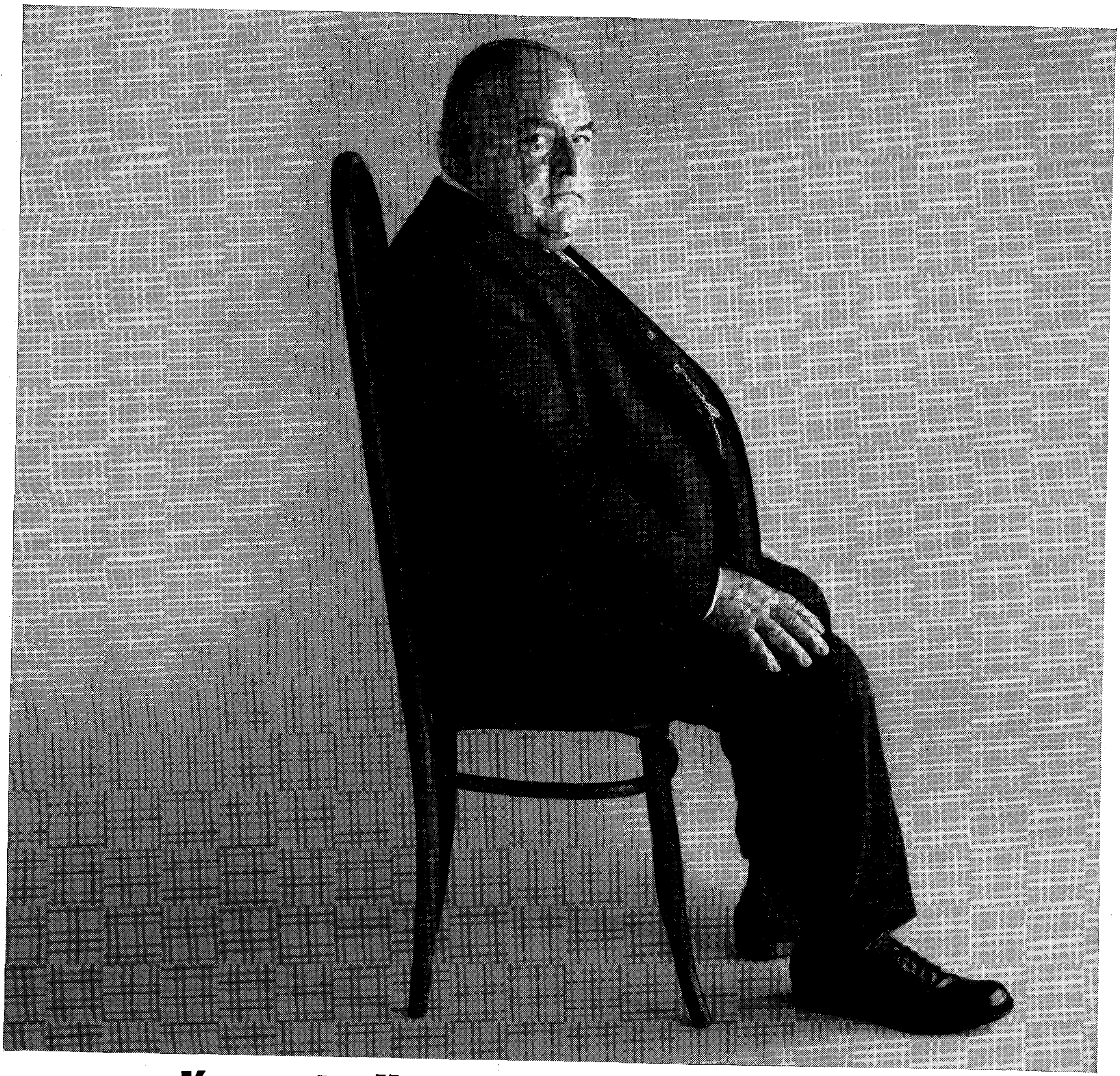
"MACKELVIE, MACKELVEY, MACKELVY, MACKILVIE, G. *Mac Shealbhaigh*, 'Selbach's son.' Sealbach mac Shealbhaich is the hero in the tale of the Balieveolan Glassrig (Macdougall, *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore*, 1910, p. 216). Morice Macsalny of Dumfriesshire rendered homage, 1296. His seal bears a hunting horn stringed *S'Morici f' salni* (*Bain*, II, p. 210, 557). In 1300 we have record of an allowance to Mathew, son of Maurice Make Salui, a Galloway hostage (ibid., 1179; *Hist. Docs.*, II, p. 426). Robert M'Kelvie in officecroft in Tongueland 1736 (*Kirkcudbright*), and Andrew M'Kelvie was barn-officer of the Earl of Stair, 1744 (*Wigtown*). In 1684 the name appears (*Parish*) as McKelvie, McIlvey, McIwie, McKelway, Kelvie (Kelvy).

"SELBACH, or Sealbach, an old Gaelic personal name, meaning 'rich in possessions' (*Watson* 1, p. 239). The Annals of Ulster under 701 mentions the destruction of Dunollie, near Oban, the principal stronghold of the tribe of Loarn, by Selbach: 'distructio Duin Onlaigh apud Sealbach;' and in 714 its reconstruction by him: 'Dun Ollaigh construitur apud Selbacum.' Selbach claimed the chiefship of the tribe of Loarn (719) and also the kingship of Argyll (723). In 723 he relinquished his kingdom and entered the monastic life."

"That's the end of the reference I read in that big book."

"Very interesting indeed."

"I found it so, General, but for some reason it left me jumpy with anxiety. As I stood there in that ancient office, inhaling that peculiar odor that old records have and watching Miss Binning as she scooted around fulfilling the requests of other ancestor worshippers, I felt as if I were playing a small but essential part in some kind of thriller—something along the lines of that fine old movie called 'The 39 Steps,' one of Hitchcock's first pictures. Miss Binning herself looked like a character actress, and so did all the other clerks; they all looked to me like people playing parts, rather than real people. Then, the fact that what she had pulled out of the shelves to show me was a book purporting to have been published by the New York Public Library— Well, General, the whole setup seemed somehow eerie to me, and at the same time I was stimulated by the poetic images that that scholarly passage by Dr. Black created in the back of my battered head. I had told Miss Binning briefly what had happened to my head—making an anecdote of it—and she had given me



I'm not allowed to fly Varig to Rio.

My doctor won't let me. Unsympathetic creature that he is, he claims I *eat* too much when I fly Varig. Hah! What does he know of temptation? Has he ever been exposed to the spine-tingling lure of Varig's fresh beluga caviar *sur blinis,* washed down on a wave of icy vodka? Or the quivering delights of jellied river trout *au chablis?* Does he know what it is to abandon himself in helpless rapture to that heavenly French *foie gras* in port wine sauce? I ask you, could he resist the *cornets de jambon Lucullus?* Fat chance!

And don't tell me that other airlines serve tempting dinners, too. Good Lord, man—these are Varig *hors d'oeuvres* I'm talking about! As for dinner . . . ah! (Dare I call up those haunting memories?) I close my eyes and see it even now: two beaming chefs stand majestically at the ready. One of them (surely another Escoffier?) has just garnished a *filet mignon* with truffle sauce. Instantly it is served upon exquisite china with my choice of *carottes à la crème* and hearts of artichoke *à la bordelaise.* I taste. I sup. Alas, I begin to feel a pang of undeniable guilt. Fortunately, this is dispelled at once by the approach of the key-dangling *sommelier,* with whom I fall into loving debate concerning the virtues of a '53 Haut Brion over a '57 Chateauneuf du Pape. I choose . . . I sip . . . I dine . . . I sigh. Surely, this is the celestial joy of a civilized man—not the spineless surrender of a wretch without will-power, as a certain insensitive doctor seems to think.

Next week, I'm due in Rio for a sales conference. My mind is made up: I shall simply insist that my doctor let me fly Varig. If he will, I'll promise to eat nothing but lean beef once I get there. Just a simple steak, broiled *churrasco* style . . . the way the *brasileiros* do it so well. Maybe with a smidgin of *bearnaise* sauce . . . and just the tiniest baked potato . . . and of course, a small glass of the local beer . . . and maybe . . . .

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a small, bright smile that I found as heart-warming as a burst of laughter would have been from somebody else."

"And what did you do the rest of that day and evening?"

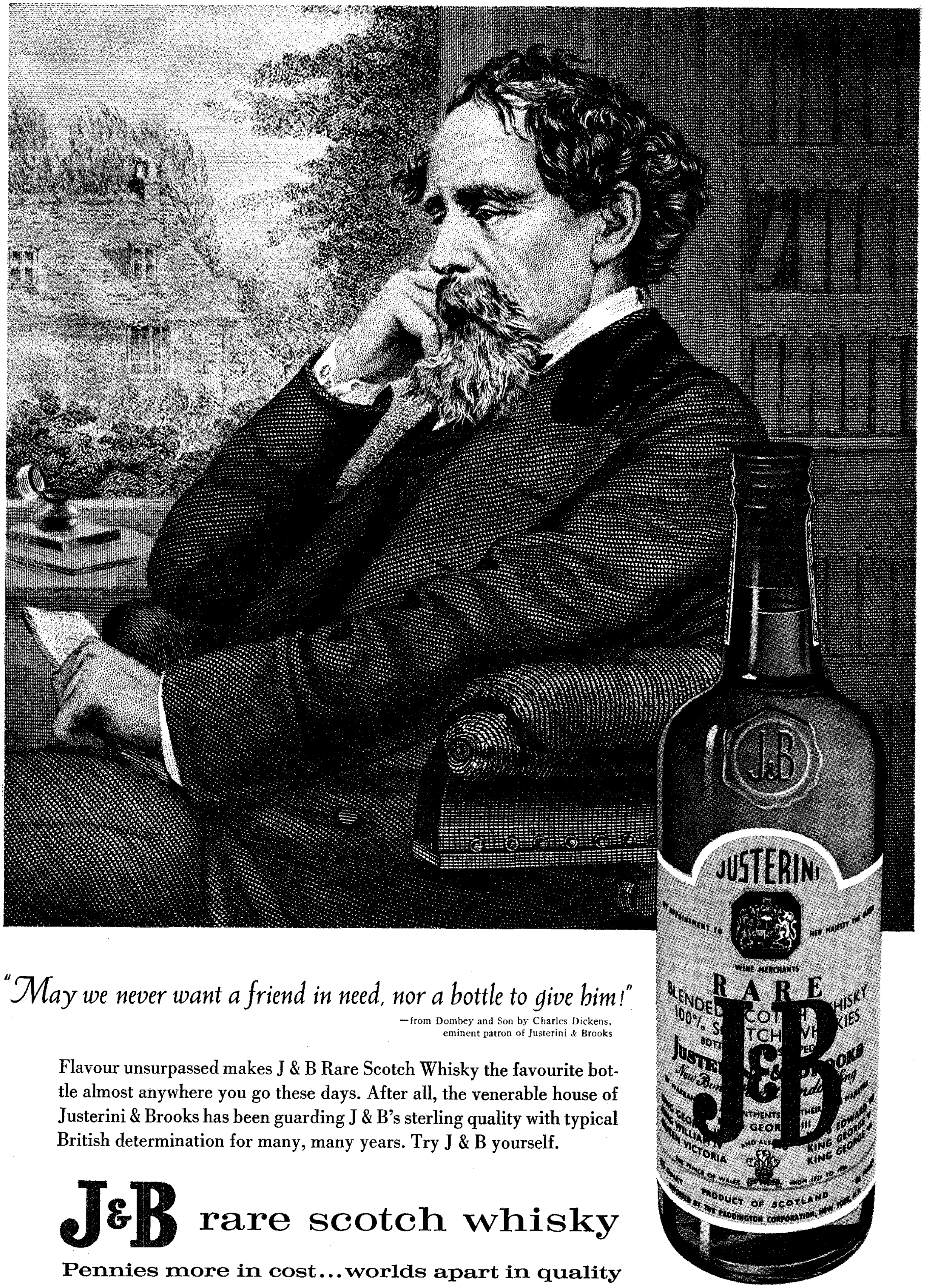
"After leaving the Registrar General's Office, I walked slowly half a block to the Café Royal. I was feeling O.K.; the flash of elation and anxiety had quickly dissipated itself. I no longer felt that there was anything peculiar about the Registrar General's Office or about the Public Library book, or about the passage about my ancestral name, or about Miss Binning. I had copied the passage in longhand, and I had it in my pocket. I ate a quiet lunch on the second floor of the Café Royal, at a table by a window, and didn't have anything to drink. After lunch, I stopped at a flower shop and sent a basket of wild flowers and heather to Mrs. Cameron. I got a taxi back to the Roxburghe and went to sleep, waking up in time for my usual high tea in the lobby. While I was having it, the bellboy said there was a call for me. It was Mrs. Cameron. She thanked me for the flowers and asked me how I was. I told her that I was fine and that I would like to take her and her husband to dinner the following evening, if they weren't doing anything. She said that they'd be delighted, and that they would pick me up at the Roxburghe at seven-thirty, if that suited me. I said that would be just right for me, and we said goodbye. Following the doctor's advice, I had dinner quietly in my room, but I gave myself half a bottle of Niersteiner to drink with the grilled salmon. After dinner, I read 'Muirhead's Scotland' in bed for an hour or so, and dropped off to sleep quite early."

"Good. And the secretary came the next morning?"

"Yes. At nine o'clock."

"Who was she, and how did you get hold of her?"

"Her name was Ann Dirleton, it says here on the bill for £2.4.6, and I got her by asking the pretty Irish girl behind the Roxburghe desk if she knew of a public stenographer who was accustomed to working with journalists. She said she knew of one who did a lot of work for music critics who came to the Festival every year in August, and she gave me this secretary's name and telephone number. When Miss Dirleton came in, she told me she could work for me for only three days, because she was flying off to Copenhagen for her vacation, and I said I thought I might clean up what I had for her in that length of time. But when I told her I wanted to dictate some articles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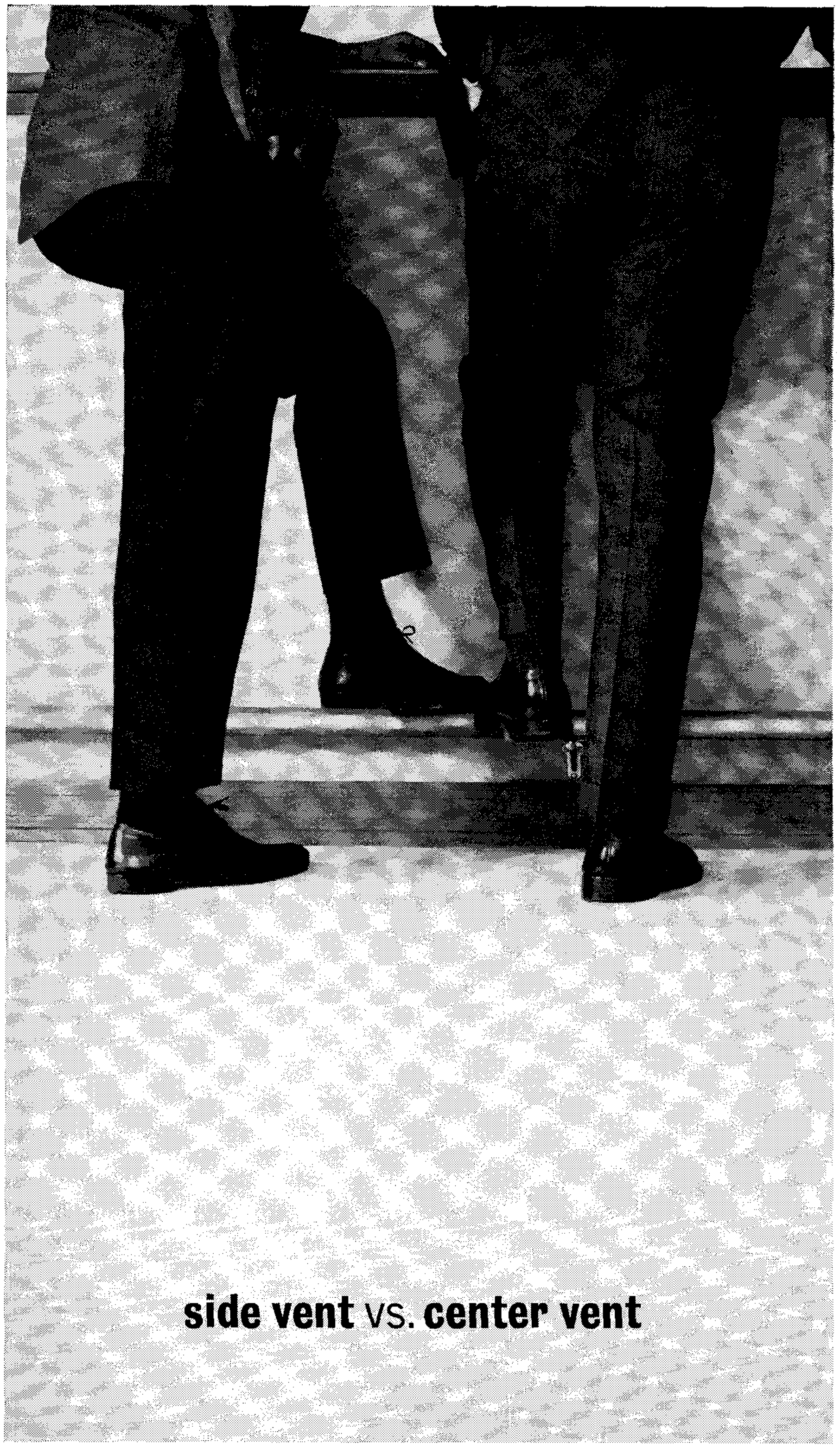
and other matter rather fast, she confessed that her shorthand was not up to snuff. However, she said that she was very good at typing from a record made by a tape recorder. I said I had no tape recorder, and she said that she had one at her office and could get it in ten minutes. She said that there would be a slight charge for the use of the tape recorder but that since her rate for typing was below what a secretary who could take fast dictation would charge me, it might work out to our mutual advantage. I liked her—a busy little Scottish lass, she was, with steel-rimmed glasses and a practical air. I told her to go ahead and get the tape recorder, and she charged off and was back in nine minutes; I timed it. With her was some kind of electrical technician from her office, and he saw to it that the tape recorder was in working order. He had to change the plug, because some of the electrical fixtures at the Roxburghe are practically antediluvian. However, knowing this, he had brought an old-fashioned plug with him that fitted the Roxburghe outlet. He was gone in five or ten minutes, and Miss Dirleton followed on his heels, having told me what time she would pick up the reel of tape with my words on it and what time the next morning she would deliver the finished typescript, two carbon copies, and her bill for services rendered up to that point. I don't have any copies of the early drafts of this piece on Scotland, or any of the many revisions, but I do have a copy of the finished draft, which I cabled to New York collect three days later, using my Western Union press card. By that time, I had developed in my head—while I moved around and while I was reading—my original idea of the lonely man in the hotel room. In my fancy, the lonely man had turned into a woman. She was a sort of combination of Ethel Merman and Mary Martin—that is to say, a combination of the characters those two stars play in musical comedies. The idea of the piece was that this character of my own—whom I might as well call Ethel Merman, for convenience' sake—is alone in her hotel room in Edinburgh, and enjoying her visit. At the same time, she is confused by the Scottish manners and customs, and she is homesick. She feels a need to communicate with her 'daddy'—her businessman friend in the United States. She picks up her phone to send him a cable, and is, of course, referred to the Scottish Post Office, which handles the cable business of Scotland. She is soon talking to a typical Scots postal clerk, of the kind I myself had talked to on the phone when I sent my short



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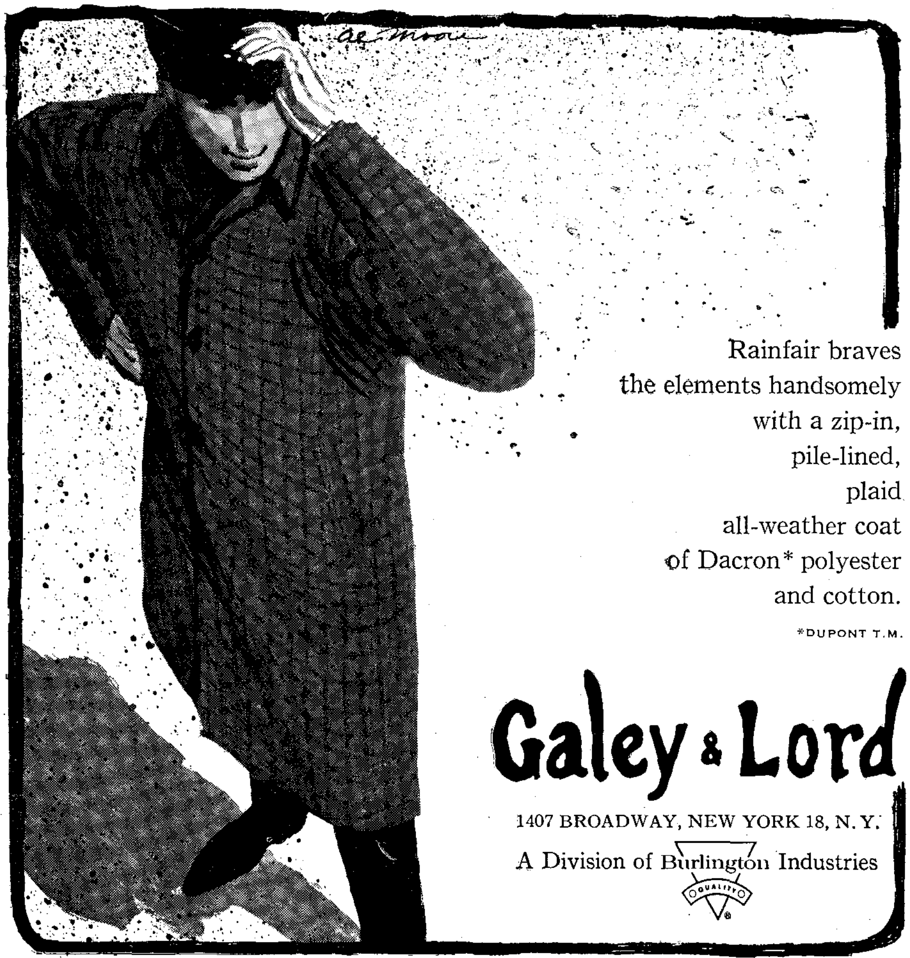

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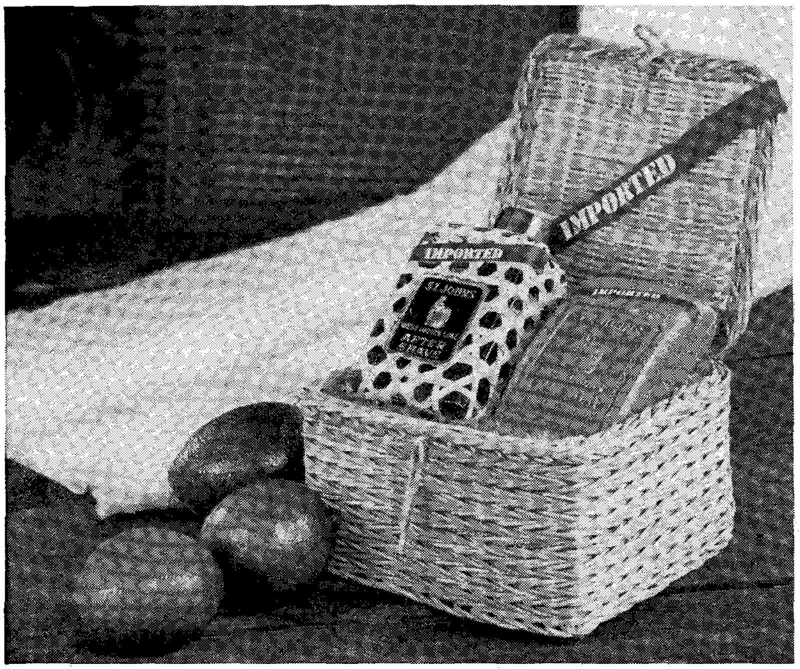

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cables. In a nutshell, she likes the clerk and he likes her, and eventually he comes to her hotel room, and at the climax of my Surrealistic piece the two of them are singing a duet of the sort that might have been written by Irving Berlin or Cole Porter or Rodgers and Hammerstein. It was a good enough idea, but I was too full of myself to write it properly. It was rejected."

"Now, when did you cable the complete article to New York?"

"On July 31st, six days after I got hit on the head. But a hell of a lot had happened in those six days besides my finishing that and getting it off."

"I'm sure that's true. But before we get to that—did you also dictate the memorandum for the Registrar General's Office? And do you have a copy of it?"

"Yes. It makes sense, as it happens. And some of it could have been the basis of the speech to the Liberal Club, except that I never got around to that."

"Would you say that it has any connection at all with the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower?"

"Absolutely not. It's just a lot of dope on my Presbyterian-clergyman forebears on both my mother's side and my father's side of the family."

"Now, Colonel—quite seriously—did you think at that time that you were being followed? Or being led?"

"Yes, General, I was beginning to think so. And I felt it much more surely than I ever did in Glasgow, when it seemed to me like some kind of lark. As I was waking up from a deep sleep on that morning when the secretary first came to work for me, a jumble of disturbing thoughts flashed through my head with great rapidity. But I'm sure you two are not interested in what thoughts I had."

"On the contrary, Colonel, in this particular case we are. Don't you agree, General?"

"Yes, I do. I'm not sure I understand why, but that's neither here nor there. The Major's right. Please go right ahead, Colonel."

"I was not dreaming when these thoughts went through my head. I was awake and was trying to go back to sleep. The gist of what I thought was that there was something funny going on and that the Camerons were somehow at the bottom of it. Now, you must understand that I considered the Camerons—and still do—to be among the nicest couples I've ever met in my life. In fact, in the language you use in your line of work, Major, it could be said that I loved them. Like a

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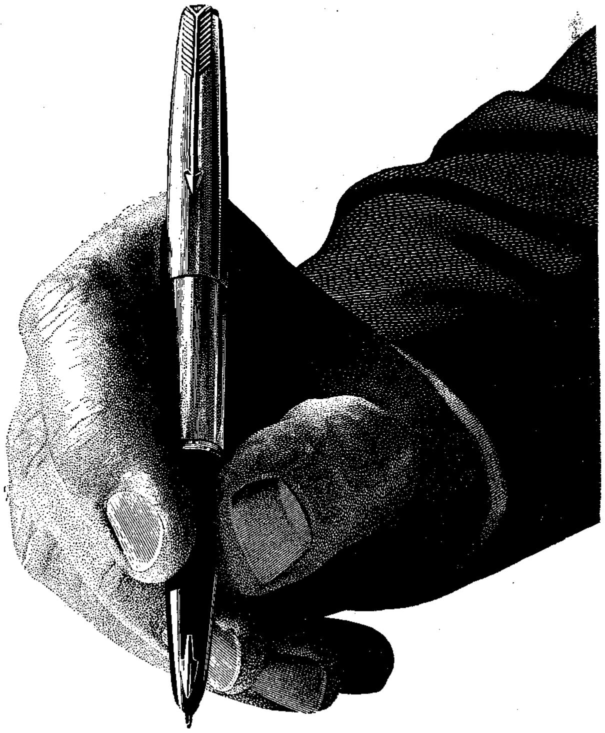
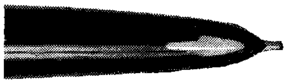
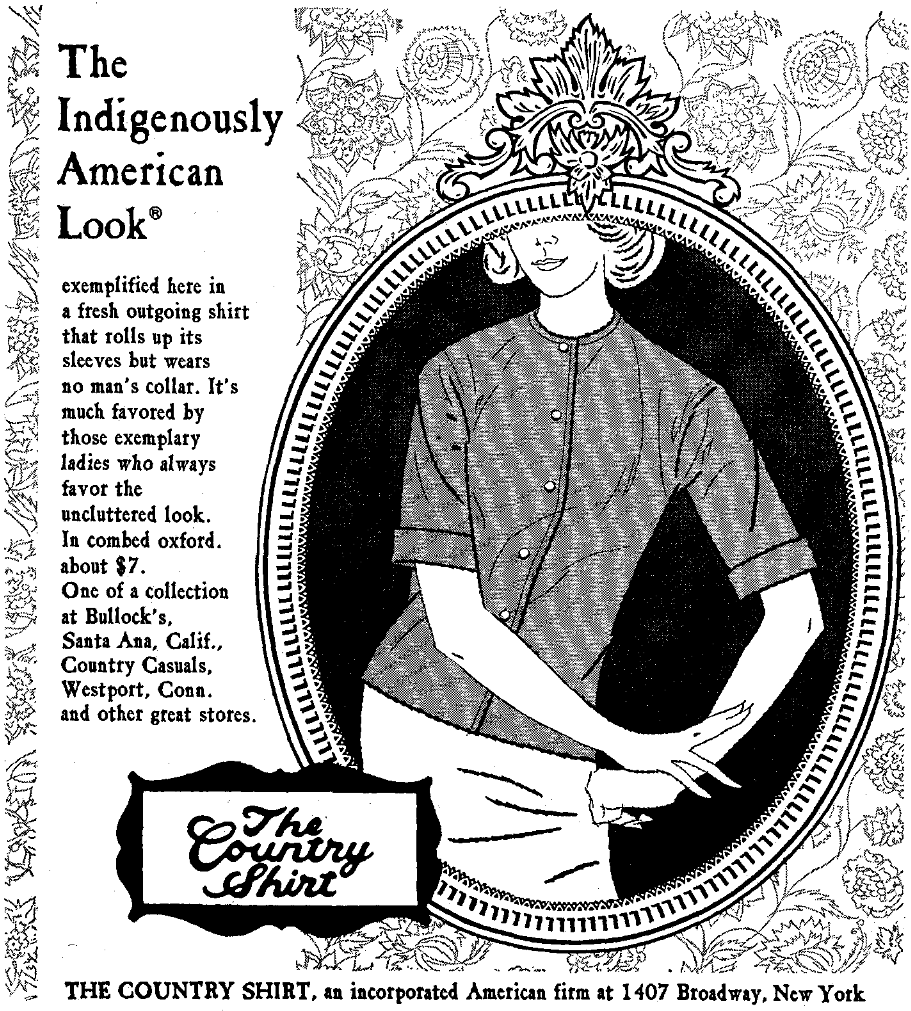


The remarkable



Parker 61



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brother and sister, or like a father and mother. I remember being particularly touched by something Mrs. Cameron said in the course of that evening in the environs of Edinburgh, which I have neglected to tell you. At some point, I had said something that I suppose seemed charming, and she said to Cameron, 'Oh, I think we'll have to adopt him! Don't you think we'll have to adopt him, Ian?' And I said facetiously that I would first have to be convinced that they were stable enough, both economically and emotionally, to adopt a fifty-four-year-old child. But in those waking thoughts that morning in the hotel room at the Roxburghe I thought of the Camerons as being somehow menacing. In short, I hated them. It is only to those we love that we turn at unexpected times the gnarled and ugly face of hatred. And in that realm suspicion readily moves into the space close to our hearts that we thought could be occupied only by trust. These thoughts of mine, you understand, came into my head with terrific speed and were gone again in a few seconds, but in those few seconds I saw Cameron as a Soviet agent of the highest type, and Mrs. Cameron as a co-agent. If that was what they were, they would be charming and likable, just as they had seemed to me to be. They'd only recently moved into their flat in Edinburgh. There was the business about the lock on the door. They weren't in the telephone book. There was his remark about 'What a place for a paratroop drop!' There was the information that he had been in British Intelligence in the Second World War. There was their talk about the implacable independence of certain types of Tory Highlanders—the lower classes as well as the upper classes—and these people's conscious and unconscious hatred of the English, and their regret over the failure of Scotland to become an independent country, like Ireland, instead of a part of the United Kingdom. And almost concurrently with these flashes were other flashes, in which I saw Cameron as a *British* secret agent and Mrs. Cameron as a co-agent, and in this series of flashes I saw how this setup was equally plausible. If that was what they were, it seemed to me, they were most likely engaged in testing me for some kind of intelligence job they wanted me to do for them. In that case, I figured, they would be in cahoots with the American Central Intelligence Agency or with the American Air Intelligence people. My thoughts, of course, went back to the fact that my briefcase had been gone through by somebody in Glasgow. And to the fact that I might have been intentionally hit on the head, and been given a shot of something that wasn't anti-tetanus at the Infirmary. But after giving all these fragmentary thoughts a quick run for their money, so to speak, I dismissed them from my mind as ridiculous, and jumped out of bed and rang for my early tea, as usual. However, from that day on I was seriously on the lookout for anything that might be rationally interpreted as support for those two offhand theories—if they can be *called* theories—that the Camerons were Russian agents or that they were British agents. Otherwise, I went on about my business."

"Did you keep your engagement to have dinner with the Camerons that same night?"

"Yes, General, I did. They picked me up at seven-thirty at the hotel, and we went directly to a country house-hotel the Camerons were fond of, called Prestonfield House, where I had reserved a table for three. We had a fine time. They brought me back to the Roxburghe before midnight."

"I think you'd better tell about that dinner in detail, Colonel. We want just about everything the Camerons said and just about everything you said, and also what other people said—if you met any other people that night."

"It will be a pleasure, General. It was one of the most delightful evenings I've ever spent in my life. I was standing near the desk of the Roxburghe at seven-thirty, chatting with the pretty Irish girl, when Mr. Cameron came in on the dot.

" 'My wife is driving again,' he said. 'I'm glad that swelling on your forehead has gone down. That might have been a nasty business. How are you feeling?'

" 'I feel splendid,' I said as we walked toward the street. 'I don't think I had even a *mild* concussion.'

" 'Did they treat you all right at the Infirmary?'

" 'All right? They were terrific! I never saw such a hospital—and I've seen a great many.'

"As I climbed into the back of the car, Mrs. Cameron greeted me cordially; as a matter of fact, I think I could say she greeted me affectionately. 'Let me look at you, McKelway. Why, it's quite a distinguished scar! If you were a German, you could say you got it fencing!'

" 'Oh, I've got a better story than that,' I said as we whipped into the traffic on Princes Street and turned left. 'I tell people that my great-great-

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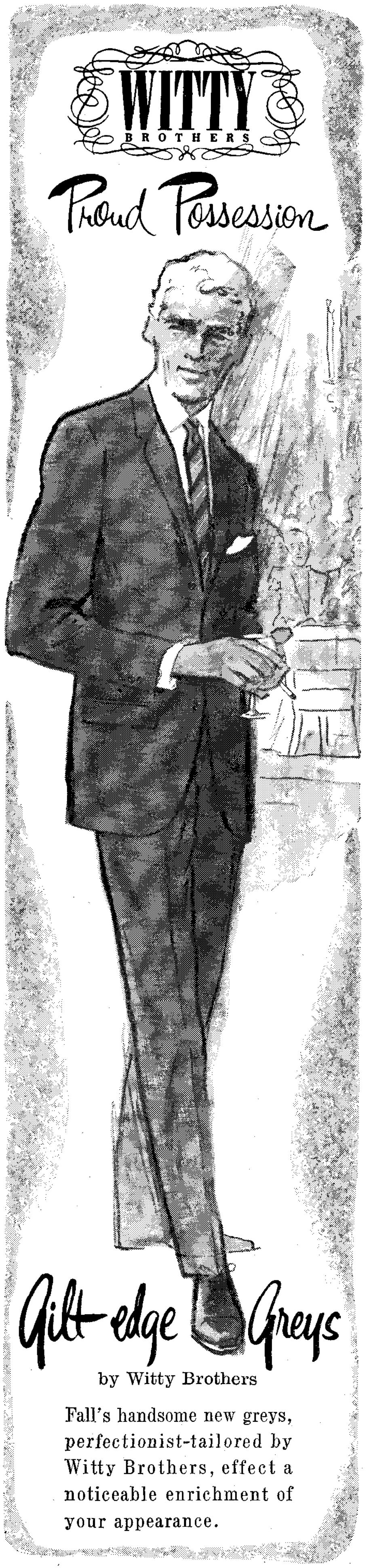

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grandmother was a MacGregor, which is a fact. But it seems that I was in a pub a couple of nights ago, and I let this fact slip out in the course of a chat with the barmaid. Three Campbells—enormous chaps—overheard me say this, and when I left they cornered me in the alley outside. I hated to do it, one of them being the father of four children, but it was more or less in self-defense, and after all, you know, I was a Commando in the last war, and so—'

" 'That's quite enough,' said Mrs. Cameron. 'I hate these gory stories.'

"It was as if the three of us had picked up our mood where we had left it before I got hit on the head. We drove directly to Prestonfield House. Inside the house, a young woman came scurrying down the stairs and was going on quickly toward the back of the house when Cameron called, 'Oh, Mrs. Oliver!'

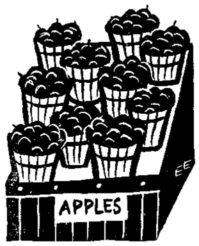
"The young woman stopped and came back to us. She was an attractive woman whom I guessed to be in her thirties. Her mother also lived in the house-hotel, and I met her later on. The Camerons introduced me to Mrs. Oliver, and she said that our table was ready for us any time but that perhaps we'd like to have a drink in the bar first.

" 'We sure would,' I said.

" 'I hope I'll see you later on,' Mrs. Oliver said to the three of us. 'Frightfully busy just now, don't you know—and the chef is sulking. We've got three busloads of French tourists coming for supper on the lawn.'

" 'Ah!' said Mrs. Cameron. 'Then there'll be a piper.'

" 'The same one we had the last time you were here,' said Mrs. Oliver. 'I must be off.'



"Mrs. Oliver trotted toward the back of the house, and we climbed up the worn stone stairs to what is called the Leather Room. A red-coated butler was behind the bar, and nobody else was there, or in a long drawing room that opened off the Leather Room. A fire was burning in a grate.

" 'I'll have a wee Scotch,' I said. 'What will you all have?'

" 'I'm going to be hungry by the time we sit down to dinner, and I think I'd like a cold dry Martini,' said Mr. Cameron. 'Would you care for one, my dear?' he asked his wife.

" 'That's exactly what I want,' said Mrs. Cameron.

" 'As a matter of fact, so do I,' I said, and the butler began to make the cocktails without any instructions from me.

"Now, look, General, I can reproduce just about our whole damn conversation from that time until midnight that night, but, good God, it's getting on for ten o'clock in the morning right here and now, and I'm ready for a big breakfast. You two must be ready for one, too. I've got a menu here somewhere, so what do you say we order breakfast and I'll summarize the conversation of that evening for you while we eat. Then, if you want to ask me further questions about it, you can. What about it, General?"

"That suits me fine, Colonel. If you let us pay for our breakfasts."

"By the way, how are you feeling, Colonel?" asked the major.

"Tiptop. Jolly good. Swell."

We ordered breakfast, and it was wheeled in fairly promptly by the room-service waiter.

"TO get back to Scotland," I said to my visitors, "Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and I were drinking more temperately than we did on our first evening together, and we passed what you might term a quiet evening—except for the piper. We talked about all sorts of things during dinner. In the Leather Room, we had studied the menu and discussed it and the wine list, and I had ordered a hell of a meal, because it was clear that all three of us were hungry. We had hot consommé and grilled salmon and a roast duck with orange sauce, and that duck had no meat left on its bones when it was taken away from the table. We were waited on at dinner by Martha, another character actress out of 'The 39 Steps'—a cheerful, solemn-seeming little middle-aged woman with an appalling nervous tic. But at the same time, her tic was somehow endearing—when you got used to it. It caused her to shake her head from side to side, at more or less regular intervals, as if she were giving an impatient and negative response to whatever it was you were saying. There were only a few other people in the dining room, but it was obvious that she was nevertheless mighty busy—probably helping out with the French tourists between our courses. However, she somehow managed to serve us efficiently, and she forgot only one thing. That was when she served the strawberry fool, which we had for dessert. She had forgotten to give me a dessert plate, and so I pretended, when she served me the strawberry fool, to be about to put my large helping on the linen doily. This made

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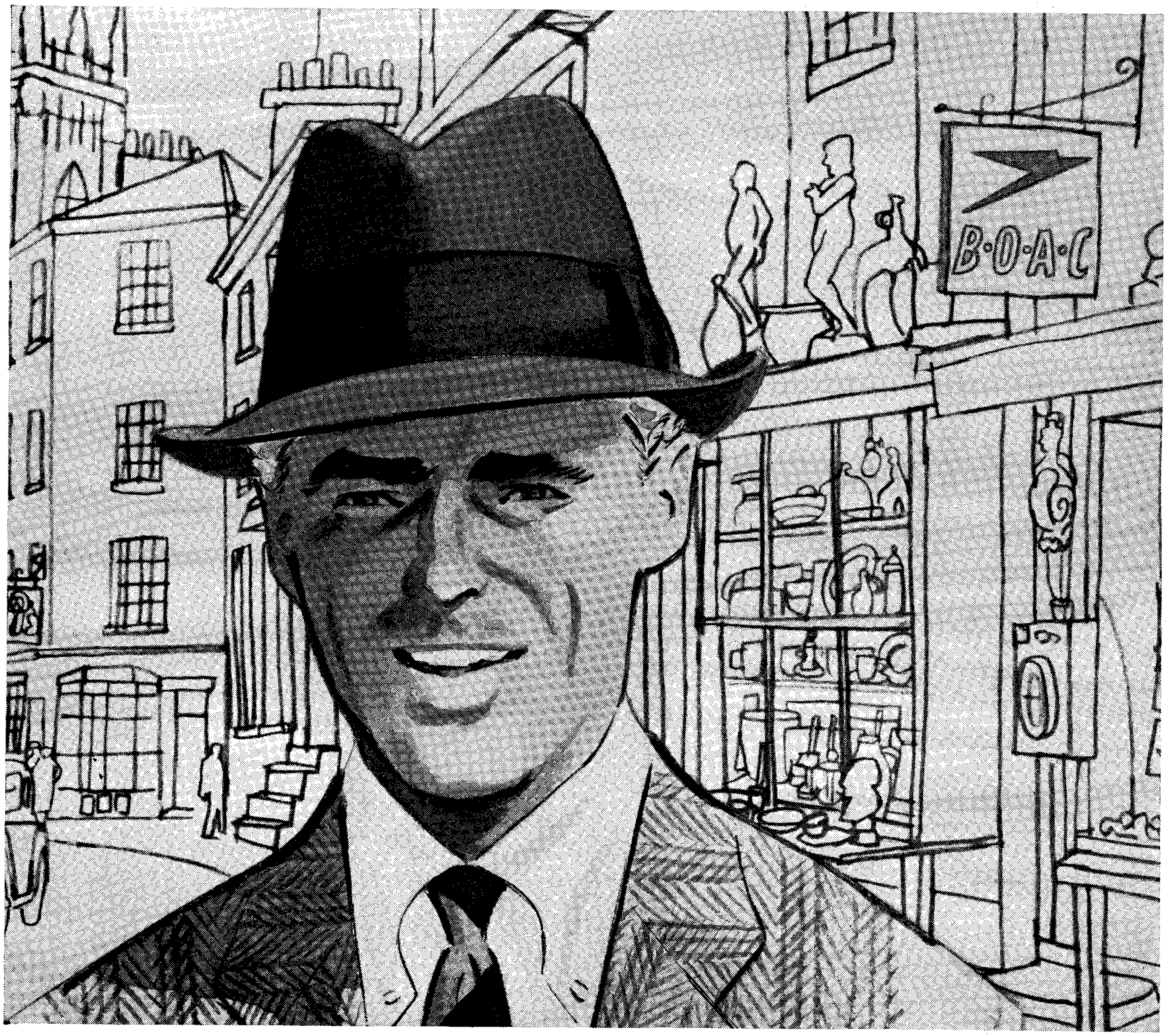

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her shriek in alarm, then laugh uproariously, with her free hand over her mouth, when she realized I was teasing her. As was the case with all the people of her class we ran into, Mrs. Cameron found out all about Martha's origins and family, past and present, without appearing to question her. And so it went. I've gone over that dinner conversation again and again in my mind, General, and there isn't anywhere in it anything that was what I would call a 'clue.' It was just a very pleasant dinner, and, as I said, it was a quiet evening, except for the piper."

"I'll accept that for the time being," said the general. "But what about the piper? Do you mean the bagpiper?"

"Yes," I said. "We heard him playing for the French tourists in the distance during dinner, and when we went back to the Leather Room for coffee and a liqueur, Mrs. Cameron asked the butler if he could ask the piper to come up and play for us when he had finished playing for the French tourists. And after a while the piper appeared, his music having grown louder and louder as he marched from the back lawn through the house and up to the Leather Room, piping as he came. He finished the piece he was playing, and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron shook hands with him and introduced him to me. As is the custom in bagpiping circles, the piper accepted a drink when Mrs. Cameron offered him one, and what he accepted was a tumbler half filled with straight Scotch, which he downed, as far as I could see, in one gulp. Then he began to march around again, as is the custom, while he played his pipes. He would march at a military pace to the end of the long drawing room, make his two half turns to the right, and march back through the Leather Room again, and sometimes he would pause when he reached a point in the ancient air he was playing that needed all his strength. I'd never heard bagpipe music except at a distance during such things as the St. Patrick's Day parade on Fifth Avenue, and at one meeting of the St. Andrew's Society, in New York, which I'd attended as a young reporter back in the twenties. I found the music deafening at first, but I got the hang of it as Mrs. Cameron asked for this tune and that tune, and told me the history of some of the tunes before the piper played them. I don't think I can describe to you how the music made me feel after I'd got over thinking that it was too loud. I felt as if it reached something in my bones, and as if it weren't really very long ago that I had heard this same sad, wild music while going into

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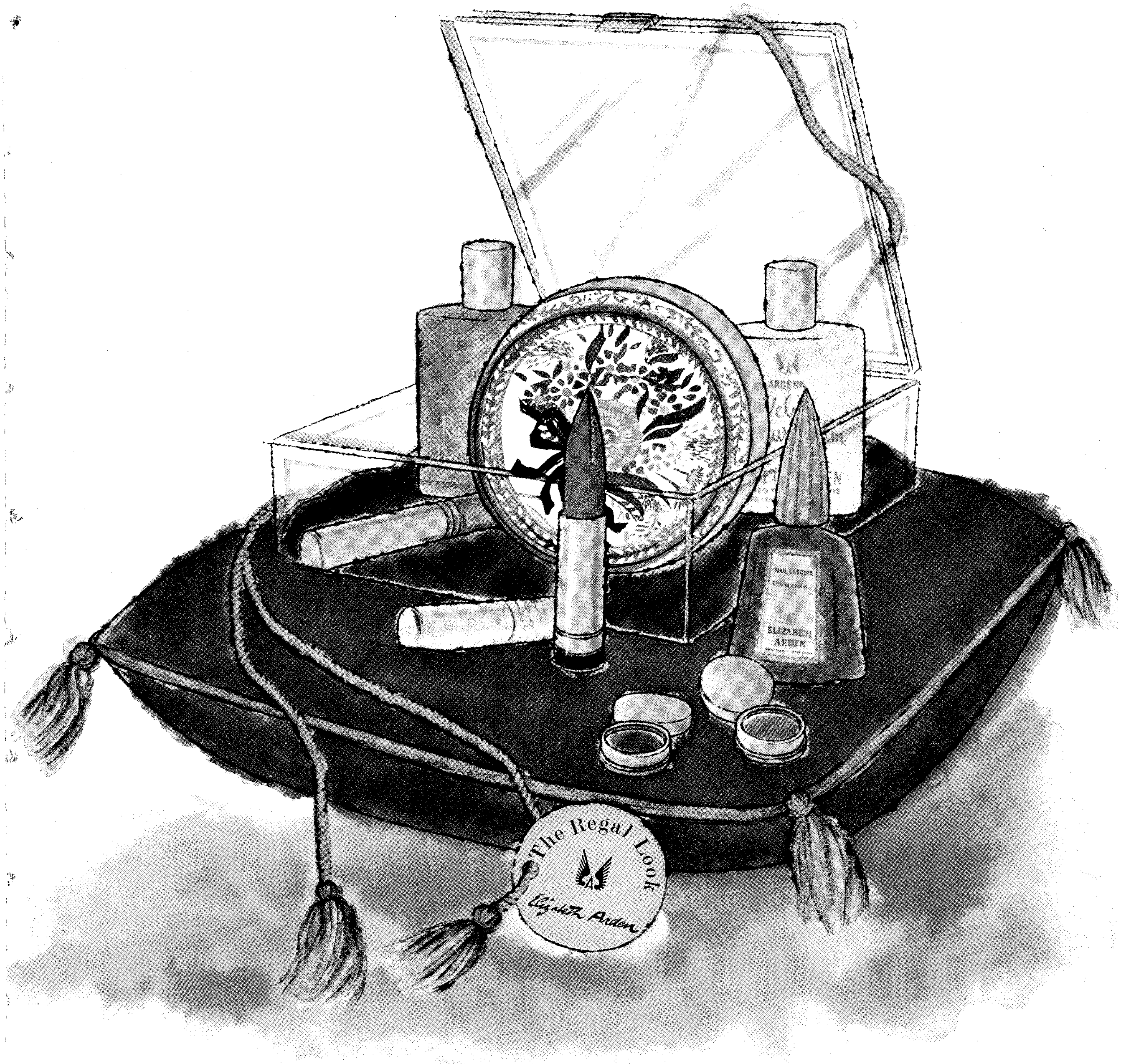
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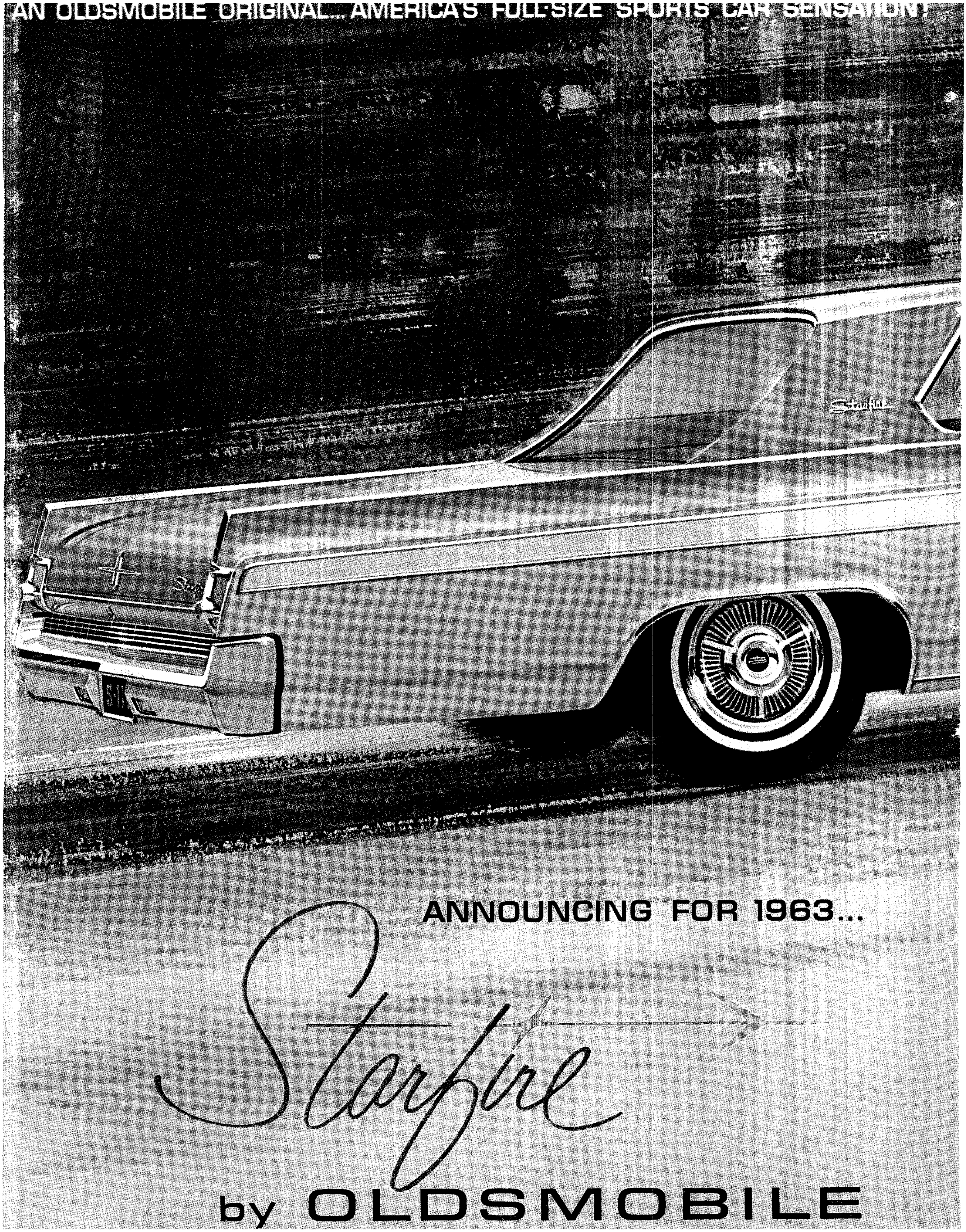
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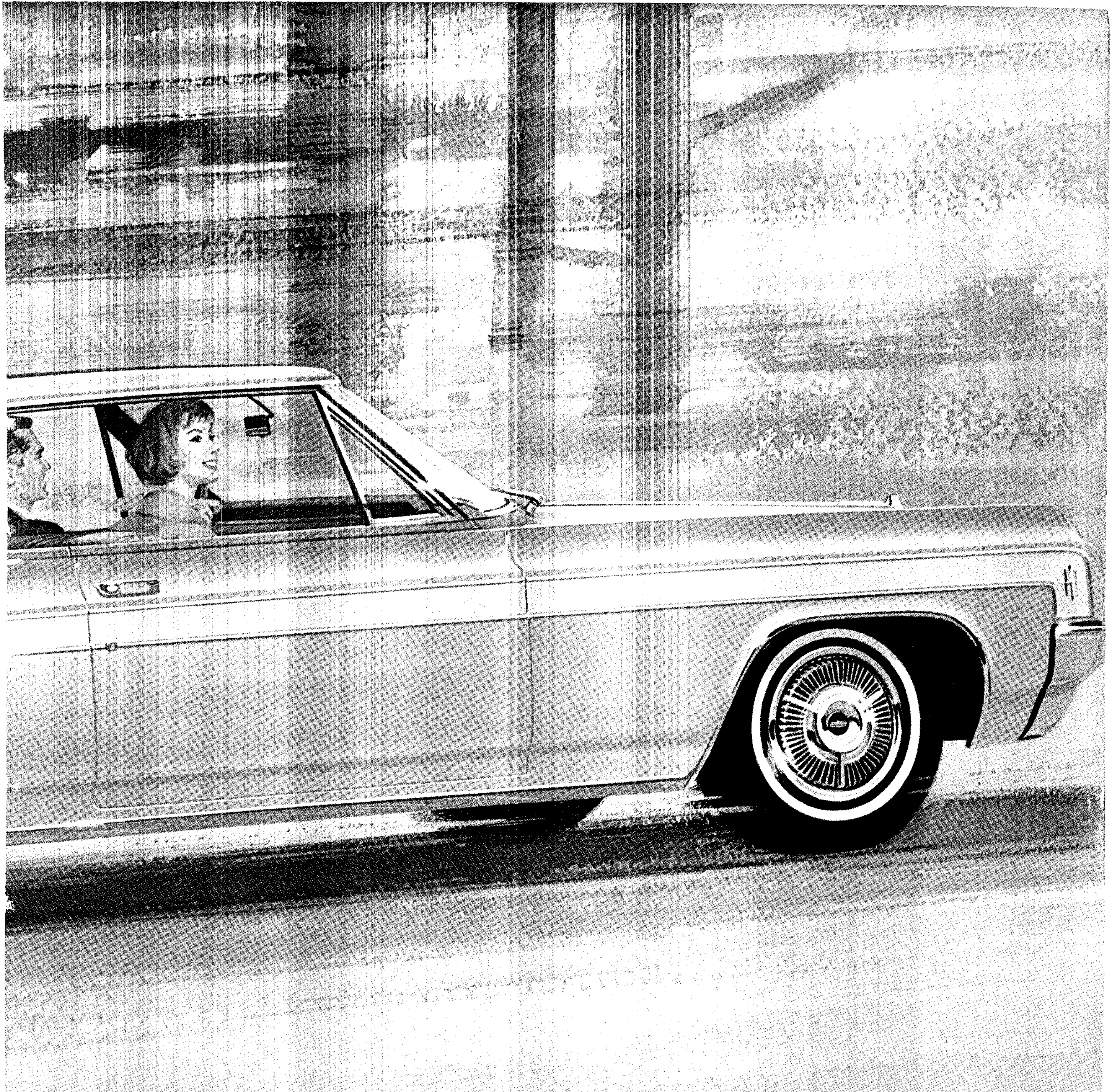

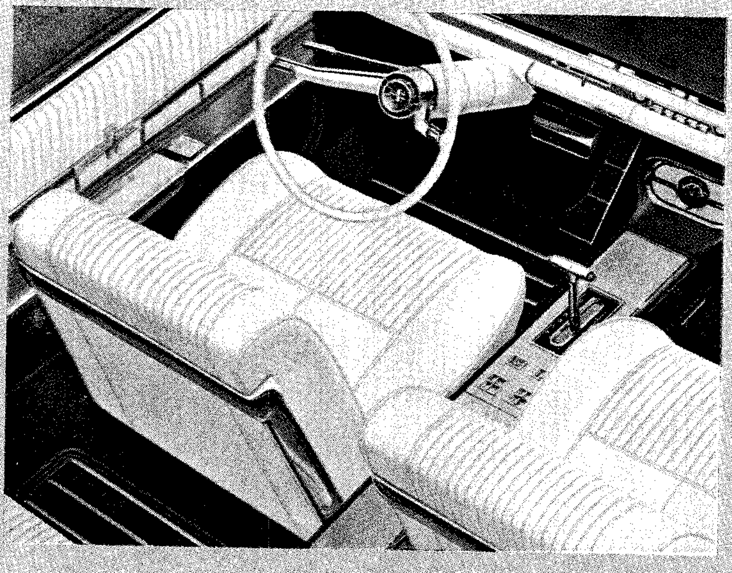

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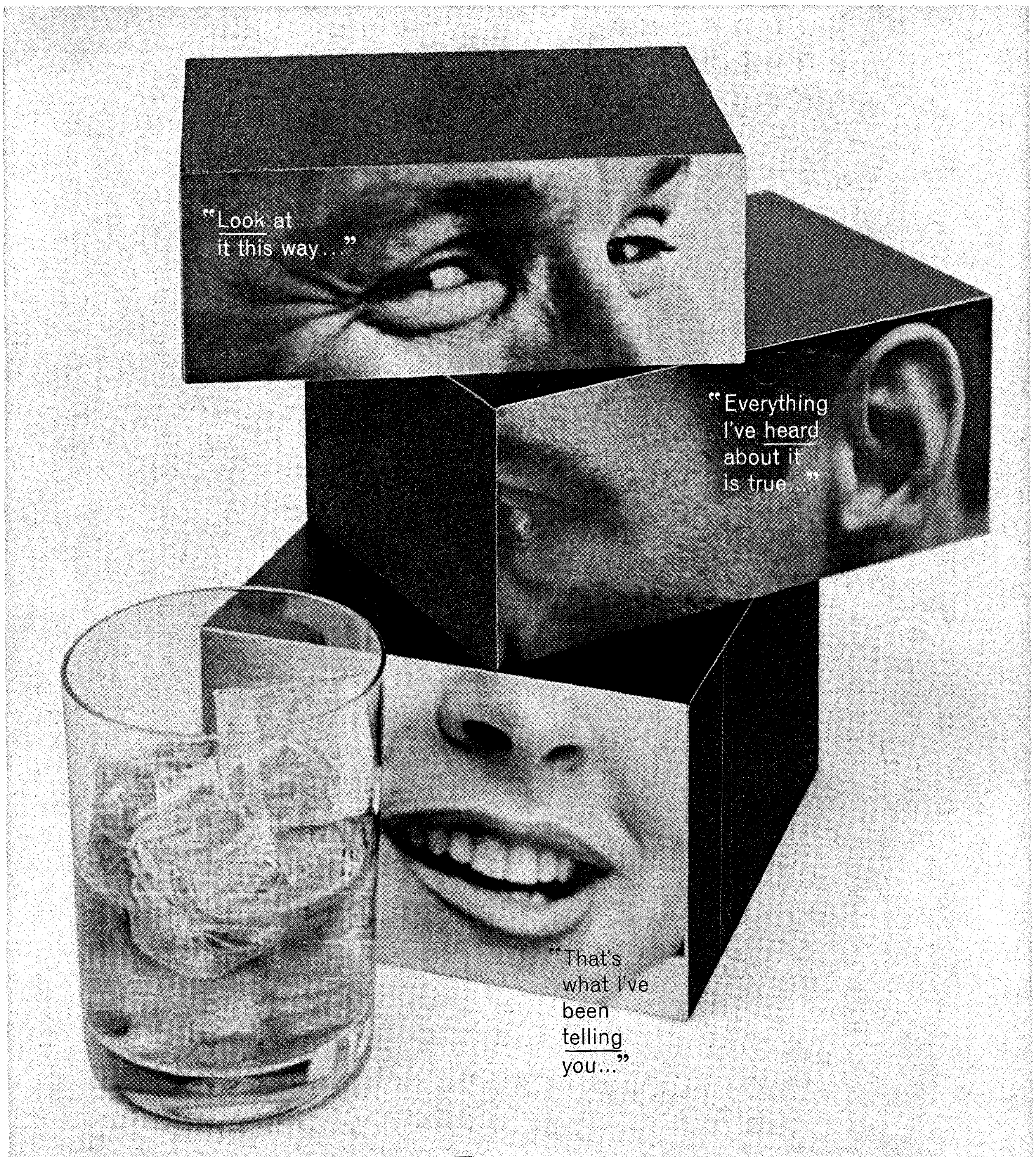
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I've heard
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"That's
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HAIG & HAIG tastes the way more people want their scotch to taste battle with the MacGregor clan—against the Campbells, or some other bloodthirsty adversary. In short, I was carried away by the music, General. And the Montrachet we had had with dinner was heady stuff. After the brandy we had with coffee, we took nothing to drink until the piper joined us, at which time we each had a Scotch. Then the three of us sat and stood around and had a last Scotch for the road.

" 'I'm a Lowlander myself,' said Mr. Cameron. 'Glasgow and its environs. My wife, here, is pure Highlander. They're a wild, wonderful, and somewhat mysterious race. You know, some of the most recent ethnic and archeological studies suggest that what we call the Highlanders came originally from somewhere in the vicinity of Abyssinia. Then the Norsemen, of course, put some new blood in their veins, and so did the Normans, one way or another, much later on. And, of course, the aboriginal Picts.'

" 'All those popular notions about the strait-laced, repressed Highlanders,' Mrs. Cameron said, 'neglect to take into account the fact that we need—or think we need—to keep our feelings under lock and key, because our feelings are extremely savage, and we are simply boiling with primitive instincts. Are you going up to the Highlands, McKelway?'

" 'I'm not sure,' I said. 'I feel about the Highlands sort of the way I feel about France—where, curiously enough, I've never been. I don't want to go there unless I can spend two or three months there, at least. I think I'll probably just stick around Edinburgh and its environs and come back next summer or the summer after, when I can afford to rent a car and wander all over the Highlands to my heart's content.'

" 'Oh, but you must at least go up to the Orkneys for a weekend,' said Mrs. Cameron. 'It's a day's drive, and, of course, there's a train, and there are planes as well, and buses. I'd like to send you up there and see to it that you meet the right people.'

" 'I see what McKelway means, my dear,' said Cameron. 'He wishes to have a long look at the Highlands, and not just a glimpse.'

" 'That's exactly it,' I said.

" 'It seems such a shame,' said Mrs. Cameron. 'But I suppose you're right.'

"This short conversation, General, was the only thing that bothered me later on. And, as I said before, the Camerons dropped me off at the Roxburghe before midnight."

"And did you go to the Infirmary

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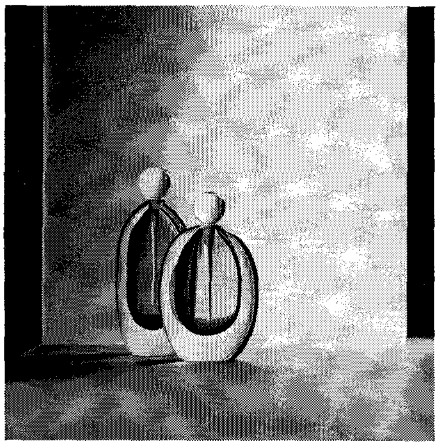

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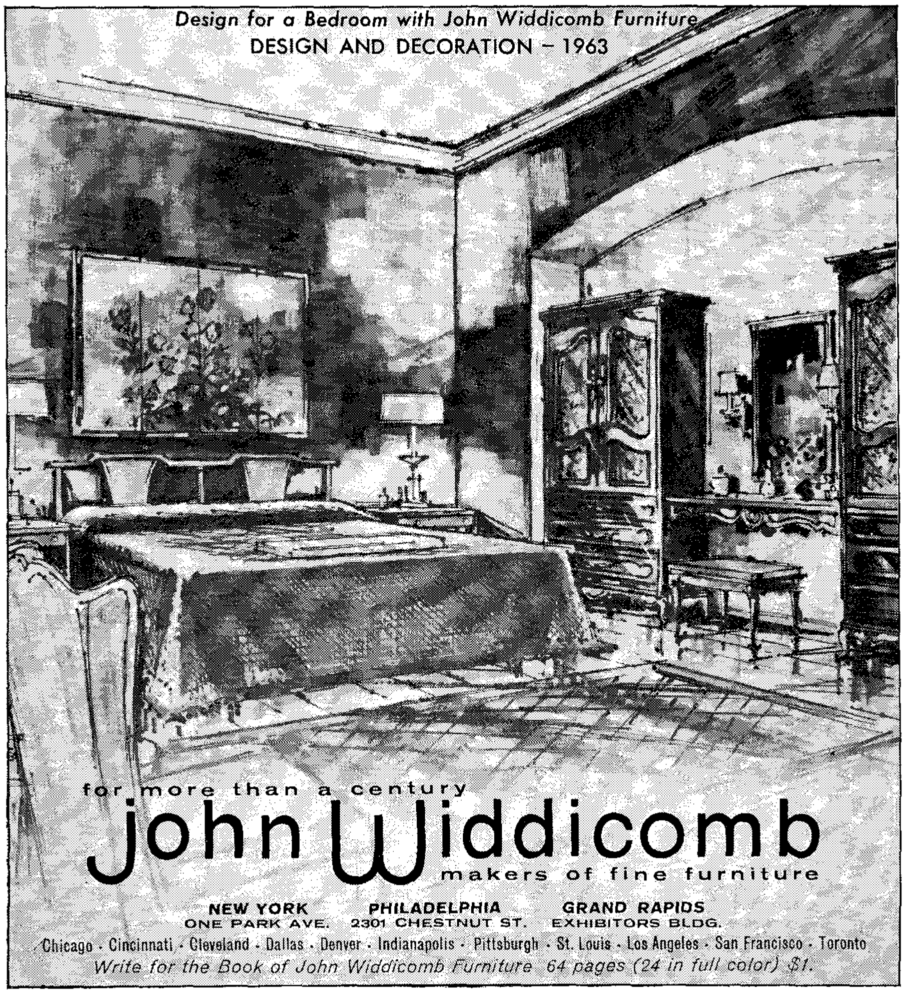

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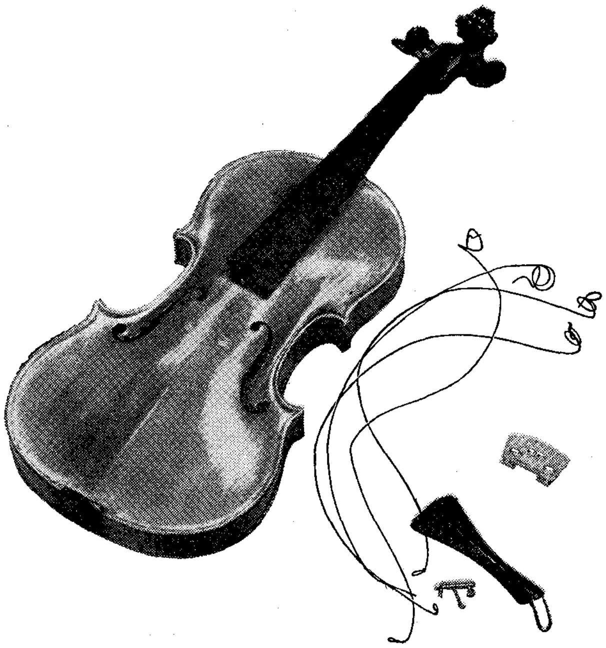
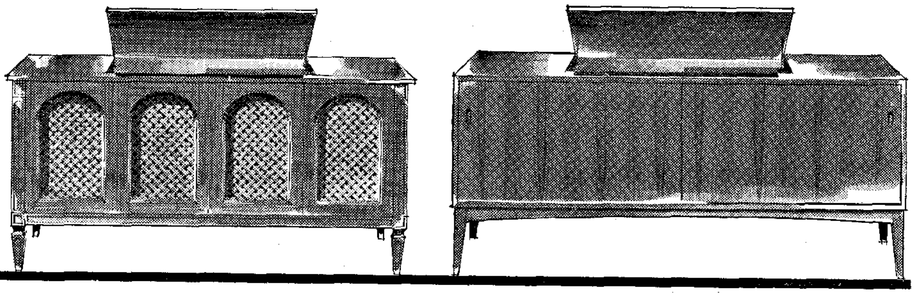
for the orthopedic treatments and exercises?"

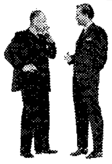
"No. An appointment had been set up for me, but I went over there and told the head nurse of that department that I couldn't possibly keep it—that something had come up and I'd be too busy. She seemed rather put out, but when I told her that it simply couldn't be helped, she smiled and said, 'Very well, sir. Good luck to you.'"

"Right. Now, what did you do Wednesday morning?"

"I got up a bit later than usual, and I think I had just a trace of a hangover. This surprised me, because I really hadn't had very much to drink. Maybe it was the excitement, or the duck, or the Scotch on top of the wine—I don't know. However, I had my tea and biscuits, and went out for a brisk walk, and then had breakfast downstairs in the dining room. I read my papers, and they were full of international news. Nixon was in Moscow, talking it up with Khrushchev. Here's the pile of papers right here. The Queen was in Canada, and there was some concern over the fact that she was cancelling several of her state engagements over there and was going to fly back to England sooner than she had planned. In the tabloids and other sensational English papers, there were rumors that the Queen was ill. In the same papers, there were rumors that some important crisis in the British government made it necessary for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to come back home in a hurry. There were also rumors—but nothing authoritative as yet—that President Eisenhower was planning a private summit conference with Khrushchev, and one paper said that the two leaders might meet in Scotland, which would be convenient for both of them, because Eisenhower was soon to fly to Paris, and he expected to have a talk with Prime Minister Macmillan in London after that. And he had that private apartment of his in Culzean Castle in Ayr. There was another crisis brewing over Berlin. A few days earlier, Khrushchev had cancelled his 'grand tour of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland,' because of the 'unfavorable reactions' of the people of Scandinavia to his proposed visit. The United States and Russia had signed an agreement under which scientists would be exchanged over a period of two years. The Devlin Report rejected the idea that there was a 'murder plot' in Nyasaland. A widespread strike of printers had disrupted British book publishing and, in some cases, newspaper publishing. Thirty-five people had been killed in a panic in







How to String a Strad

Like any violin, really. The secret of the Stradivarius is not in the strings. It's in the design, materials, the craftsmanship and finish. You *hear* a Stradivarius on a Clairtone, every nuance and vibrancy and that is what delights you. In Clairtone, as with the Strad, purity of sound is the result of brilliant engineering and impeccable design. And that helps explain the remarkable success of this Canadian product. ("Little short of amazing," is the way one New York department store heads puts it.) The fidelity of sound and cabinet designs, developed by Peter Munk and David Gilmour (left to right, above), appeal to the discerning eye of buyers wherever Clairtone is available—and that's almost everywhere in North America. And now, every Clairtone model has SILENT LISTENING-the remarkable Clairtone development that allows you to hear, without noise distraction or acoustical interference, a richer stereophonic effect. Ask for a demonstration. See and hear Clairtone yourself. There are several cabinet styles, each superbly crafted from beautifully hand-rubbed woods in traditional and contemporary designs. N.B. *Not every store has Clairtone; only those with an established reputation for service, quality and integrity.*

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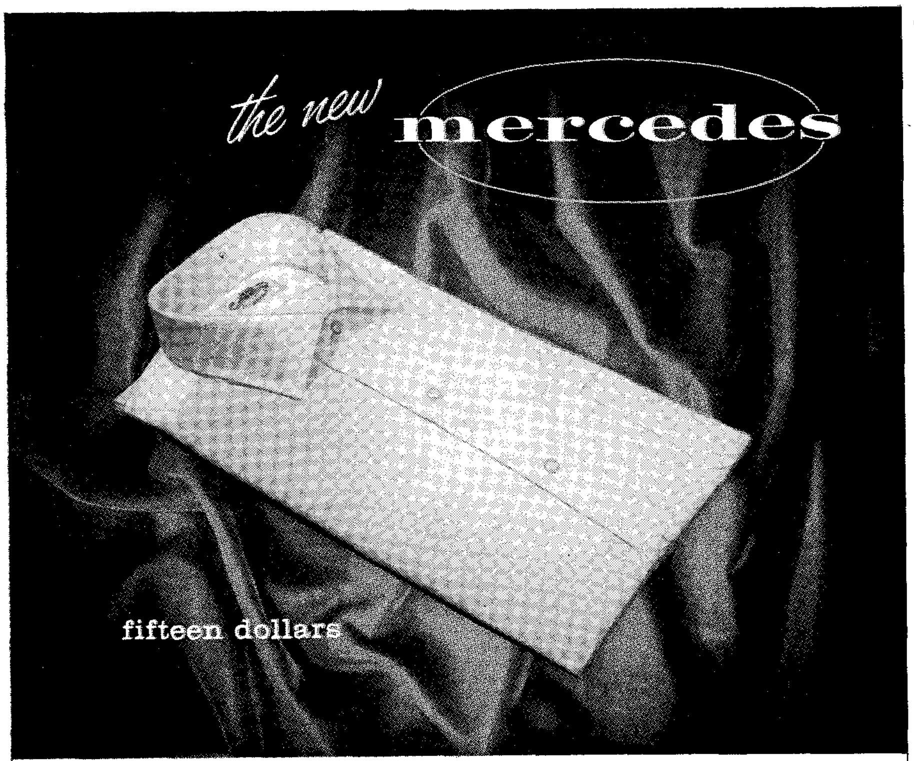
the French Congo. The Scottish Council of Development and Industry was initiating 'a thorough inquiry into the root causes of Scotland's unemployment and general industrial problem'—or, as another newspaper put it, in a headline, 'Scottish Council to Find Out Why Scotland Doesn't Tick.' Uranium had been discovered by a group of geologists in the Kinloch Bervie area of Sutherland—up in the Highlands—but Professor C. F. Davidson, of St. Andrews University (where the golf course is), who was the former head of the Atomic Energy Division of the Geological Survey, wasn't sure that the discovery would have any economic importance.

"I went back up to my room and worked on the Surrealistic piece about my imaginary Ethel Merman and the postal clerk with whom she was carrying on a flirtation by telephone. I was steamed up about it, and I really thought I had something. Then I dictated the thing into the tape recorder and played it back to myself, and I didn't like it. However, I finished dictating a first draft of the piece, and it was ready for Miss Dirleton when she whizzed in at one o'clock and whizzed out again with the reel of tape, so that she could take it back to her office and type it. I then walked over a few blocks to a little hotel where somebody had told me they had a very good Danish snack bar, and I was having some akvavit and smoked eels and steak tartare at the crowded snack bar and chatting with the Scots barmaid when a couple of United States Air Force cadets in blue uniforms sat down beside me. They could tell I was an American, of course, and we were soon talking about the Air Force. I told them that I had once been a lieutenant colonel, and they gasped. I urged them not to give it a second thought—told them that I had been a *civilian* lieutenant colonel and only a public-relations officer at that. I told them what I did for a living now. They were nice boys. They said they would like to bring me a couple of quarts of American bourbon and leave it for me at the Roxburghe; they could get it for practically nothing at the Officers' Club out at Kirknewton, they said. I thanked them, but told them that I was doing all right on the spirits of the country, and that I was a Scotch drinker anyway. I told them to call me up any time they were in Edinburgh and I would buy them a drink at the Roxburghe, and they said they would. I left them drinking Carlsberg and wolfing down Danish snacks. I drifted back to the Roxburghe, bought some picture postcards, and sat down at a desk in the



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†DuPont's TM for its polyester fibe

writing room. I addressed them to a number of friends, in New York and elsewhere, with routine postcard messages on them, and I sent one to General LeMay, at the Pentagon, telling him that I had just run into two of his cadets and that they certainly looked like the type that could take care of anything, if anything ever came up. I bought airmail stamps at the desk and dropped the picture postcards into the letter box just inside the entrance. I was loitering at the desk, chatting with the pretty Irish girl, when, about three minutes after I'd dropped the postcards in the box, a postman came in and collected the contents of the box. I had a disturbing flurry of anxiety. Could it be that the British Secret Service—or somebody else—was keeping track of what I was sending by mail? I was aware, of course, that the Scottish postal authorities were in close touch with what I was sending and receiving by cable. But now I was half convinced that something really was going on—simply on account of the prompt postman. I told myself to say the hell with it, and I walked over to Scott's. There I encountered Mr. McConnachie, who was having a half pint. He asked me to join him, and I did, and then he asked me how my ancestor search was going. I told him about the New York Public Library book—making an anecdote out of it—and I showed him the cable from my brother, the last line of which also made him laugh. Another Scotsman, whose name I never heard, joined in our conversation about Americans and their Scots ancestors. He seemed a bit tight and was very emphatic in telling me that I must get in touch with a man named McNab, who, though an amateur, was a great authority on Scottish genealogy, he said. He insisted on writing down McNab's address and telephone number, but he had no paper or pencil with him, so I gave him Miss Binning's card, and he wrote on the back, 'J. M. McNab, 68 Cameron Lane, Edinburgh 10, Edinburgh 5238.' This Scot who'd joined us had an enormous R.A.F. mustache and was attired very much in the fashion of Sherlock Holmes. He had on a Norfolk jacket, he carried an Inverness cape over his arm, and on his head was a deerstalker cap—all of tweed, of course. He went on to say that there was an interesting graveyard in a little village called Gifford, and that it would be worth my while to drive down there someday and see the graveyard. 'The names on the ancient tombstones are fascinating,' he said, and then he finished his half pint and stalked off. Another new-found friend of mine came in—a wool man

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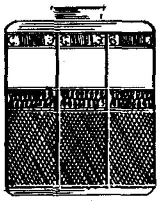

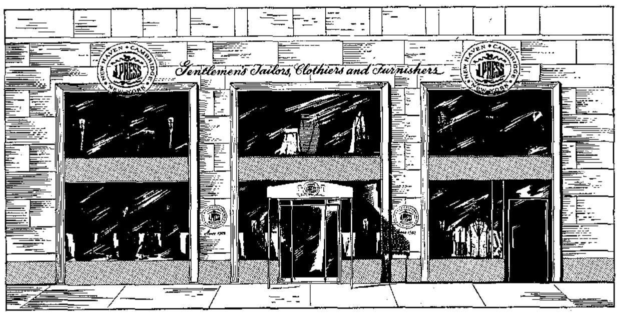
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named W. Ogilvie Pentland. We chatted for a while, in the way you do at Scott's, until the 3 P.M. closing time, when I went back to the Roxburghe for a nap.

"But I didn't take a nap. I felt that the Sherlock Holmes character was trying to tell me something and that he had some role or other, on one side or the other, in what had now begun to form in my mind as some kind of plot involving either the Queen or President Eisenhower, or both. I put in a call for McNab, but there was no answer. I then told myself that I was being silly, but at the same time I decided to go to Gifford. It was a lovely afternoon—it hardly rained a drop the whole time I was in Scotland—and I figured I could have a nice drive and have a drink down there at the inn Mrs. Cameron had mentioned, where they had the bottles in the windows overlooking the garden, and dinner at the place where she had said the food was superior. You see, General, I only believed with one of my heads that there was really anything strange going on. With all my other heads, I was just having a nice time. I—"

"I don't understand. How do you mean 'heads,' Colonel?"

"Well, General, the Captain and I have pretty much come to the conclusion that I have a great many heads. I've counted and identified twelve separate heads, or identities, that I know I possess."

"Briefly, General," said the major, "the Colonel has what in simple terms might be called a multiple personality. He assumes many different roles inside his head, but hardly anybody who knows him is aware of this. He doesn't act out these roles, or if he does, it is in such an inconspicuous fashion that few people would ever notice it."

"Well, Colonel, did you drive down to Gifford that afternoon?" the General asked.

"Yes, I took a taxi down there. It's only twenty miles from Edinburgh, and those Edinburgh taxis are like the London taxis, you know—comfortable and compact—and they have reasonable rates. The city drivers love to get out in the country, and half the time they don't want to charge you for the time they are waiting outside or inside the country pub you are in. I found that they would usually make for the public bar of a country inn as willingly as I made for the private bar, and that was the case on the first afternoon I went down to Gifford. This was on the afternoon of July 29th, and, as I said, it was the beginning of what we are calling Operation Edinburgh. I didn't take

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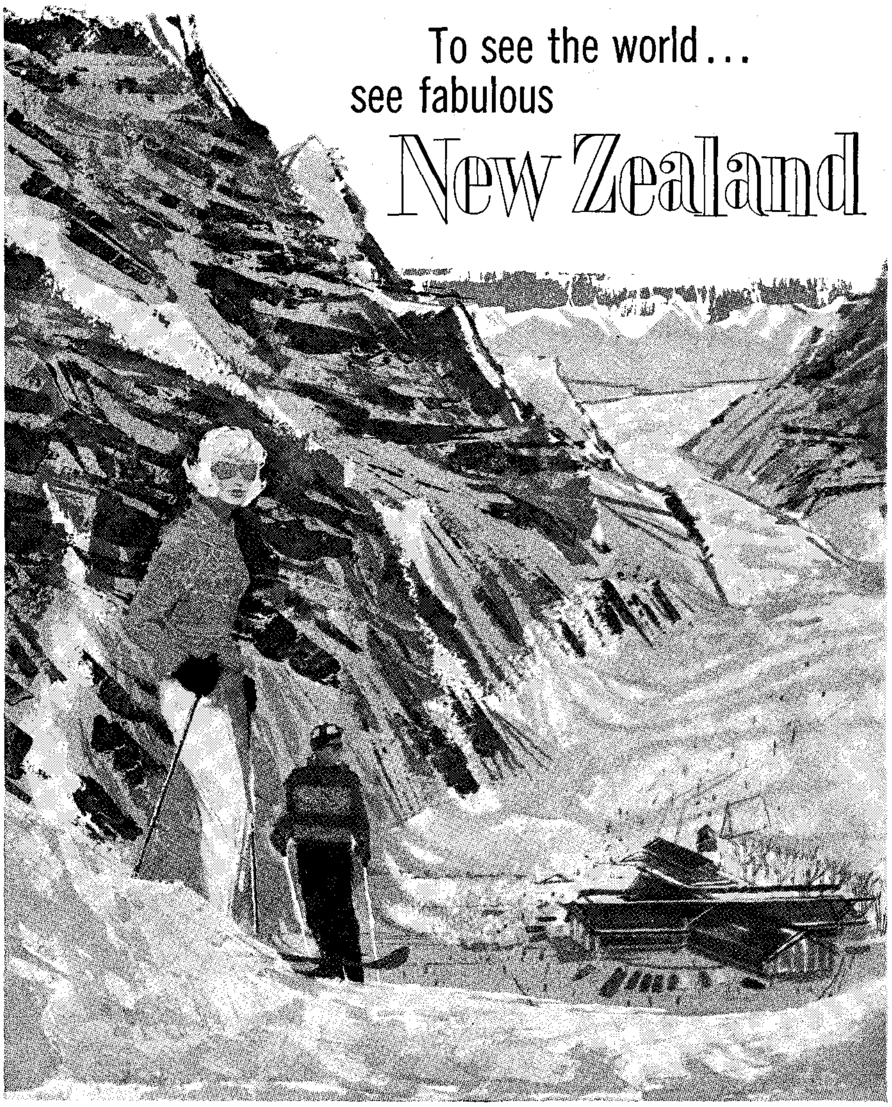

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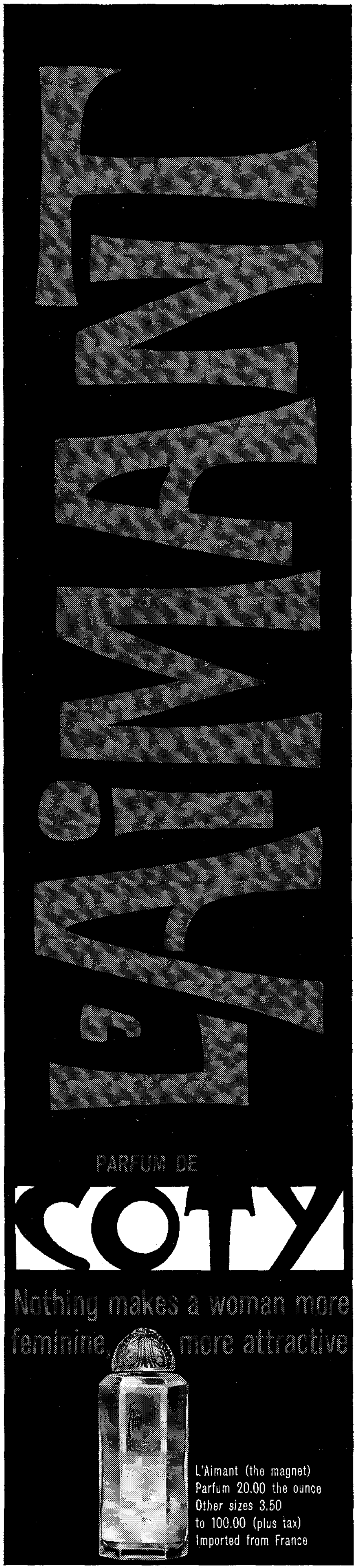

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down the driver's name. He was an intelligent middle-aged family man, and we chatted about this and that as we bowled along. But while we were bowling along I was looking with pleased eyes at the lovely countryside, and with sharp eyes, so to speak, at the cars behind us, the cars coming toward us, and the cars that passed us. In other words, with one or two of my heads I was alert for anything out of the way, but with most of myself I was simply enjoying the ride. Now, the cars in Scotland have two or three capital letters on the license plates, as well as numerals, and I found myself reading the letters on the license plates of the cars that were behind and in front, coming toward me and passing me. There is just about every alphabetical combination in these license plates that you can think of, and most of them didn't mean anything to me, but some of them meant a great deal to me. For example, 'KSW' was directly behind me, and 'EBW' passed me and went scooting on ahead. And then 'WG' came hellbent down the highway in the opposite direction, and others that I saw going in one direction or another were 'CA,' 'JB,' 'GB,' 'MB,' 'RMC,' 'PDV,' 'JF,' 'JG,' 'BG,' 'MG,' 'TH,' 'EJK,' 'EFK,' 'AJL,' 'LL,' 'WN,' 'FB,' 'MDR,' 'WS,' 'DET,' 'JT,' 'SV,' 'HGW,' and 'REW,' to mention just a few. And it happens that all those combinations are the initials of editors and writers and artists on the staff of the magazine I work for, most of whom I've known for nearly thirty years. Then there was one license plate that said 'JB3-something' and another that said 'HT-something' and another that said, 'CF-something.' And those happen to be the initials of three old friends of mine, two of whom work for the Central Intelligence Agency. The third one goes back into the Air Force for active duty every now and then, and I think—although I don't know—that he also works for the C.I.A. some of the time, if not all the time.

"Now, the first of these three old friends has written many articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, both serious and humorous. After the war, in which he served in the Navy, he went into an executive position in the C.I.A., and there was no secret about it. All his friends and many other people knew he had the job. For one thing, he was recruiting college seniors for jobs in the C.I.A., so the colleges knew who he was. The second old friend was on General LeMay's Intelligence staff on Guam. He is an artist, and before the war he achieved considerable fame in New York as a

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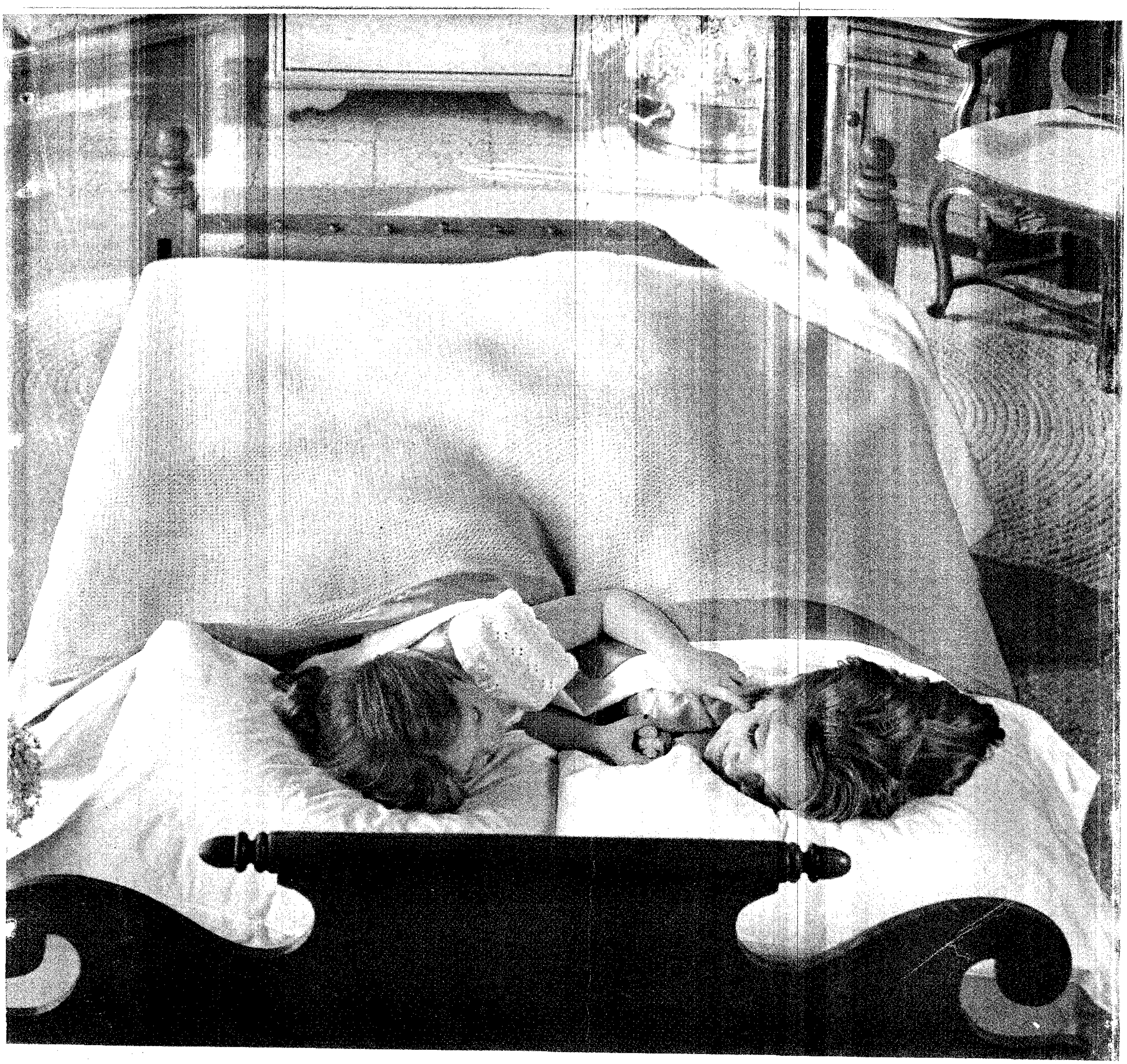

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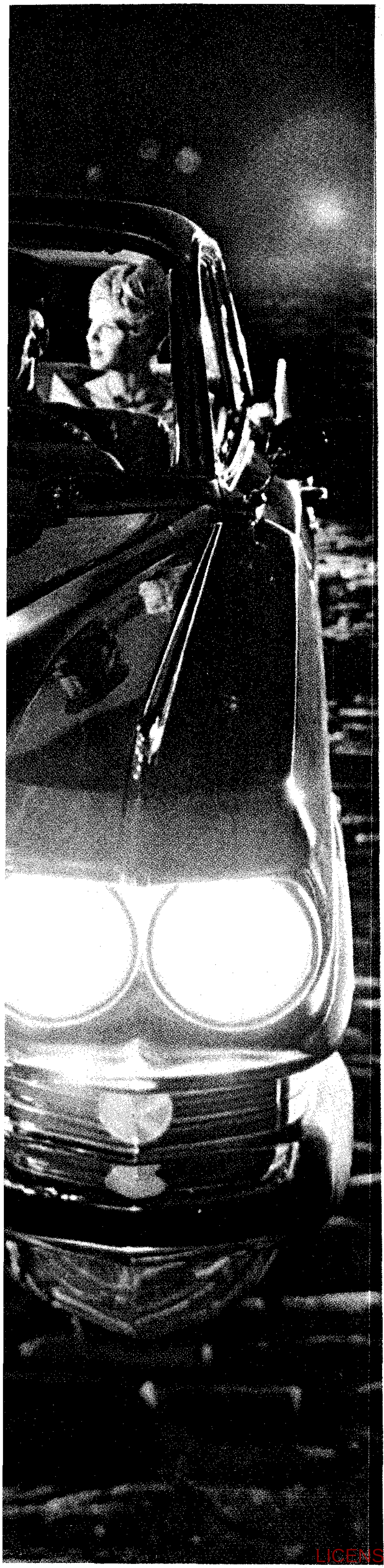

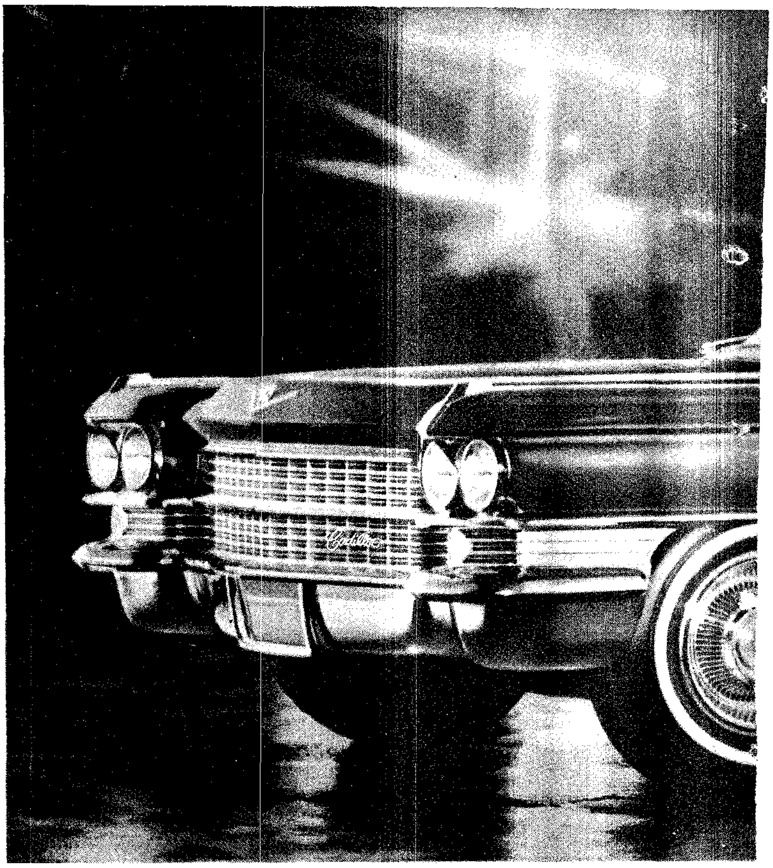

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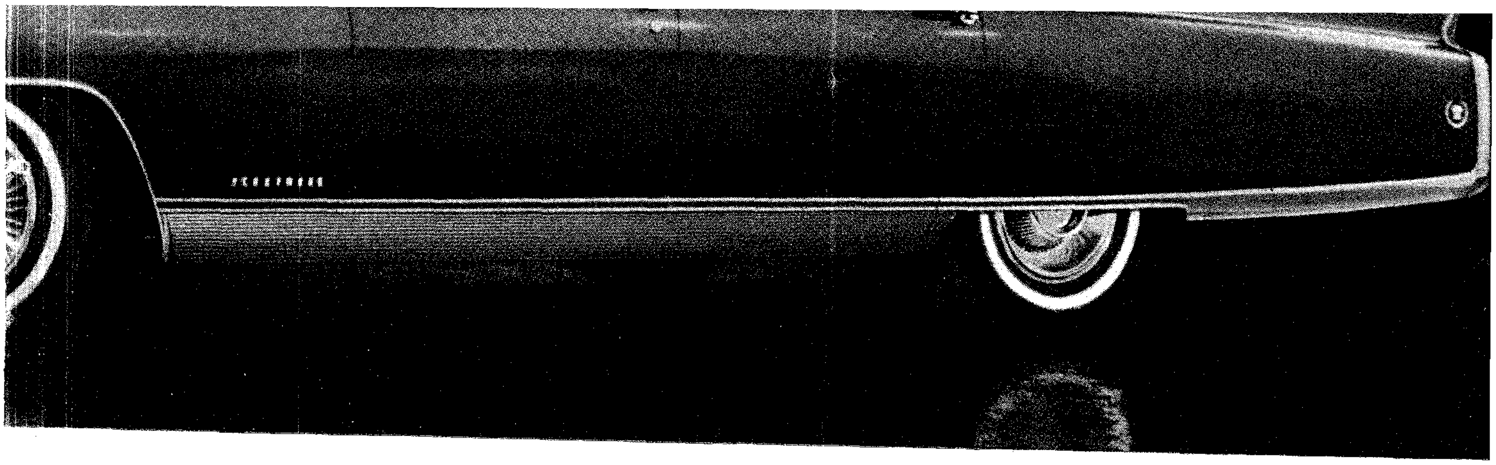

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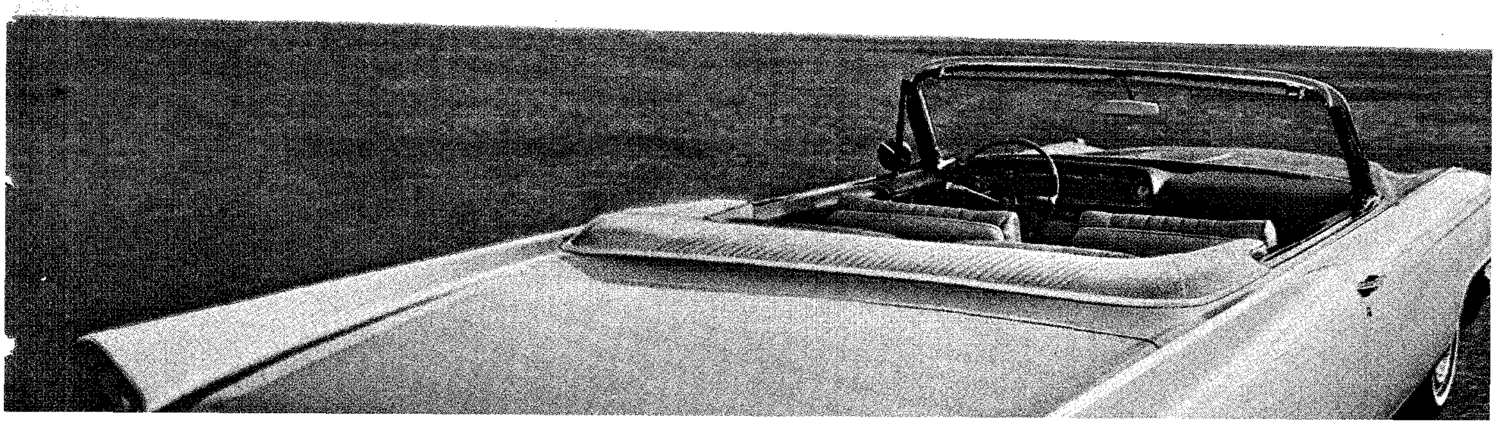

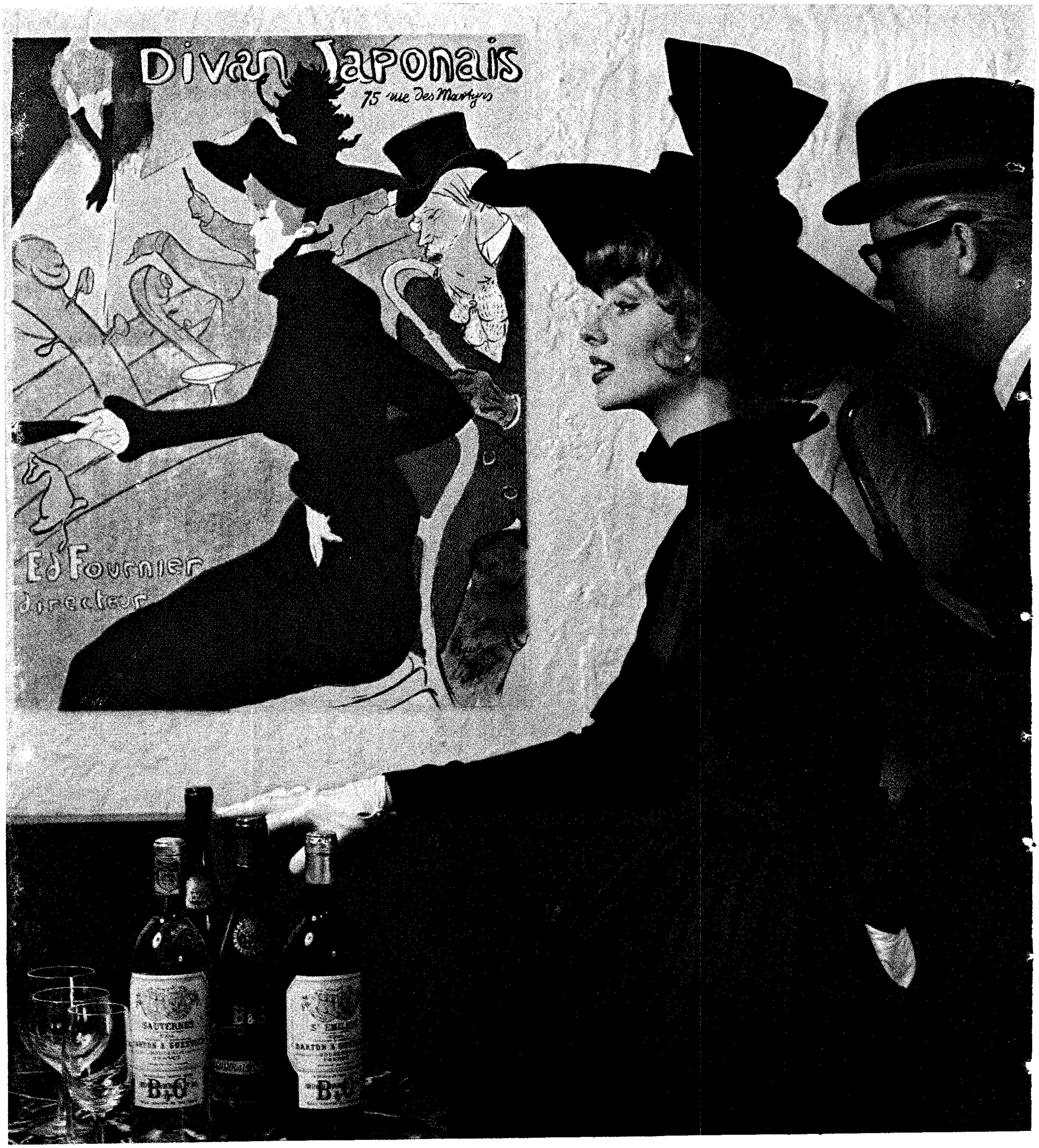
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practical joker of a truly extraordinary sort. His practical jokes never did anybody any harm. I could tell you a hundred of them, but a typical one was that he once bought a bench of the sort you see in Central Park from a second-hand-furniture dealer on Third Avenue, and got a bill of sale for it. He had it delivered to his apartment, on the upper East Side, and after midnight one night he and one of his friends carried it into Central Park and left it there beside one of the walks, where other benches are to be found. Sometime before noon the same day, he and the friend returned to Central Park and sat on the bench until they saw a policeman approaching, whereupon they picked up the bench and started out of the park with it. The policeman shrieked, of course, and ran after them, and my friend showed him the bill of sale. The policeman arrested them anyway, for disorderly conduct, but a city magistrate let them off, after he stopped laughing. This lark of my friend's got into the papers. In fact, he was frequently written up in the papers in those days, as New York's leading practical joker. When he turned up on Guam as a first lieutenant of Intelligence, it made me a bit jumpy at first, but I soon realized that he was a crackerjack at piecing together our information on Japanese targets, and also at presenting the day-to-day operational picture to LeMay and his staff, which he made more vivid by expertly drawn graphs and charts. He never played any practical jokes on anybody out there, but he almost succeeded in taking in the *Reader's Digest* around that time. Under the title 'The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met,' he wrote a plausible article for them that told of a little old lady who lived in a Victorian house on the edge of one of our Guam runways and who served tea to the pilots when they got back from bombing Japan. The *Reader's Digest* not only nibbled at this but swallowed the story whole, and editors in Pleasantville were corresponding with him, asking for additional details and more anecdotes about the little old lady and the B-29 forces, preparatory to sending him a check. Then it dawned on one of the sub-editors there that the author had the same name as the famous New York practical joker, and the jig was up. This friend also went into Central Intelligence after the war, and it was no secret. He's since resigned, and is writing and painting on his own. Hell of a nice guy. The third member of this threesome is a professional humorist, who was a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force when I saw him on

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Guam, and later became a full colonel. I'd known him for years. Well, it occurred to several of my heads that these three jokers might easily be in Scotland in connection with the forthcoming visit of President Eisenhower, *that they might* have discovered I was in Edinburgh, and that they might have rigged up the license plates with all those initials and might be leading me on a sort of paper chase that would end in a happy reunion and a barrel of laughs. At the same time, I told myself that since the Scots used all the letters of the alphabet on their license plates, I could find any imaginable combination of them if I looked, as I was doing, at every automobile in sight. While this was going on in my head, you understand, I was chatting with the driver and taking in the scenery.

"The driver had only a little difficulty in finding Gifford, and we got there a long time before the pubs were to open, at five o'clock. I told the driver I'd find him later on, either in his taxi or at the public bar of one or the other of the two inns, and I went to look at the old burial ground. It was beautiful and still—gray tombstones in green grass—and I found many of the names fascinating, as the Sherlock Holmes character had told me I would. I found it only mildly disturbing that many of the names were the names of people I'd known at one time or another—many of them in the Air Force. You could throw a dart at an Edinburgh telephone book and wherever it hit you would see a bunch of names that were the same as those of many of your friends, and I realized that. Nevertheless, I came across the name of Tommy Power, the present Commander-in-Chief of the Strategic Air Command; of John Montgomery, who was the hot-shot Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations on LeMay's staff on Guam and later in Omaha, and is now president of Daystrom, Inc.; and of an O'Donnell, which of course brought to mind Rosy O'Donnell, the young general who led our first strike at Tokyo from the island of Saipan. In flashes here and there, the burial ground and the entire tiny village seemed so nearly perfect in their way that they looked as if they might have been constructed on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. They almost seemed *too* nearly perfect. There was the one little street of old stone cottages with thatched roofs, a brook running under a stone bridge on the one street, old gentlemen walking old terriers on leashes, and all that. It went through my mind that this place might be some kind of undercover head-

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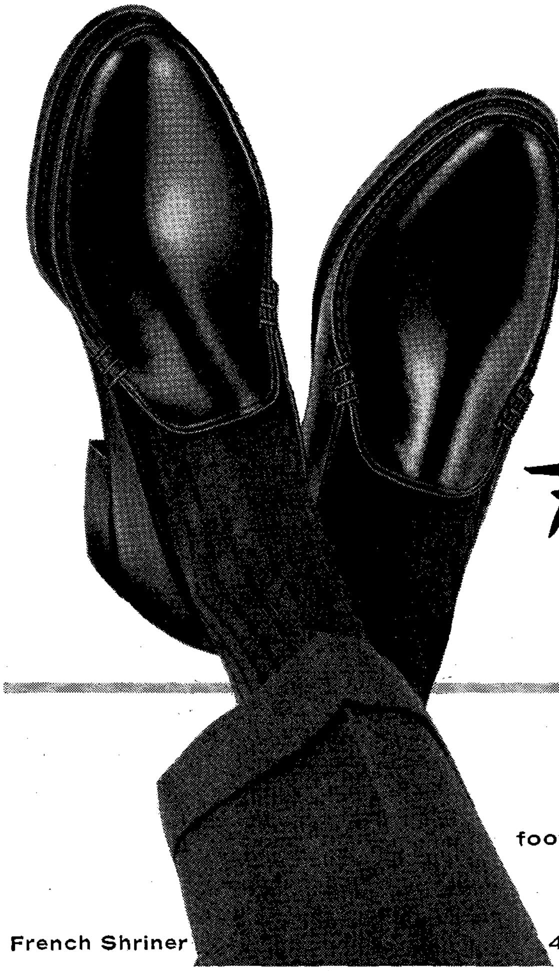

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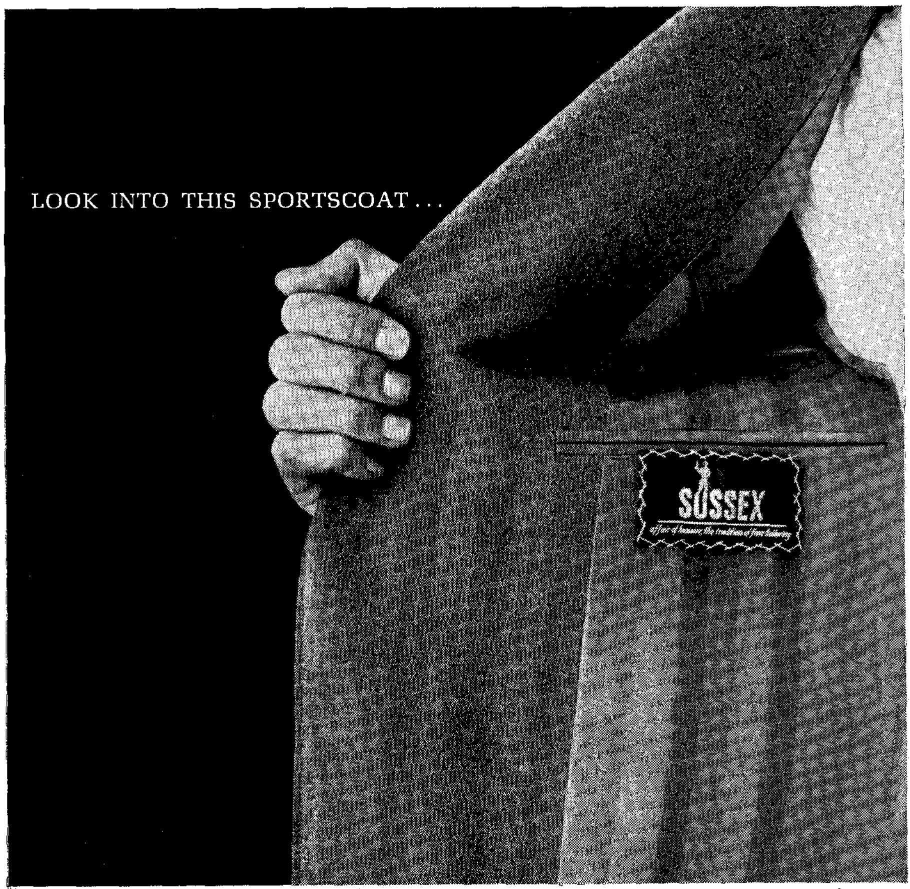

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quarters for some special American Air Force outfit, and that the Sherlock Holmes character in Scott's had intended to put me on to it for some reason connected with *our* side of the plot—or, rather, with a counterplot we were working on to outwit the Russians who were planning to kidnap Eisenhower. However, I also told myself that this was nonsense. And I walked around for an hour, absorbing the atmosphere with my eyes and ears and through my pores, and when it got to be five o'clock I went into the bar of the first of the two inns I came to, and found that it was the one with the bottles in the window looking out on the garden.

"I had a Scotch and chatted with the proprietor, whose name I didn't ask, and then I walked around some more, and went into the private bar of the other inn, which was called the Tweeddale Arms Hotel. There I got into quite a conversation with the proprietor, a youngish chap named E. A. R. Mackay, who ran the bar, and his wife, who ran the kitchen. I told them that Mr. and Mrs. Cameron had recommended their restaurant, and they grinned with pleasure. Mrs. Mackay went off to the kitchen, and Mr. Mackay and I went on talking about this and that. I mentioned at some point that I had been in the American Air Forces in the last war, and he said that he had had many American Air Force people, both during the war and afterward. I gave him one of my cards. He looked at it and then said that, as a matter of fact, he had just had an airmail letter from the wife of a former Air Force officer named Phillips, who had told him that a friend of theirs, and of his, named Celène Hobbs had bought a charming place in the Virgin Islands, and thought it was the sort of place Mackay and his wife ought to buy and turn into an inn like the one they had in Gifford. Mackay got out the letter and asked me if I would read it while he went to wait on the people in the public bar, because there was something in it relating to life in the United States that he didn't understand and that I could perhaps explain to him. It was a long airmail letter in single-spaced typewriting, as you can see, General (this is a true copy of it), on the kind of stationery they sell in Paris with 'Air Letter—Aerogramme' and 'Par Avion' printed on it, and that you fold up into the size of a regular letter before you mail it. I read it carefully, and the fact that the salutation was 'Dear Mac' didn't help me to keep my feet on the ground. I will turn it over to you, of course, and you can read the whole thing at your leisure, if you want to,

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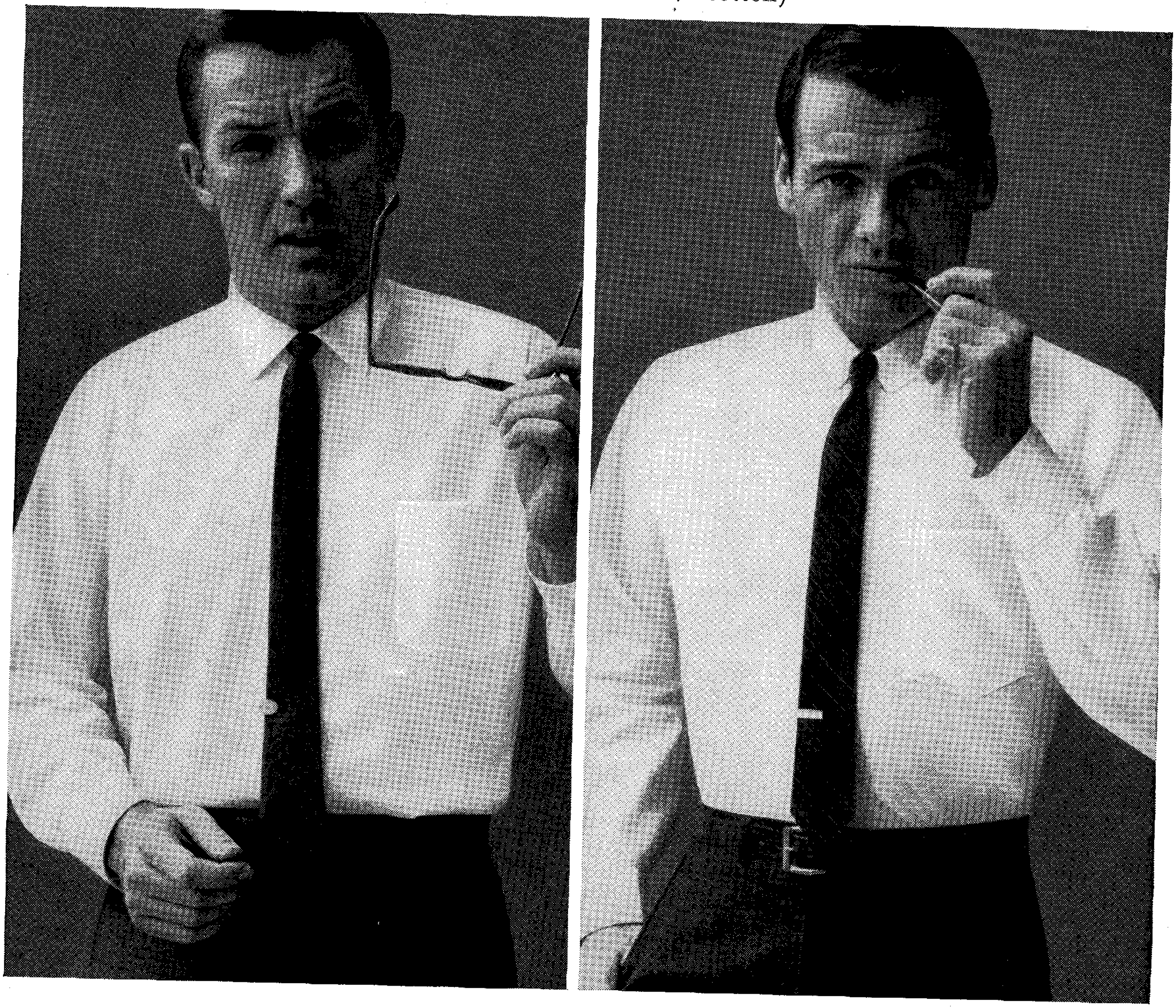

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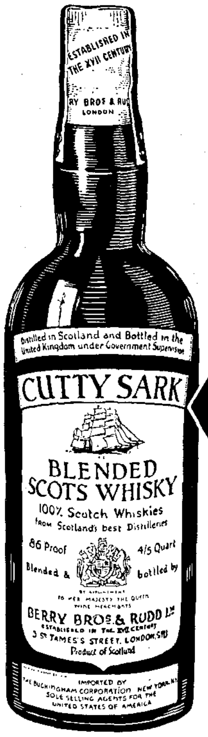
General, but I will quote you just one excerpt of the kind that made my spine tingle when I read it, because it seemed to at least a part of me that this letter was meant for *me*, and that it was trying to tell me something. In fact, I decided momentarily that it had been written by LeMay himself. In the second paragraph it says:

> "I was so delighted to hear that you were settled for a time in Scotland and if my trip abroad had given me more time, I was anxious to check on you. But I flew to Madrid for ten days and then to Florence for eighteen days, and then back to Paris, where I arrived just before de Gaulle got in, and so was a bit disturbed at my *cool* reception by the French."

"It goes on and on, and, as you will see when you read the whole thing, it could be a chatty letter from the wife of a former Air Force officer or it could be some kind of cloak-and-dagger method of communicating to me the troubled state of Europe as it was seen by an active officer of the Air Force who had flown all over hell recently and had put it all down in a kind of code for my enlightenment. When Mackay came back, I told him I'd like to take the letter with me, because I thought I knew somebody in Edinburgh who knew Phillips and would enjoy hearing about what the Phillipses were up to these days. I explained the point about life in the United States that had mystified Mackay, and he said by all means take the letter along with me and mail it back to him if I didn't get down to Gifford again. I put the letter in my pocket and went on chatting with Mackay, and after a while I had an early dinner, found my driver in the public bar of the other inn, and drove back to Edinburgh, getting to the Roxburghe about half past seven.

"There I had a bath and put on my pajamas and bathrobe, thinking I might stay in and read or work, but I found myself refreshed by the bath and decided to drop over to the Press Club and see my friends there. Before this, I had been in the Press Club only for lunch and at the early cocktail hour of five o'clock, and I was astonished to find that at eight o'clock the joint was really jumping. The little bar and the dining room were jammed with journalists, their wives and girls, and other members of the club and *their* wives and girls, and I was told that this was what went on there every evening. In the bar, I was welcomed by two or three of my journalistic friends, who urged Scotch on me, and I bought rounds of drinks in return. I found myself getting close to tipsy, but I didn't care. I was having a good time and I felt very much at home. I was more than tipsy an hour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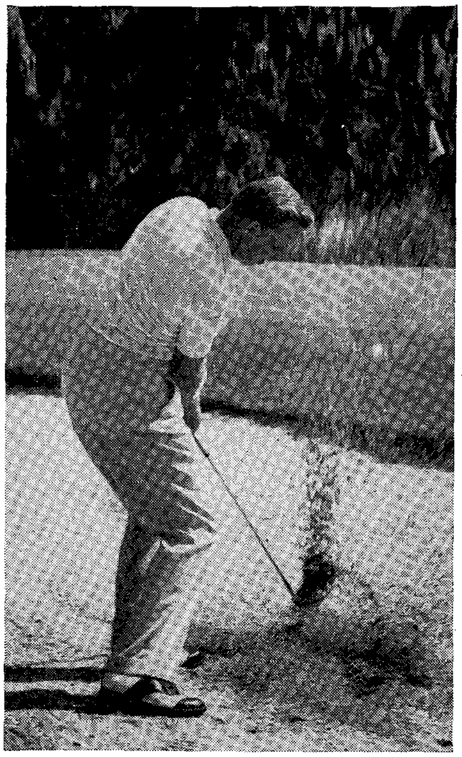

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or so later, when I found myself in a spirited argument with a wild-seeming Highlander about the land of my birth, which he had never visited, but concerning which he had extreme and adverse opinions. For some reason, I was feeling extraordinarily calm, and I argued with him in a calm fashion that he evidently found irritating. It must have been, I figured out later, that he took my serenity for smugness. At any rate, he became so incensed that although he was in his middle thirties, and much younger than I was, he flipped my four-in-hand necktie out of my newly bought Scotch waistcoat by way of emphasizing one of the points of his argument. I usually lose my temper completely under such circumstances, and am apt to take a wild swing with my fist, although I'm utterly incapable of delivering an efficient blow, knowing very little about boxing. This time, however, I elected to stand on my dignity, and I said something—which must have been even more infuriating—about my opponent's having forfeited the prize for the debate by violating the established rules of gentlemanly conduct. This unpremeditated remark of mine brought a roar of approval from quite a few Scotsmen who seemed to be listening, and there were also cries of 'Hear! Hear!' My opponent apologized to me in a disarming way. The battle was over, and I had made a new friend. I soon realized that I was getting drunk, and I wended my way out about eleven o'clock. Before I did that, a young man had handed me this small card I have in my hand here, and I had read it during the lull in the Press Club goings on. It says:

"PRESS CLUB EDINBURGH
29 JULY 1959

SIR:

As a Saxon, probably an Anglo-Saxon, may I apologize for the behavior of the moron in the trousers whom you were so unlucky to meet. I am not a member here but a guest, and recalling that the first lesson I had in life was to be hospitable, I feel ashamed. I *write* this because it is politic, but my sentiments are shared by the Scots folk present.

Yours sincerely,
J. GEORGE KIGHT
Edinburgh International House

"As I walked out of the front door of the Press Club, I was joined by two young fellows, who asked me which way I was going, and I said I was walking back to the Roxburghe, where I was staying. It was only a few blocks, you see. One of the young men seemed to think I knew him. He talked indirectly about how embarrassed he had been at the behavior of the Highlander, and I realized that this chap must be the one

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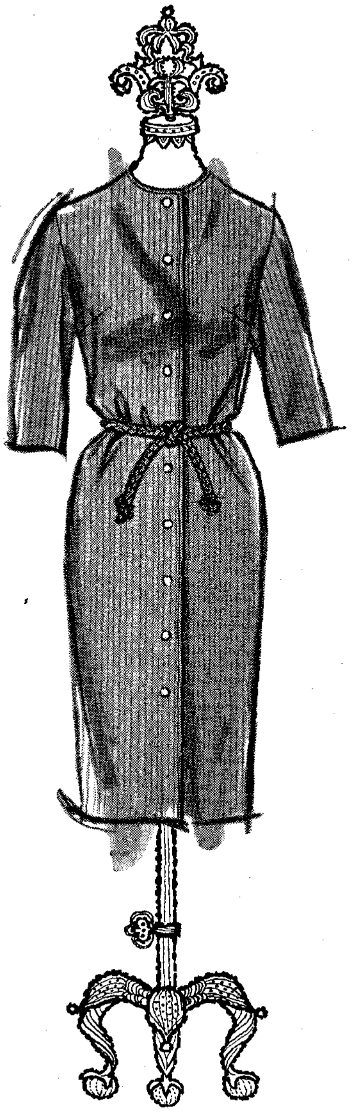

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who had given me the card with the note on it. The two of them walked along with me to the Roxburghe, and although I was walking straight enough, I felt that perhaps they had thought I ought to be accompanied. It occurred to me that I might be drunker than I thought. However, I felt quite in possession of my faculties, and my locomotion was O.K., and when we got to the hotel I invited them in to have a nightcap. As a pukka traveller registered in the hotel, you see, I could order drinks there any time of the day or night. They declined a drink, but they sat and chatted for a few minutes in the writing room, which was just inside the door of the hotel, and I don't remember much of what they said except that it was clear to me that they were liberal or radical, rather than conservative, in their politics, and, in fact, that they might be farther to the left than, for example, the most stalwart members of the Labour Party. I can't remember what the second young man looked like, but I still have a clear image of the first one—the one who sent me the note—partly because I saw him on the evening, two days later, when I was on my way to Prestwick in a fast limousine to see the Air Force Intelligence officer there, because I had what seemed to me by then some plausible evidence that there *was* a plot to kidnap President Eisenhower when he got to Scotland. Any questions, either of you?”

“No,” said the general. “Just go right ahead with what happened the next day. You, Major?”

“No,” said the major.

“Well, actually, nothing happened the next day, which was a Thursday. When I was saying good night to the Camerons when they brought me back to the hotel after our dinner at Prestonfield House on Tuesday, I had been told that Mr. Cameron went to Glasgow nearly every day and was seldom free for lunch, and I had asked Mrs. Cameron, as I got out of the car, if she would like to have lunch with me one day soon. She said that they were going to London at the end of the week but that she would love to have lunch with me that Friday if I was free. I said fine, and that I would call her on Friday morning and we would decide where to go. So on Thursday, following my late evening at the Press Club, I worked with the tape recorder, and with Miss Dirleton, stopping only for lunch, which I had in my room. I got a final draft of the Ethel Merman piece completed in time for Miss Dirleton to take it away and retype it as a long cable. She said she would deliver it at ten o'clock the next day. When she left, at six o'clock on Thursday, I took a bath and changed my clothes and drifted over to Scott's. I had a few whiskeys with my friends there, but nothing came up that is of any interest to us here, as far as I know. I had an early dinner sent up to my room, read for a while in bed afterward, and had a long sleep. I had been in touch by telephone with the American representative of Western Union in Edinburgh, and I called him again at nine o'clock the next morning and told him that I had a long and rather peculiar cable I wanted to send to my office, and that I'd like to bring it over to him sometime after ten o'clock and explain how important to me its complicated punctuation was. He said he'd be glad to come to the hotel and pick it up, to save me the trouble of going to his office, and he arrived after Miss Dirleton had delivered the finished draft and I'd gone over it once again and made one or two changes. I explained to him that the message might seem like gibberish to the cable operators, and told him the idea behind it. He laughed, and said that he fully understood and that he would see to it that it went off with the punctuation exactly as it was in the typed draft. He went away with the piece in his briefcase, and I decided to take the rest of the day off. I was a bit jumpy, partly because I had had another of those series of flash thoughts right after I woke up, in which I seemed to see quite clearly that something strange was going on in Edinburgh and that I might be involved in one of four ways.

“First. I figured that Cameron was a Soviet agent, and Mrs. Cameron was a co-agent.

“Second. I figured that Cameron was a British secret agent and that Mrs. Cameron was simply his wife. But I felt that both of them had been trying to tell me—by the indirect methods so familiar to me from my reading of suspense novels about international intrigue—that some extreme Tories, or Fascists, in Scotland were going to try to make some kind of deal with Khrushchev, and were going to kidnap Eisenhower, and possibly the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, when Khrushchev came over to Scotland to meet Eisenhower for their private summit conference. Why Cameron didn't just convey what he knew to the American Intelligence people was a question

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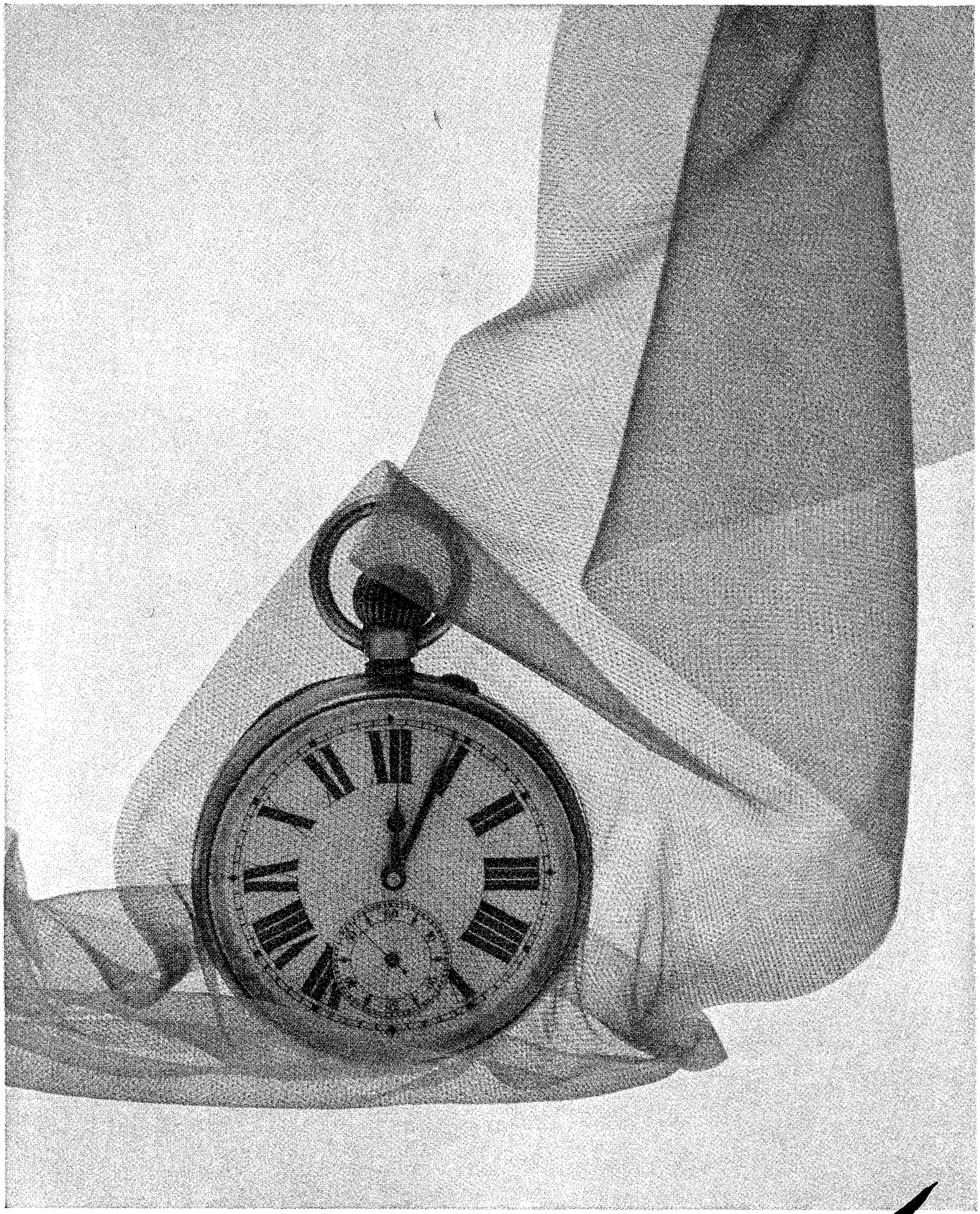

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I asked myself, but I had no answer to it. However, I felt that in any case this strange business might be approaching a point at which I ought to turn over my suspicions to somebody in my own country's Intelligence setup who would know what to do with it.

"Third. I thought that Cameron, in cahoots with my own country's Intelligence people, was deliberately giving me some leads that were supposed to excite my suspicions that something was going on, and that my own country's Intelligence people were watching everything I did with the idea of asking me to undertake some kind of special job for them if I acted on my suspicions in a fashion that satisfied them.

"Fourth. I still thought that the whole thing could easily be a practical joke engineered by my C.I.A. pals, and that if I followed the trail in the paper chase they had laid out for me I would find them eventually and we would have that reunion and the barrel of laughs to which I've already referred. But by that time I didn't think there was anything funny about all this, and I had firmly resolved to surprise my old pals, if this reunion occurred, by boxing them smartly on the ears for fooling around and being a little *too* funny about something that might be extremely serious.

"However, as the morning went on, I told myself that when I came right down to it I had no real facts to communicate to the Intelligence people of my own country, and that the sensible thing for me to do was to go on about my business, not drink too much, keep a cool head, and have some fun. You see, in spite of these sub-surface anxieties about the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower, and possibly the Queen, I was still enjoying myself. In fact, I think I could almost say that up to this point my speculations about the possible plot, and the possibility that I might be somehow involved in the outer fringes of it, along with the third alternative that the whole thing might be a practical joke engineered by my C.I.A. pals, *added* to the good time I was having. It was as if I were listening to a symphony, the main theme of which was my vacation, and as if the main theme were rendered more exciting by three minor themes having to do with these three theories. In any case, it was now eleven o'clock, and I called up Mrs. Cameron and suggested that we go to Prestonfield House for lunch. She said fine, and offered to pick me up in her car at the hotel, but on an impulse I told her that I was going to be moving around, and that I would rather meet her there, if that would suit her. She agreed, and said she would meet me

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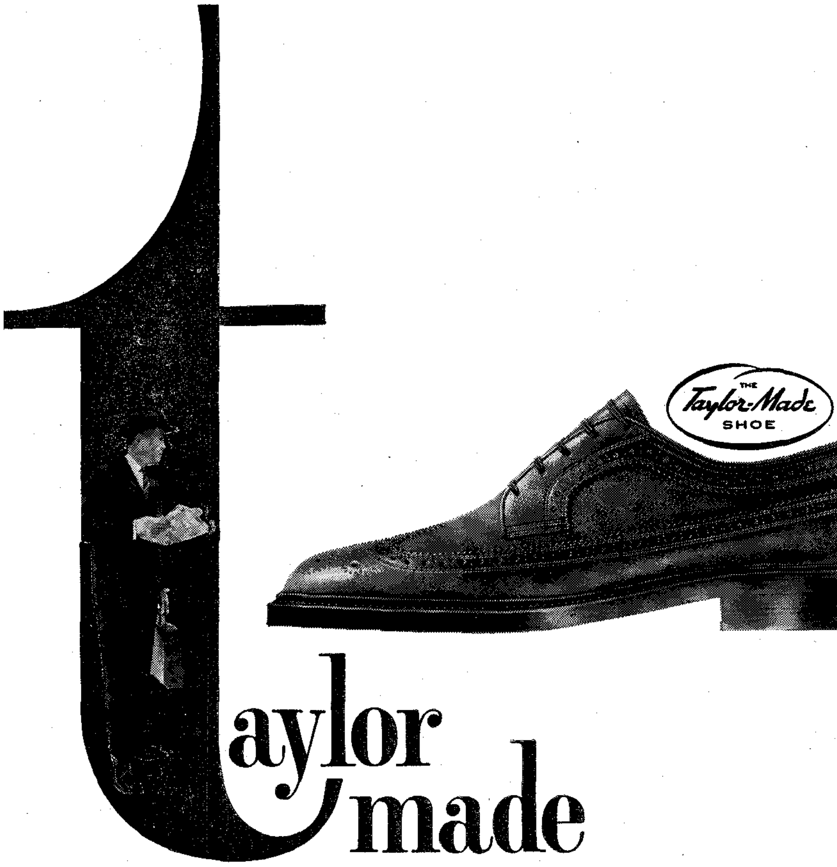

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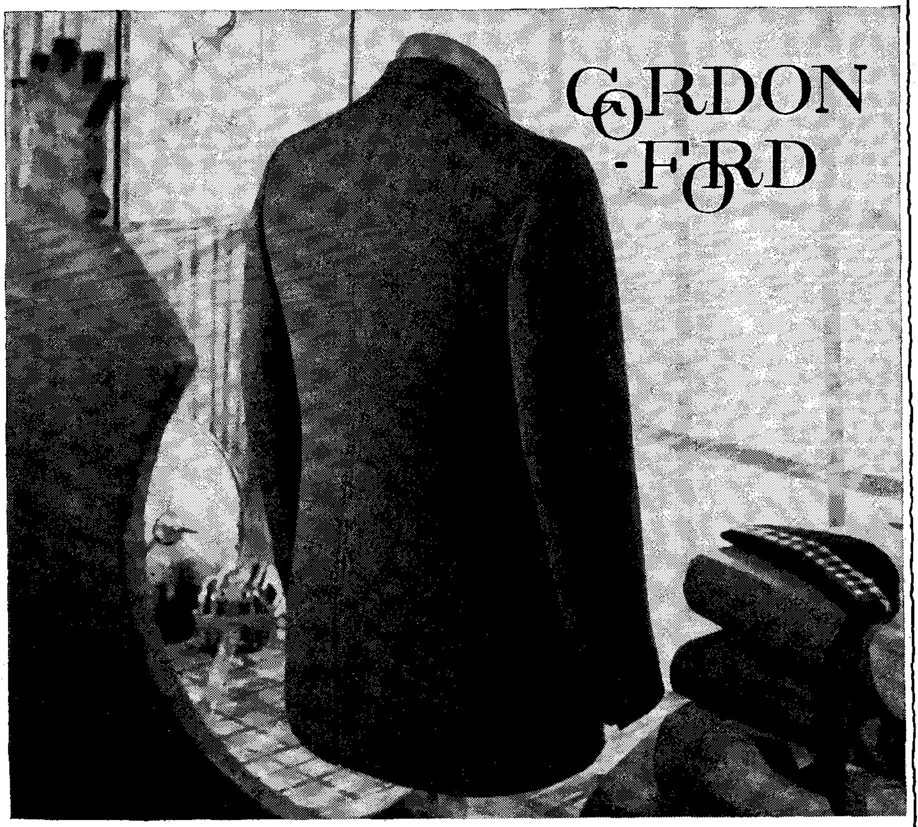

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there at one o'clock. The truth is that I had suddenly realized while I was speaking to her that I was jumpier than I thought, and that I didn't much want to go through another ride with her in her car, in spite of the fact that I was by then convinced that she was an excellent driver and as safe as houses.

"Soon after I hung up the phone, I put the morning *Scotsman* and the London *Times* under my arm, went over to Scott's, and had a half pint while reading them, until it was time to take a taxi to Prestonfield House. Mrs. Cameron was on time, and we had a pink gin in the Leather Room and ordered lunch. During our drink and the lunch, I told her a lot about myself, and she reciprocated. Among other things, she told me that she was Mr. Cameron's second wife, and that she had brought up his two daughters but that they had no children of their own. She said both her stepdaughters were married now, and she mentioned that one of them was married to an Englishman who had an important post in the British Atomic Energy Commission. She didn't go into detail about this, and I didn't question her about it. We enjoyed talking to each other, and when our main course came and I was looking at the wine list, I was feeling very gay and relaxed, and I suggested that we have a bottle of champagne, explaining that I had just finished a piece of work and felt like celebrating.

" 'Oh, I wouldn't dare,' she said. 'But then again, perhaps I would. Let's compromise and have a half bottle between us.'

"I ordered a half bottle. And then Mrs. Cameron said something that disturbed me at the time and disturbed me even more later on. She said, 'You know, you have a really remarkable resemblance to the male members of the British Royal Family. You look amazingly like the Duke of Gloucester, and I'll wager that when you were younger you looked very much like the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales.'

"I laughed, and said that, as a matter of fact, many people had told me in my youth that I did resemble the then Prince of Wales, but that I thought it was mostly because of my small, short nose.

"However, Mrs. Cameron said again that I could easily pass for the Duke of Gloucester, and, as she put it, 'with a bit of makeup and by shaving off your mustache, you could even pass for the Duke of Edinburgh.' When she said this, I tingled all over with some kind of intense anxiety or perception, and it flashed through my head that the plot I'd been brooding about and trying to dismiss

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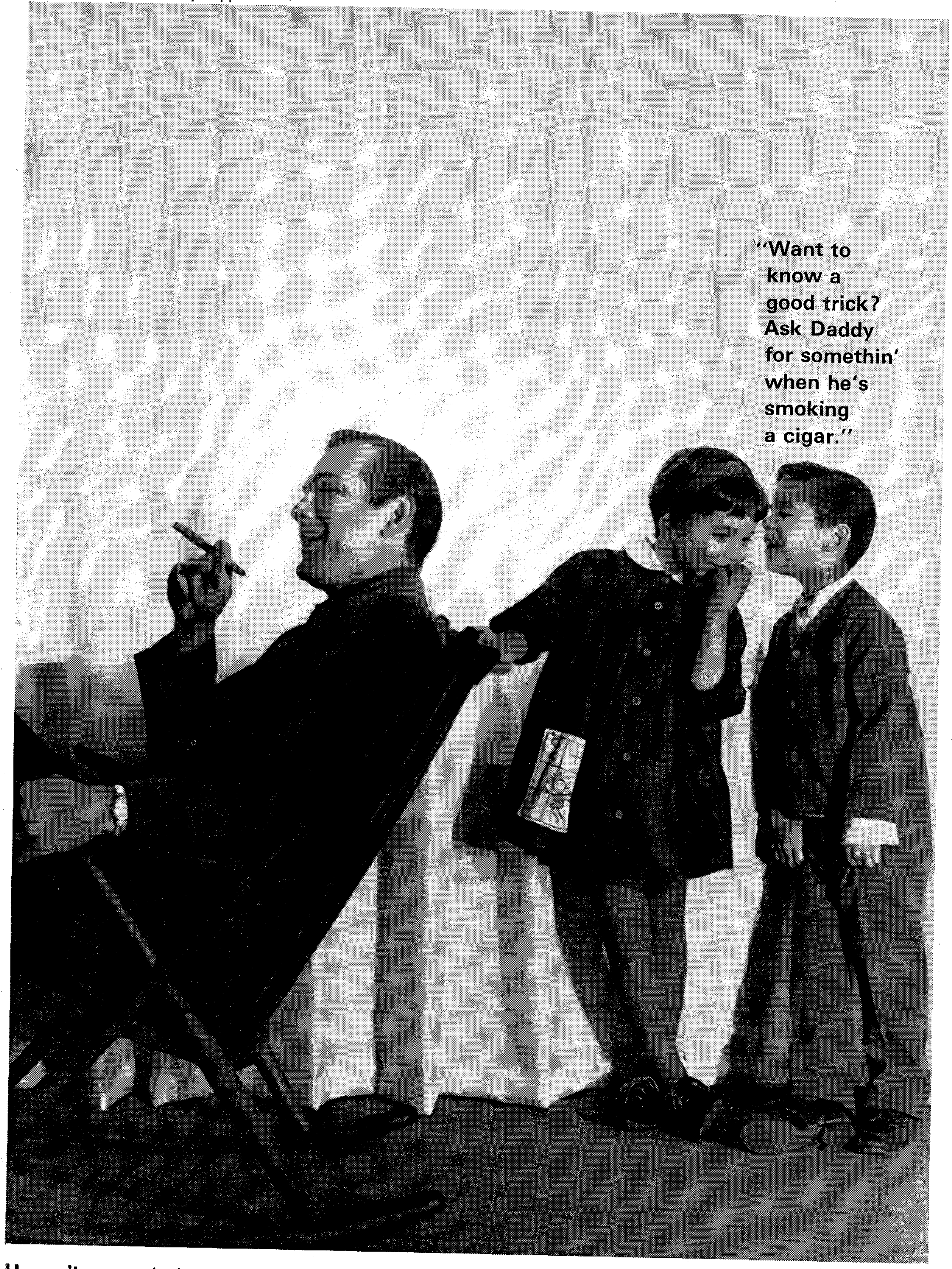
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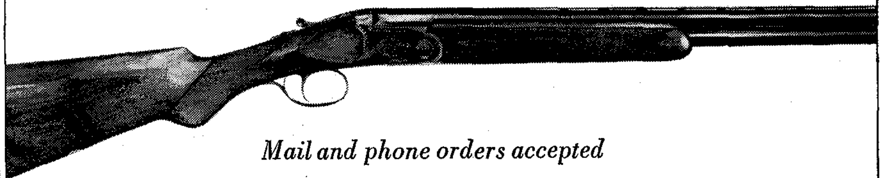

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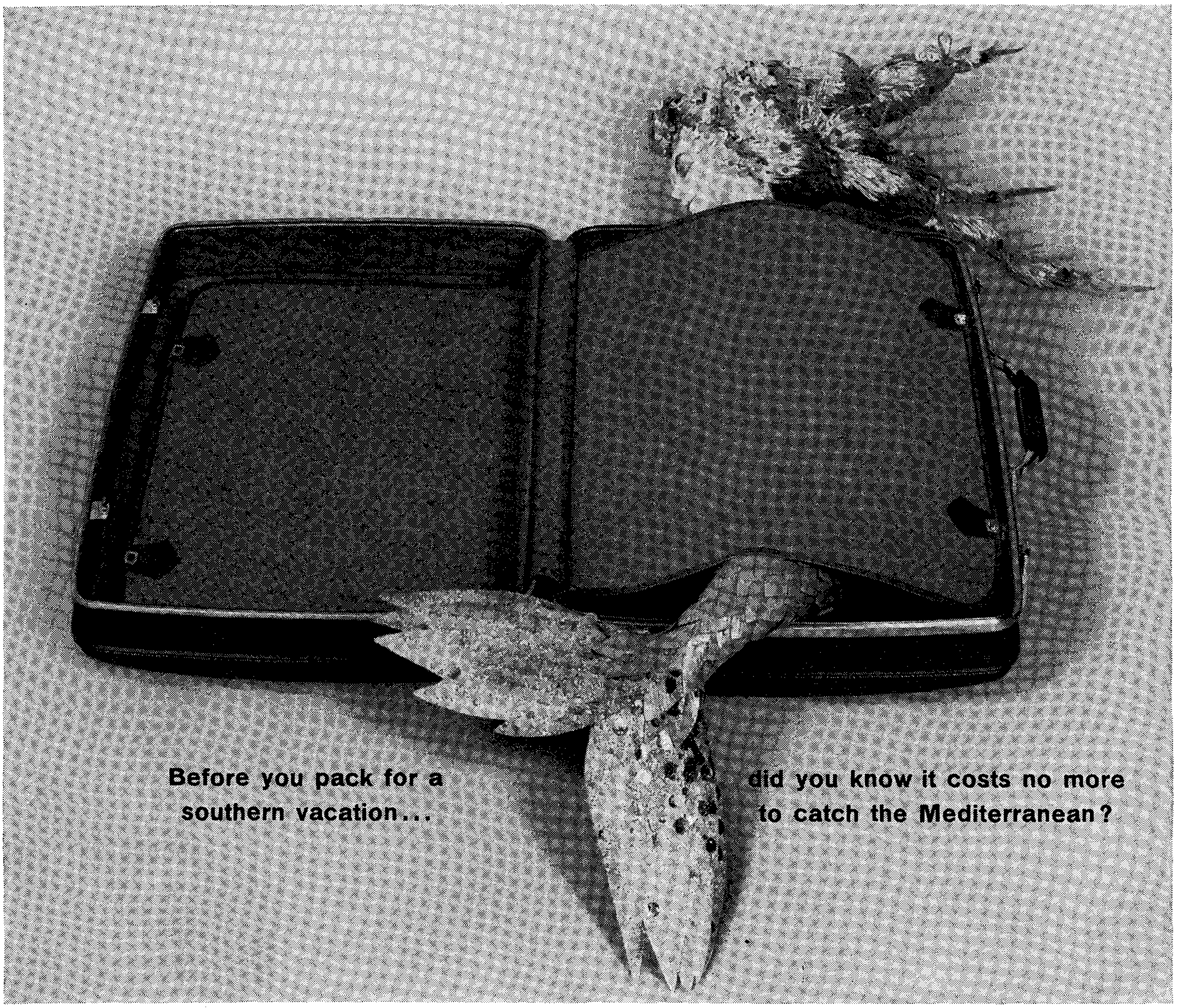
from my mind included some complex maneuver, either by our side or by the other side, in which I was to be used as a stand-in of some sort for the Queen's husband, and that Mrs. Cameron was indicating this to me to see how I would react to it.

" 'My favorite in the Royal Family,' said Mrs. Cameron, 'is the Princess Royal—Mary. The Queen's aunt, you know. She's highly intelligent and well read and perfectly charming. I feel I'm lucky to know her. I wish I could arrange for you to meet her, and perhaps I can if she comes up here with the Queen after we get back from London. The Queen usually comes in August, you know.'

"This stuck in my mind, too, for more reasons than one, but otherwise, in every respect, we finished lunch much as we'd begun it. Mrs. Cameron said she and her husband were leaving for London the next day but were coming back in four or five days. I told her that an old friend of mine—a lady—was flying over from Paris in a few days to visit Edinburgh for the first time, and that I hoped the four of us could get together. I told her who the lady was and that she was coming by way of Dublin. Mrs. Cameron said that she and her husband would love to get together with us, and I said I would telephone her sometime the following week. I told her I had half a notion to move from the Roxburghe to a room at Prestonfield House, if there was a vacancy, and that I was going to talk to Mrs. Oliver about it later on. Mrs. Cameron said she had a lot of shopping to do, and packing besides, and I saw her out to her car. I kissed her on the cheek, she waved goodbye, and that was the last I ever saw of her.

"I went back into the hotel and found Mrs. Oliver, and it turned out that she would have two rooms available the day after my friend expected to arrive. I told Mrs. Oliver who my friend was, and she said we could have the two rooms for as long as we liked. One room was on the ground floor and the other was on the third floor. The occupants of both rooms were out, and Mrs. Oliver showed them to me. Both of them were large, square, comfortable double bedrooms, and both of them had open grates in them. I told Mrs. Oliver that I was sure my friend would like this place as much as I did, and that for a stay of a couple of weeks or more I thought we would both like it better than the Roxburghe—fond as I was of the Roxburghe. So I made the reservations definite, and that was that. I asked Mrs. Oliver what was the best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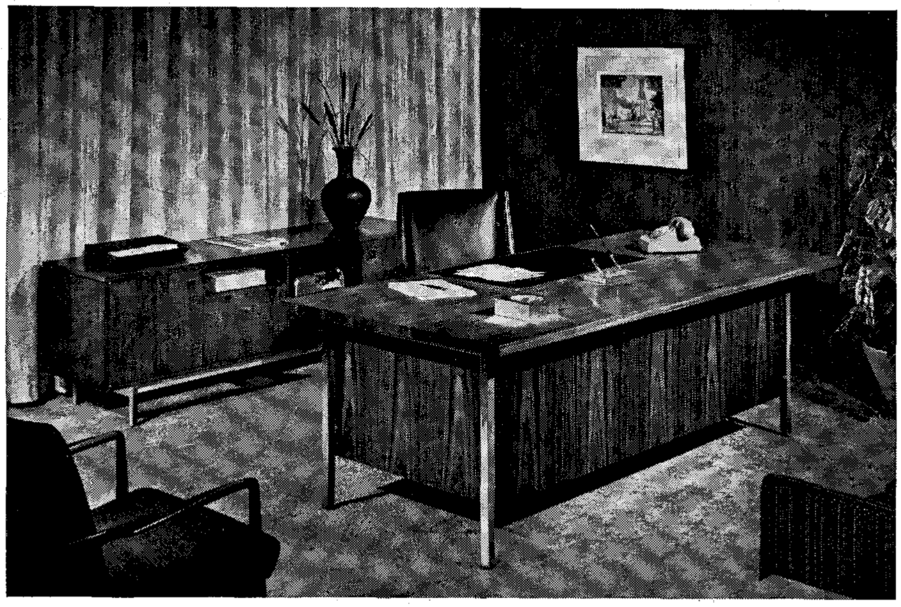

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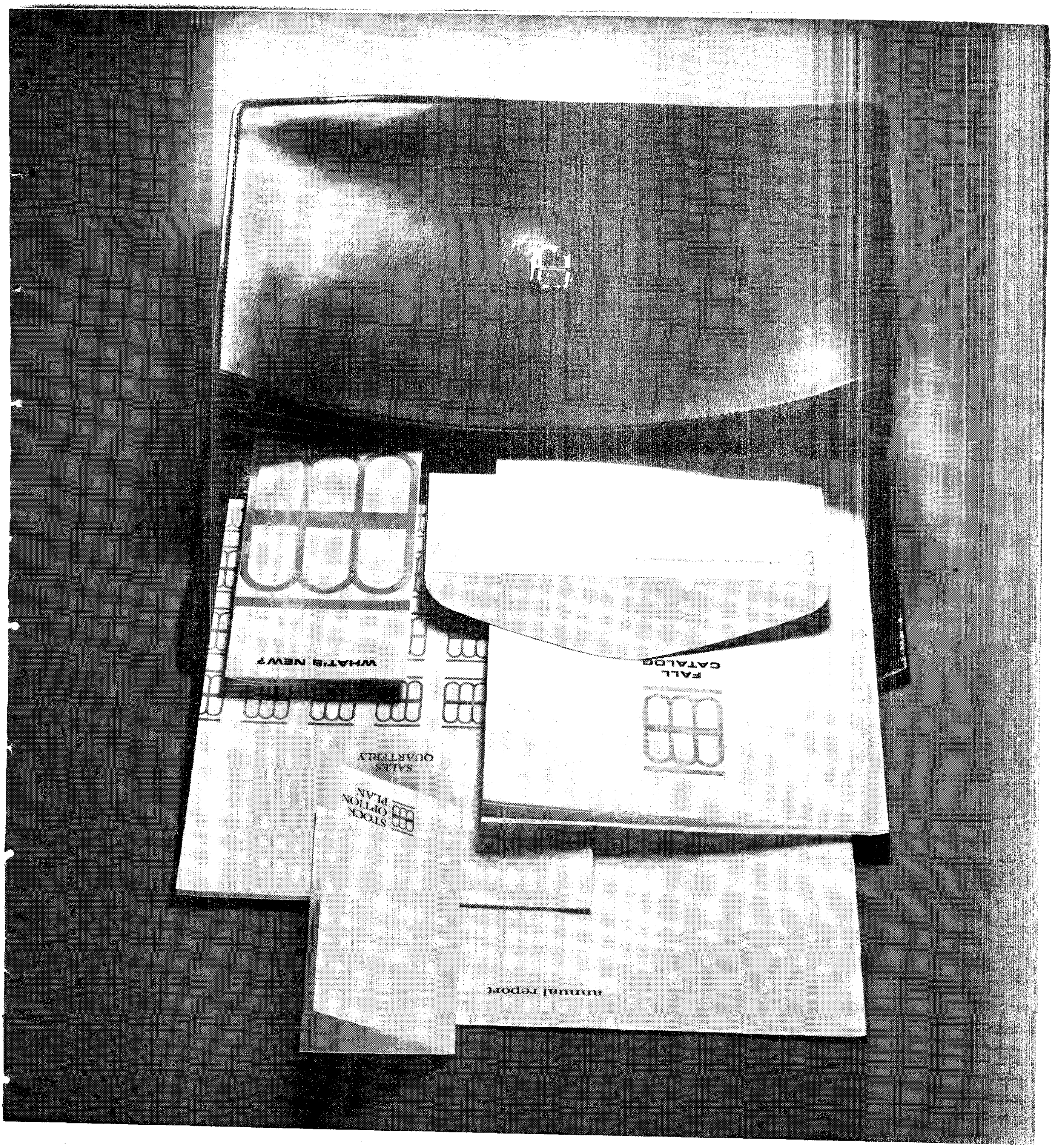
way to get a taxi, and she said that she would call for one for me—that there was an outfit named Radiocabs, Ltd., which she had found first class, and that they usually managed to get a car there within a few minutes, because all the cabs were equipped with short-wave radios and the drivers kept in constant communication with the dispatcher in Edinburgh. The taxi got there promptly."

"Would you go ahead now with what happened the rest of that day, please?"

"Sure. The driver of this taxi was by far the most accomplished character actor I had met in Scotland up to that time. His name was MacKaye, the same as that of the Tweeddale Arms proprietor but spelled differently. He had a speech impediment that would have made the late Arnold Bennett consider himself a smooth talker. This driver couldn't have been more than five feet tall, his face looked sort of like a composite of the faces of Disney's seven dwarfs, and he had a chipper and sunny disposition. I took a liking to him straight off, and, on an impulse, told him to drive me out to Kirknewton, which was the American airbase in the near environs of Edinburgh. I just thought I would see what kind of base it was. And perhaps see some Air Force people for the fun of it. But as soon as I told him to drive there, my anxiety began to increase, and by the time we got there—it was a fifteen-minute ride—I had decided to ask to see the intelligence officer at the base and get this whole load of cloak-and-dagger material off my chest.

"At the entrance to the base proper was a gate guarded by two American Air Force sentries, and I told them that I was an American journalist and a former lieutenant colonel in the Air Force, and that I would like to see the intelligence officer. The sentries called a sergeant, who was in a sort of gatehouse there, and the sergeant told me that there wasn't any intelligence officer at this base. I asked to see the Officer of the Day, and the sergeant made a telephone call and pretty soon a major appeared. I told the major the same thing I'd told the sentries, and he said that the nearest Air Force Intelligence officer was at Prestwick, which is some seventy miles away from Edinburgh, on the west coast. I asked him who was commanding the Kirknewton base, and he said that Colonel Scott was the commander but that Colonel Scott was going back to the United States almost immediately and was being replaced by Colonel Gragg. He said that if I badly wanted to see Colonel Scott I would probably find him at Price's Ho-



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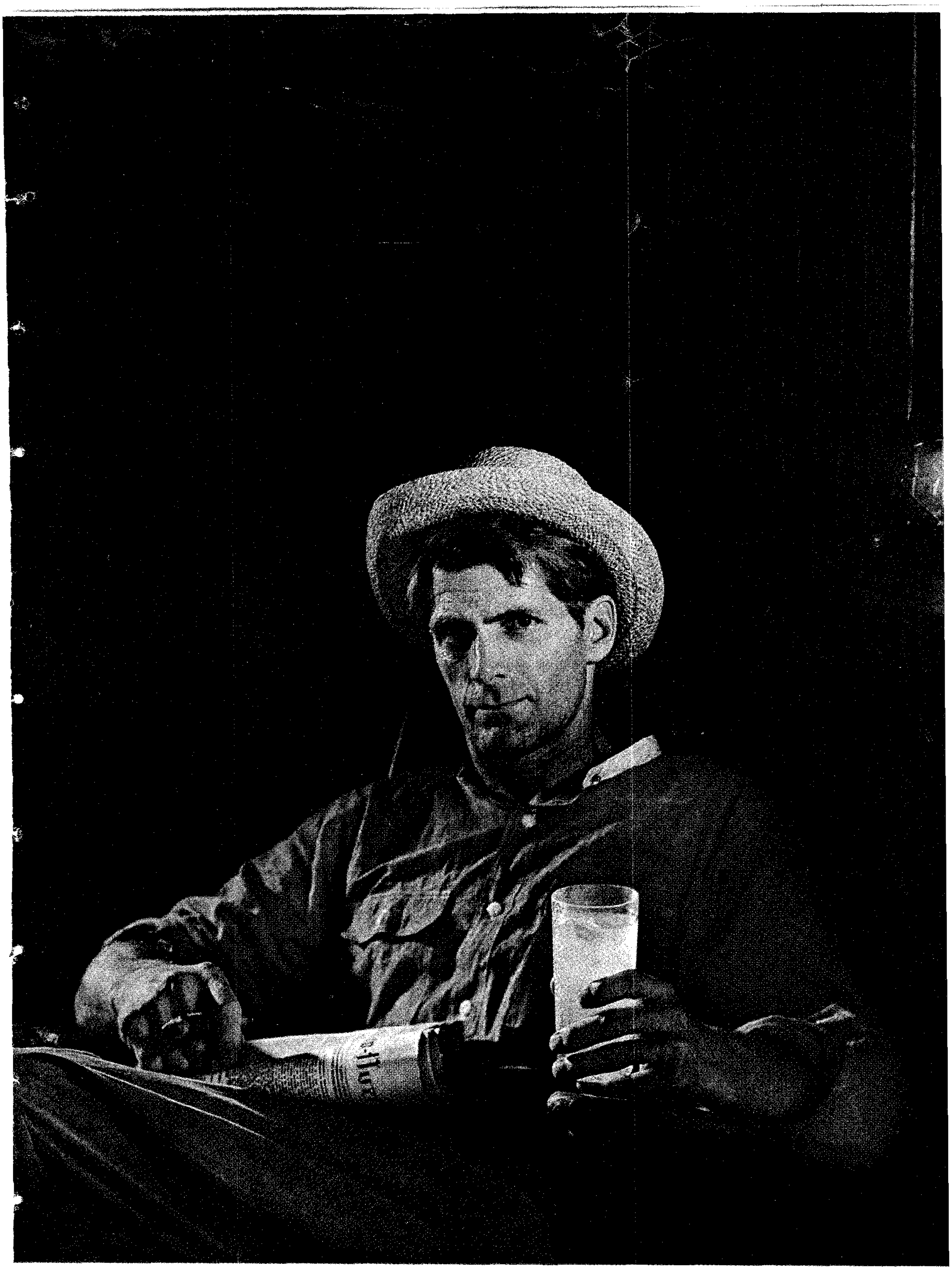
tel, in Edinburgh, where most of the officers stayed unless they had permanent quarters with their families. I told him I didn't know whether I would need to see Colonel Scott or not, and thanked him and got back into my taxi. By this time, I was telling myself again that I was being foolish. I felt like having a drink somewhere in the countryside, but all the pubs and all the bars of the inns were closed between three and five, and it was now exactly three. So we went back to the Roxburghe, and by the time I got there I didn't feel the need of a drink any more, and I went up to my room and had my usual nap. When I'd paid the driver, I had told him I would like to be able to call him again when I wanted to ride around the environs of Edinburgh, and he gave me a Radiocab card with his name written on it. This is the card.

"After my nap, I decided to go to Price's Hotel, see what it was like, and talk to Colonel Scott if I felt like doing so when I got there. Price's turned out to be a small hotel in a converted house on Abercrombie Place, and although it had been pretty much taken over by officers of our Air Force, it was open to the public, like any other hotel. When I got there, nobody was in the little bar, but sitting on the bar was a bell of the kind you bang on and a sign that said 'For Service, Sound the Bell,' so I sounded the bell and a Scotswoman appeared. She went behind the bar and said good afternoon and asked me what I would have. I asked for a wee Scotch, and while she was serving it a couple of young officers came in, with women who were evidently their wives, and in a couple of minutes another officer came in, who had the eagles on his shoulders. I felt a little as if I were a civilian intruder in a military establishment, but they were chatting among themselves about the Edinburgh shops and the lovely weather, and—just as the Scots do in pubs—they seemed to include me in their conversation. Soon I was chatting with them and telling them that I used to be an Air Force officer myself. 'As a matter of fact,' I said at one point, 'I was thinking of looking up Colonel Scott. I had a notion I might have known him during the last war.'

" 'Well,' said the colonel, grinning at me, 'have you ever seen me before?'

" 'I guess not,' I said. 'I must have been thinking about another officer named Scott.'

" 'There are a good many of us in the Air Force,' he said. 'Anyway, my name's Scott,' he went on, and offered me his hand, and then introduced me to the two young officers and their



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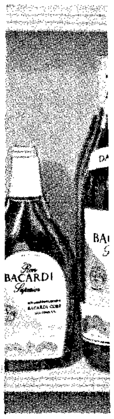

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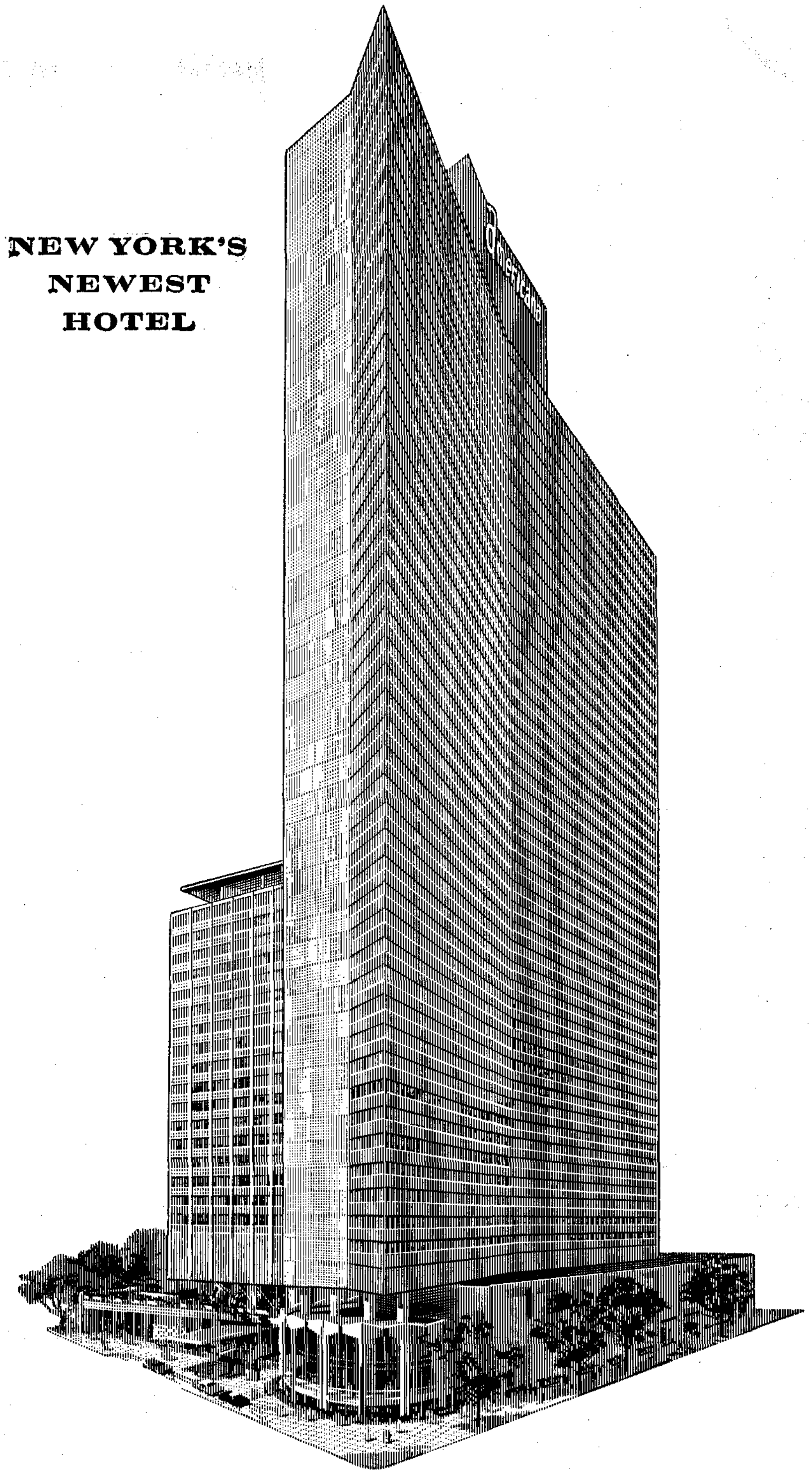

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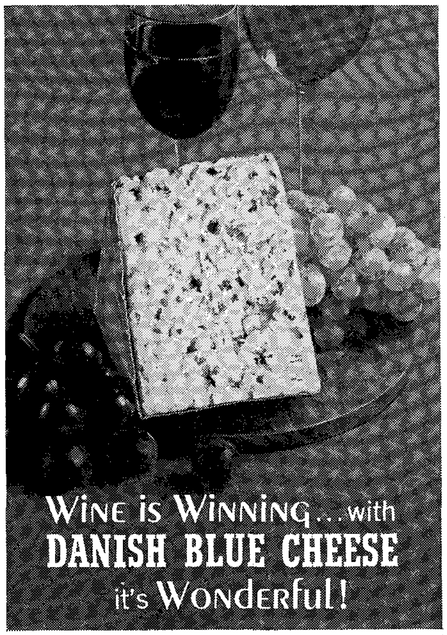
Cooper, and told him I was driving over there and wanted to see him. He said he'd be there all night. I had stuffed in my inside jacket pocket all the notes and chits and memoranda containing names and addresses, and so on, that I thought were pertinent, and I found myself calmed down after having made the decision to go to Prestwick. I was by no means drunk, or even tipsy, but the two Martinis had certainly had a stimulating effect. And all my antennae, so to speak, seemed to have reached a high point of sensitivity. The note from the young fellow named J. George Kight and the radical views he'd expressed that Wednesday night after I left the Press Club seemed to be particularly on my mind, and when I got in the car I told the driver I wanted to stop for five or ten minutes at the Edinburgh International House, which Kight had given as his address. I'm not sure exactly what I had in mind, but I wanted to see what the International House was like, and I probably had a notion that I might run into Kight there and be able to make up my mind whether he was just a nice young fellow who had, in a way, befriended me, or whether he was still another part of this damn cloak-and-dagger business.

"The International House turned out to be on the upper floors of a large old building at the lower end of Princes Street, and I knew nothing about it except that it was a club of some sort to which almost anybody could belong who was visiting Edinburgh from another country and was not an ordinary tourist. After climbing three flights of stairs, I introduced myself to the Scotswoman at the reception desk, gave her one of my cards, and told her that I was interested in seeing what the club was like. She told me that she would be happy to have one of the club officers show me around, and she also said that I could join the club for a few shillings if I knew of one member who could vouch for me. I told her I knew Mr. Kight, and she said that he hadn't come in yet but that she knew where she could get hold of him at once by telephone and that she would be glad to do so. In the meantime, she introduced me to a gentleman whose name I didn't take down, and he showed me through several crowded rooms, in which men and women of every conceivable nationality, race, and color were to be seen. When we returned to the reception desk, Kight had arrived, breathless from running up the stairs, and he shook my hand warmly, after which I paid the few shillings and got my membership card. He asked me to come into the



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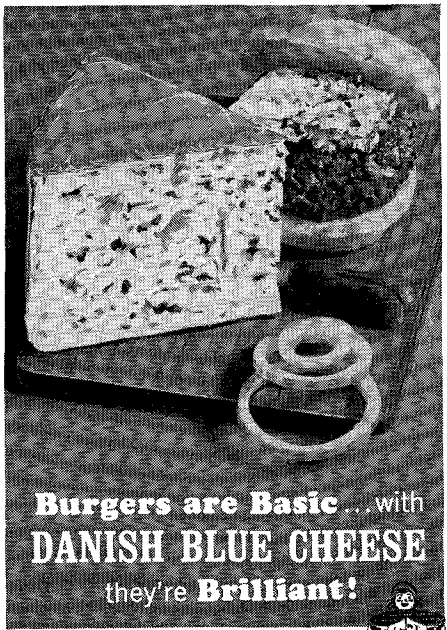

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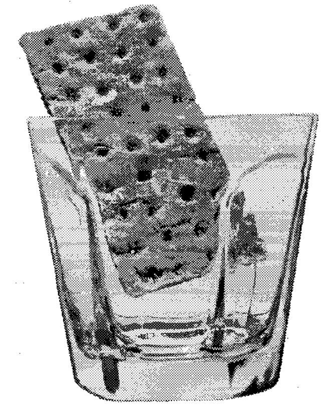

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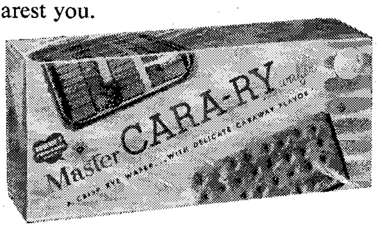

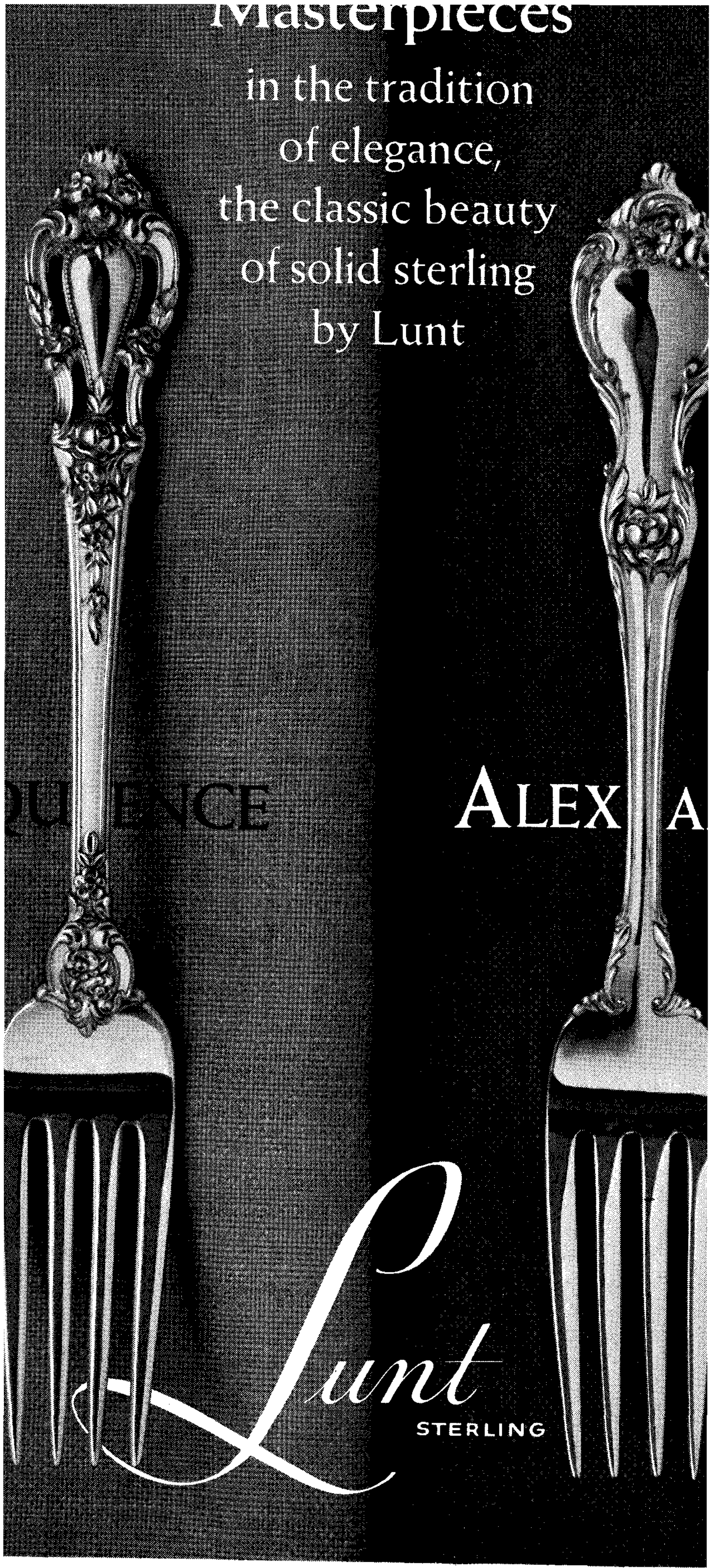
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bar with him and have a drink, and I followed him, and ordered a bottle of Heineken's Dutch beer after he had shown me the long list of alcoholic and soft drinks, from just about every country in the world, which were one of the features of the club. He introduced me to three or four young men and women, from China, Africa, France, and so on, and soon I was knee-deep in a spirited conversation about the much talked-about forthcoming summit conference between Eisenhower and Khrushchev, and was being asked a lot of questions as to what I thought might come of it and whether it would be good or bad for the free world. This was not a round-buying group, I was glad to find; everybody seemed to go Dutch at the International House. I finished my beer and offered another to Kight, explaining that I had to be on my way, because I had an appointment, but he declined, saying that the one he'd bought me was the traditional welcome to International House. And then he said—surprisingly, I thought—'Perhaps you'd care for a glass of milk.' He went on to say, 'Milk is splendid stuff. Milk-drinking is an American custom that we are adopting more and more over here in Scotland. You'll find a great many of the young people over here drinking milk, just the way I understand they do in America.' I said goodbye to them all, and as I left, Kight said, 'Be sure to try the Scotch milk, sir. It's awfully good milk.'

"I got back into my car, and found that I felt highly excited but not anxious. I determined to try to calm down completely on the drive to Prestwick and not to stop at a pub on the way there, which I certainly would have done under ordinary circumstances on such a drive. It was a honey of a car, a Mercedes, apparently brand-new, and upholstered in real leather of a dark maroon shade. It was a limousine, though a small one, and it was as comfortable as a Rolls. The chauffeur was a tall, gaunt Scot about my age, dressed in a chauffeur's cap and a long, dark overcoat. I'd already found out that his name was Hunter. When he saw me coming out of the International House, he jumped out and saluted and held the door open for me. I had told him when we started out that I wanted to go to the American Air Force base at Prestwick, and as we got under way, and he was about to close the glass between his seat and mine, I asked him if he had served in the British armed forces during the last war. He said that he had—that he had been a noncommissioned officer in the Royal Scots Regi-

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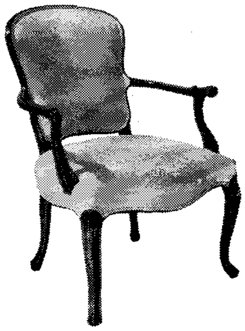

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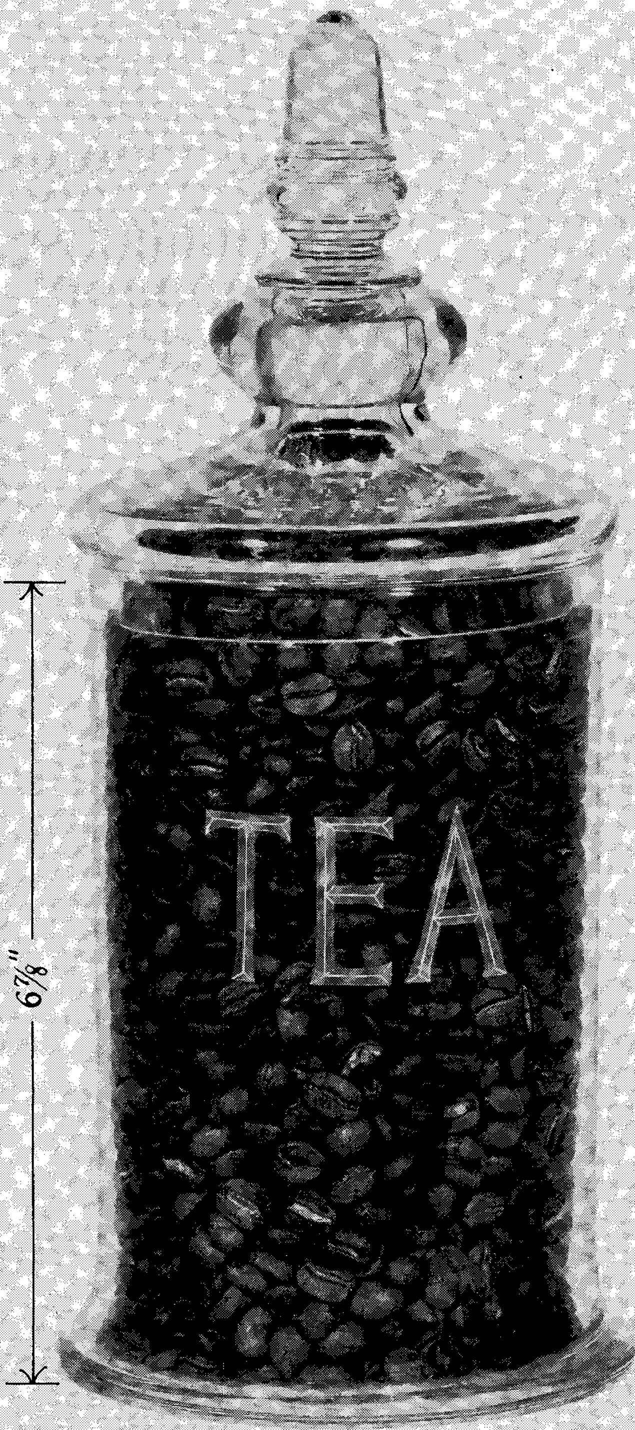

ANNOUNCING:
THE SALADA TEA COMPANY'S 70TH ANNIVERSARY COFFEE BEAN GUESSING BEE!

"What does one give a tea company on its seventieth birthday?", is a question you may have asked yourself many times. A necktie perhaps? A pair of monogrammed bagging machines? We think not. Besides, we already have everything. Rather, we should like to turn the tables and give something to you in gratitude for the billions of cups of Salada you have brewed, collectively speaking, over the past seventy years. Accordingly, we take delight in announcing: The Salada Tea Company's 70th Anniversary Coffee Bean Guessing Bee! HERE ARE THE GROUND RULES: the person hazarding the closest guess as to how many coffee beans are contained in the glass tea canister at the left, wins the sterling silver tea service pictured below, a year's supply of Salada Tea, the tea canister and beans themselves! If you're wondering "why coffee beans", you should try counting tea leaves sometime. Besides; while tea leaves make a far superior drink, coffee beans have the edge entertainment-wise. For example you may, of some long winter's evening,

(CONTINUED IN LOWER LEFT HAND BOX)

(CONTINUED FROM UPPER RIGHT HAND BOX)

do the following fun things with the beans just like on TV: (1) pour them into a mountain (2) run your fingers through them (3) scoop them up to your face (4) cascade them into the lens of your 8 mm home movie camera. Having played with the beans you may then discard them, or make them into bean bags for all the children in the neighborhood as the case may be, and get down to business. Fill up your tea canister with the Salada Tea, get out your sterling silver tea service and prepare yourself for the most terrific cup of tea you've ever had. (We hope you will permit us a bit of boasting, it being our birthday and all.) One final word: Should you prefer your Salada in bulk form, please do not run your fingers through our ambrosial blend. Our leaves are rather fine and rare and may bruise easily. Coffee beans are for playing with . . . tea leaves are for brewing.

The Salada Tea Co., Woburn, Mass.

Dear Sirs: As near as I can make out there are __________ coffee beans in the tea canister. If my guess comes closest, I understand I will win the Sterling Silver Tea service pictured above, the tea canister, the coffee beans and a year's supply of Salada Tea. If my guess comes second or third closest, you promise I will win a year's supply of Salada Tea, at least. I prefer bags ( ) bulk ( ). I understand the beans have been counted and are being held by BRINKS INC. (By the way, isn't it rather odd for a tea company to mention the word coffee in an ad?)

Yours truly,

(NAME)__________________________

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ment. I asked him why he had saluted me, and he said that he took me to be an American officer. I then told him to get to Prestwick as fast as he could without violating any speed laws, and added that I thought I might take a nap on the way there. Without saying anything, he instantly drew up at the curb, jumped out, opened the back door of the car, and showed me how to raise the armrest that divided the back seat in two. Then he put up one of the jump seats, so that I could rest my feet on it, and called my attention to a leather pillow on which I could put my head. He jumped back in the car again and closed his window, and I was soon stretched out smoking a cigarette and feeling very relaxed indeed. Before I dropped off to sleep, I had a clear idea in the back of some of my heads that this was an American Air Force staff car and that Colonel Scott had told Mr. Ross to ask for it for me if I said I wanted a car to go to Prestwick. I slept off and on during the fast, smooth ride to Prestwick.

"When we got to Prestwick, the driver opened his window and asked me if I wanted to go to the Operations Building at the American Air Force base or to some other building. I told him to see if he could find out where the Officers' Club was, having decided that that would be a good place from which to call the intelligence officer and tell him I had arrived. The base didn't seem to be guarded by sentries but was more like a public airport, and the driver got directions from a couple of passing American officers in uniform and drove along a number of side roads and then drew up at what seemed to be the back entrance of a long, low building. He jumped out and opened the door for me and said that the Officers' Club was inside. I have never been sure whether this was actually an officers' club or not. It was crowded with officers and men in uniform, some of them with parachutes on their backs, and there were also a good many men in civilian clothes who were obviously air travellers. Except behind the various counters, there were no women in the room. There were counters at which beer and snacks and coffee and milk and other soft drinks could be had. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to me or asked for credentials of any kind, but I couldn't tell whether this was because I had come in the back door or whether it was a place that was open to the public anyway. There were slate bulletin boards showing incoming and outgoing flights of military transports, and at one counter, presided over by an American girl in a Waf uniform, there was a tele-

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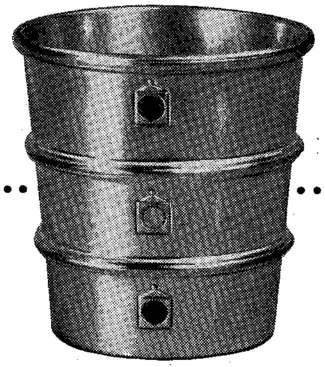

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phone instrument. I told the Waf I wanted to get in touch with the base intelligence officer, and she indicated the phone and said just to ask for him. I did, and Lieutenant Cooper came on. He asked me where I was, and I told him that I didn't know but that I would put the Waf on and she could tell him. I handed the phone to her and asked her if she would tell the Lieutenant where he could find me, and after a short conversation with the Lieutenant she hung up the phone and said that he would be over in about ten minutes.

"I went to one of the refreshment counters and ordered a glass of milk. At this point, I found myself suddenly overwhelmed by a distinct conviction that 'milk' was a code word of some sort, and I felt under what I now recognize as an inescapable compulsion not only to order the glass of milk and drink it but to circulate among the military and civilian personnel, who, I could tell from the operations board, were waiting to resume a flight to Paris that had started at New York, and to keep bringing the word 'milk' into my conversations with them. I felt surely and definitely that Cameron, who advised me to drink milk after the accident, intended for me to do this, or else that Kight had somehow put this bug in my ear. It seemed to me that my carrying of this milk message to Garcia, so to speak, was intended either to bring about the cancellation of some kind of secret air operation involving Paris or to speed it on its way. Then, in a shorter time than it takes to tell it, I got over the feeling of inescapable compulsion and told myself that this milk business was idiotic, but I nevertheless circulated and made such remarks as 'They certainly have good milk here,' and 'I just had a glass of milk and I think I'll have another.' I was no longer in the least panicky but was falling into this cloak-and-dagger role of mine in a sort of deadpan, humorous way, which I figured was harmless if my message meant nothing but would get the message over if by some chance it did mean something. And I would soon be telling the Lieutenant all about it. In any case, I had another glass of milk and went back to the Waf's counter, where, in a few more minutes, Lieutenant Cooper found me and introduced himself.

" 'It took you long enough to get here,' said the Lieutenant, and I sensed that while he intended to remain open-minded about me and my mission, he was a trifle irritated at having been got out of bed by me at such a late hour. He took me into a small office in the

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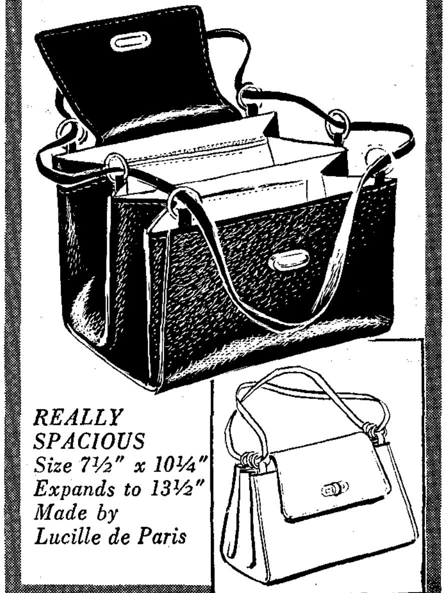

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same building, which was obviously his own office, and there I got out my memoranda and told him my story, making it as clear to him as I could that I had every reason to think I had simply run into a series of perfectly innocent people and circumstances in which there was nothing out of the ordinary, but that I felt I ought to tell him about it just on the long chance that I had stumbled on something that might fit in with other things known to him or to the Central Intelligence Agency people, with whom I presumed he was in touch. When I had finished, I told him that I thought he ought to know that I had blown my top once during the Second World War, when I was on General LeMay's staff on Guam, and that the form this top-blowing had taken was that I had accused Admiral Nimitz of high treason in an official teletype message to the Pentagon from LeMay's headquarters. His manner changed when I told him about that, but, to my surprise, it changed for the better. He said that he'd heard that story—that, in fact, it was a 'legend' in the Air Force, and that it was a pleasure to meet me. I told him that, of course, this idea of mine that something strange was going on in and around Edinburgh might have no basis at all except my hypersensitivity, but that it certainly was a relief to me to get it all off my chest. And I asked him what he would do with what I had told him. He said it would go forward from him through channels, and I asked him if that meant that the Air Force and the C.I.A. in Washington would be on the other end of one of those channels, and he said they would indeed. I thanked him, and told him I hoped I hadn't kept him up too late on what was probably a wild-goose chase, and he said not to give it a second thought—that I had done exactly what I should have done under the circumstances, and that, for all he knew, what I had told him might be of real importance. He shook hands with me, and I started back to Edinburgh, feeling that whether or not the young Lieutenant was simply humoring an old, somewhat unstable Air Force man, the whole thing was now out of my lap and in his, and I could resume my vacation and my enjoyment of it."

"And did you enjoy yourself, Colonel?" asked the general.

"Not exactly, General—at least, not all the time."

"Did you go on with your writing work?"

"No. I couldn't expect a very quick response from my office after cabling them the piece on Ethel Merman—since

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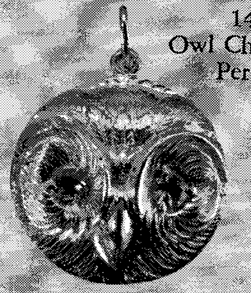

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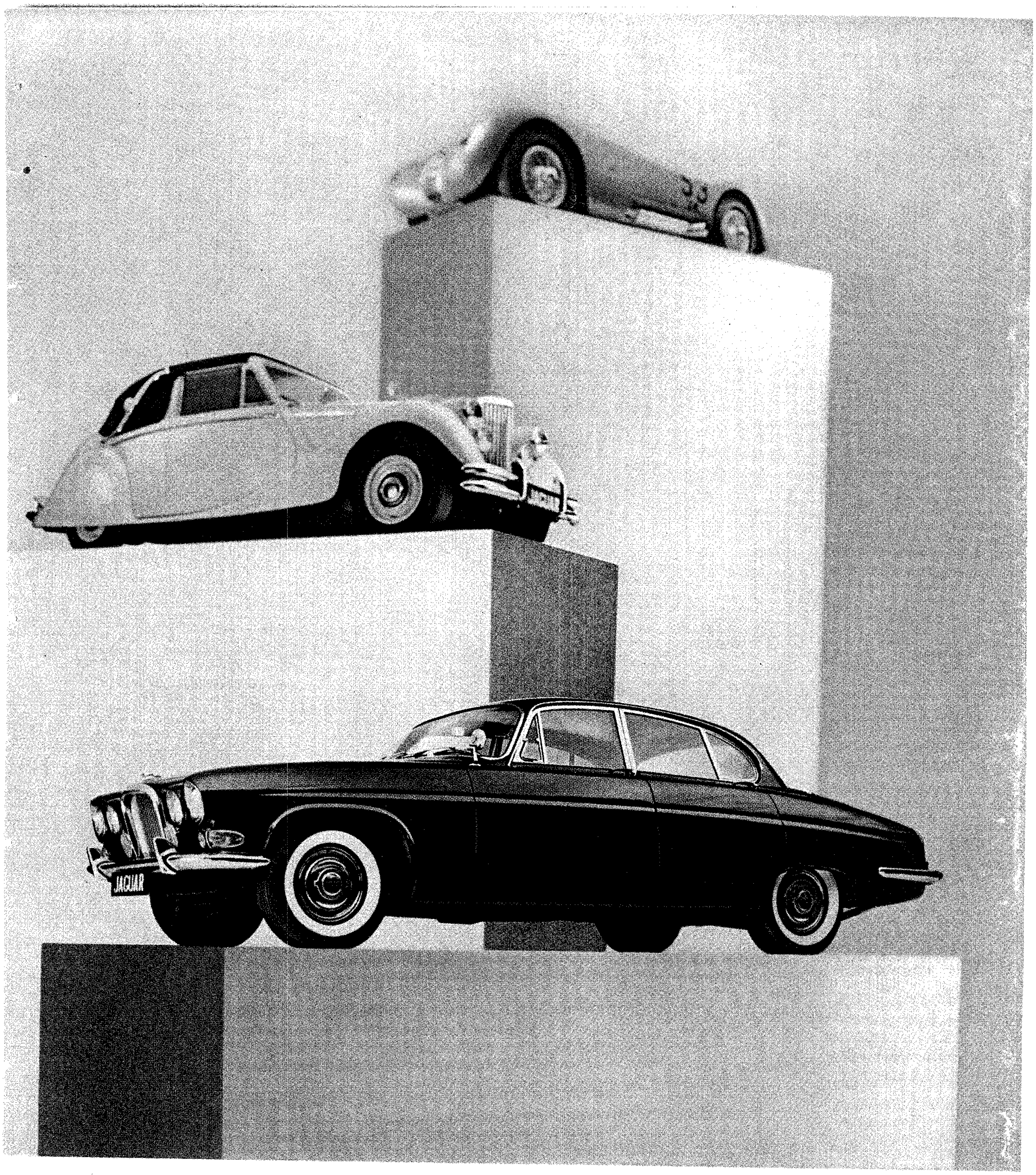

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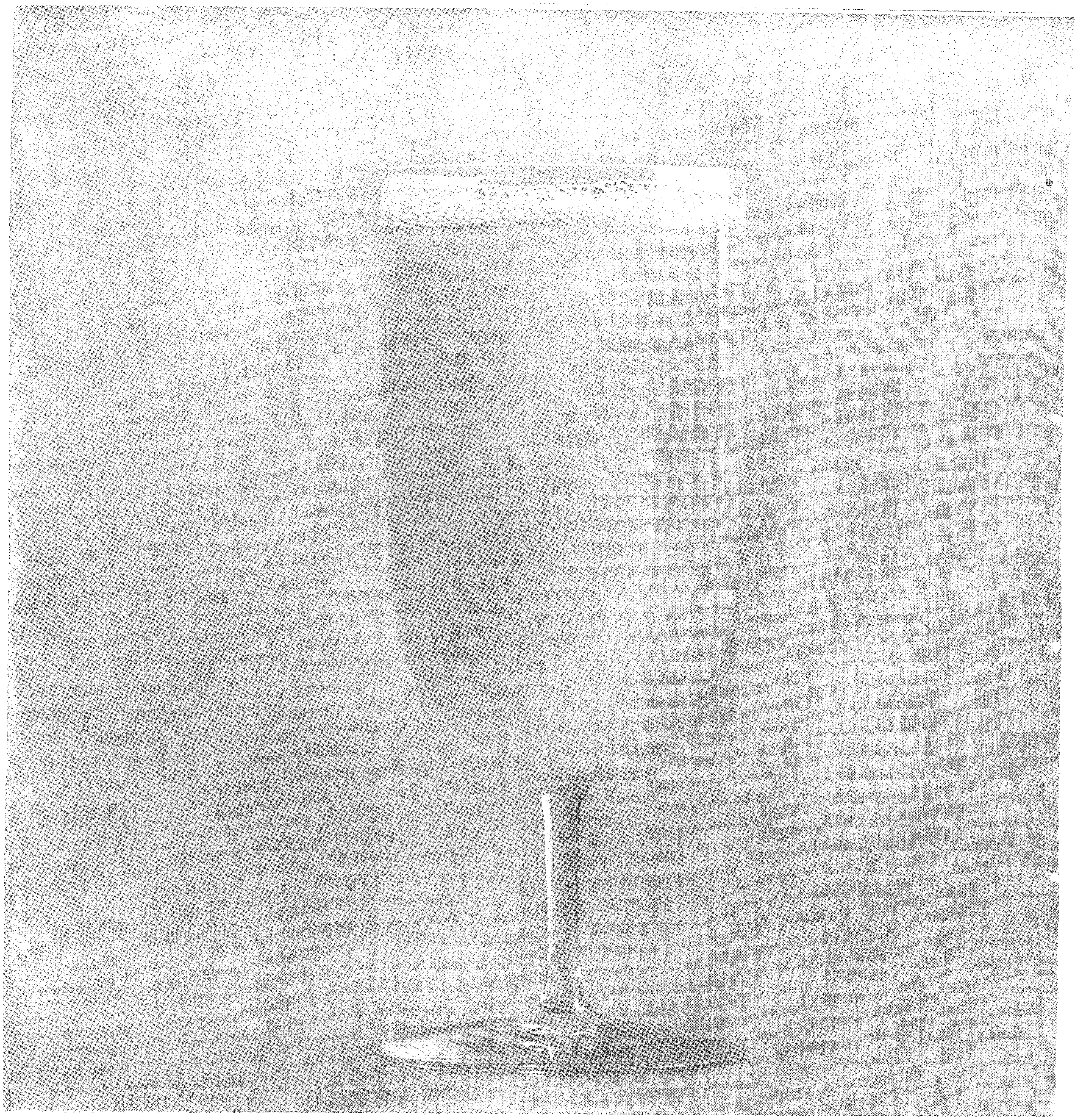

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PUERTO RICAN RUM 80 PROOF WHITE OR GOLD LABEL GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22 it was not the kind of piece an editor could make up his mind about in a hurry—yet I was anxious to know. I read it over the next morning and I saw that it was too wild—that while it had been a good enough idea, what I had sent them really represented a rough draft, rather than a finished, polished, acceptable piece. By this time, it seemed that months had gone by since I visited the village of Dollar, and for one reason or another I kept putting off writing that piece. Anyway, I was also aware that my mood had been pretty damned high, and I decided to take things easy, forget about the cloak-and-dagger business and the possibility that my C.I.A. pals had been playing a practical joke on me, and otherwise try to get back on a steady beam. I got this four-page single-spaced memorandum from Miss Binning that I have in my hand here. To summarize, it says that she'd been unable to find any certain records pertaining to that medical ancestor of mine in the birth and marriage records of Glasgow that were easily available to her, but that she had turned up a good many other McKelways around Glasgow, Wigtown, and Kirkcudbright about 1780, who may or may not have been ancestors or cousins, or something. I paid her small bill and decided not to engage her to make a further and more costly search, partly because I was running low on cash. My friend from Paris was arriving in a few days."

"Colonel, I gather that you don't wish to talk about your friend from Paris, but you must realize that a thorough check was made on her, and, in fact, on all the people you told the Lieutenant at Prestwick about in connection with this Edinburgh caper, and that all the data is in your C.I.A. file in Washington."

"I see. Well, I'm still not going to call her by her true name. I'll call her Susie. But I will tell you about her connection with this thing—an innocent connection, needless to say—because it *is* part of the story, after all. I realize now, of course, that you already know that she is the daughter of a French diplomat who at present has a position of considerable importance in the French government and who was deeply involved in the underground movement in France during the war."

"Yes, Colonel. The C.I.A. would have known all that whether she had ever come to spend part of her vacation in Edinburgh at the time you were there or not. That goes without saying. But before we go into what happened after she arrived, perhaps you'd better fill us

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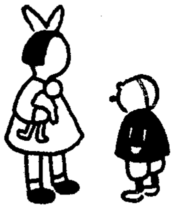
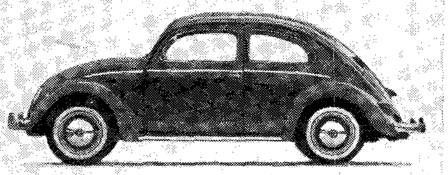
in on what happened *before* she arrived. That is, what happened during the next couple of days, after you got back from Prestwick."

"O.K., General. I went around much as before, and nothing happened out of the ordinary until I decided one morning, on an impulse, to call up that nice Radiocab driver I'd had before—the short one, with the speech impediment—and go down to Gifford again for lunch. I liked that village. I had made two copies of Mackay's letter from the Air Force wife and had given one to the Lieutenant at Prestwick, and I wanted to return the original to Mackay. And I also wanted to enjoy the peacefulness of Gifford without any cloak-and-dagger stuff on my mind. We set out in time to get there for lunch. On the way down, I again noticed that I was surrounded by license plates bearing the initials of dozens of people I knew in New York and in the Air Force, but I ignored them and revelled in the beauty of the scenery. At Gifford, I returned Mackay's letter to him, had a couple of drinks at his bar, and was eating my lunch peacefully and reading 'Sinister Street,' by Sir Compton Mackenzie, when I looked up and saw a woman sitting with another woman and a man at another table in the dining room. The woman had on a gold pin of a distinctive design—it was a gold pin made in the form of a tiny French horn—that happened to be exactly like a pin I had bought at Tiffany's the year before and given Susie for her birthday. I was at once overwhelmed by anxiety—this time, anxiety over Susie. I thought that she might have been kidnapped and that this might be the other side's way of showing me they had her. At the same time, of course, I told myself I was being absurd. Nevertheless, I left my table without waiting for the check and went outside to see what kind of car the threesome had come to Gifford in. There was a small limousine that looked like an exact replica of the one that had driven me to Prestwick, and I asked a villager if three people had just arrived in it. The villager said, 'Aye, it was two women and a man,' and added that they had gone into the dining room of the Tweeddale Arms, which I had just come out of. I asked where the driver was, and the villager said he was in the public bar. I tried the doors of the limousine. They were locked. I looked into the public bar and there was the driver I'd had—the one named Hunter—having a half pint. I then went into a panic, but it was what I suppose would be called a *controlled* panic. I walked quickly to the other inn, and went into its pub and told the proprietor that I wanted to call the police and asked him how to do it. He wanted to know what was wrong. I told him that it was too complicated to explain but that I wanted them in a hurry and that it was serious. He seemed impressed, and said he would call them—that there was a road-patrol headquarters a few miles away. I found MacKaye, my driver, and told him to stand by in his car and to be ready to go. Then I saw the two women and the man come out of the Tweeddale Arms dining room, and I joined them, making a casual remark about what a fine day it was for travellers. They said it certainly was. They were obviously American or Canadian. I asked them if they were tourists, and the man said that they were and that he was a doctor from Canada who was attending some medical conferences in Edinburgh. We chatted, as fellow-tourists do. The woman's pin hypnotized me, as it were. I introduced myself to them and got out a card, and the doctor got out one of *his* cards, and we agreed to have a drink together one day while he and his friends were still in Edinburgh. He said they were at the North British. I decided I'd have no trouble finding them again if I wanted them and if my suspicions turned out to be right, but I also decided to maintain my deadpan-American-journalist role and let them think that I wasn't suspicious—that I either hadn't noticed the distinctive pin or attached no significance to it.



"You see, General, I was by this time enveloped in suspicion and panic except for perhaps just one of my heads. This head kept telling me I was being absurd, and it managed to maintain a certain amount of control over the other heads. But the other heads were nevertheless pretty much in charge of me. I suddenly decided that the somewhat mysterious place Mrs. Cameron had mentioned that first evening—the one up in the Lammermuirs—was where I was now supposed to go, either to find my practical-joker friends or to find the leaders of the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower and the people who had captured Susie and were holding her as a hostage in order to make me do whatever it was they wanted me to do. Or my own Air Force people might be there. I told the doctor and the two women goodbye as Hunter drove them off in the limousine, and then I told my driver to see if he could find out where a small inn up in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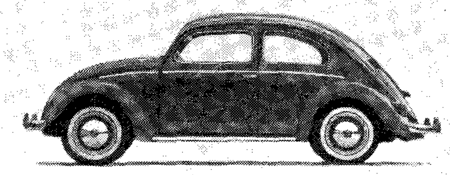
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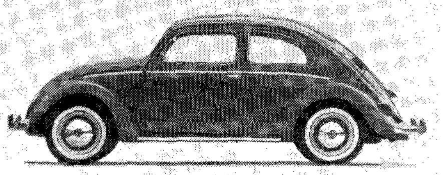
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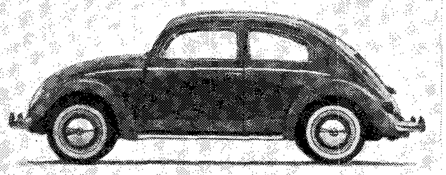
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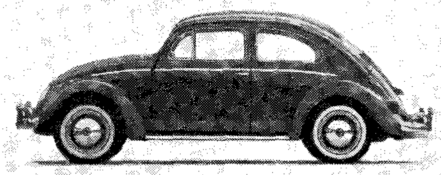
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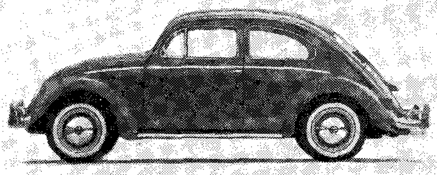
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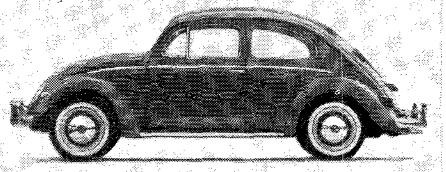
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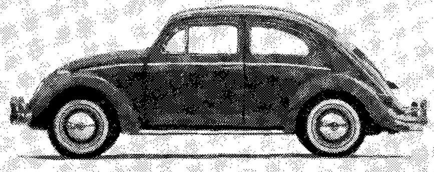
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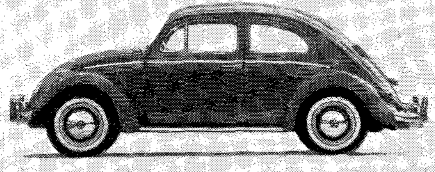
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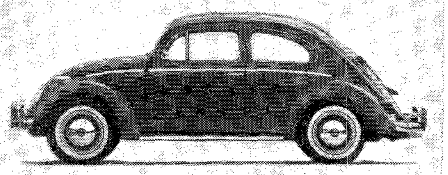
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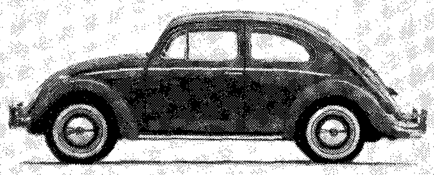
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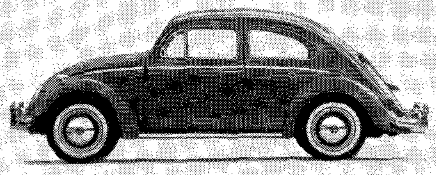
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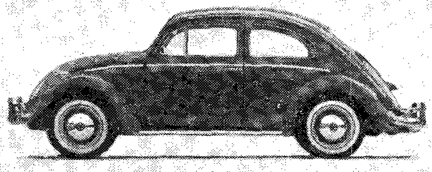
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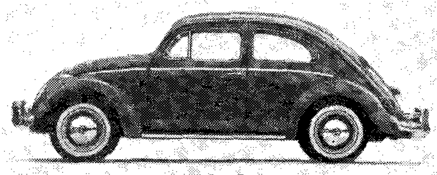
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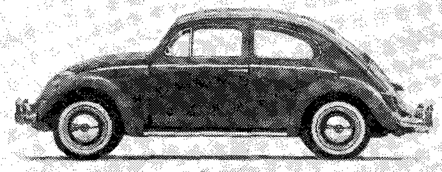
1963

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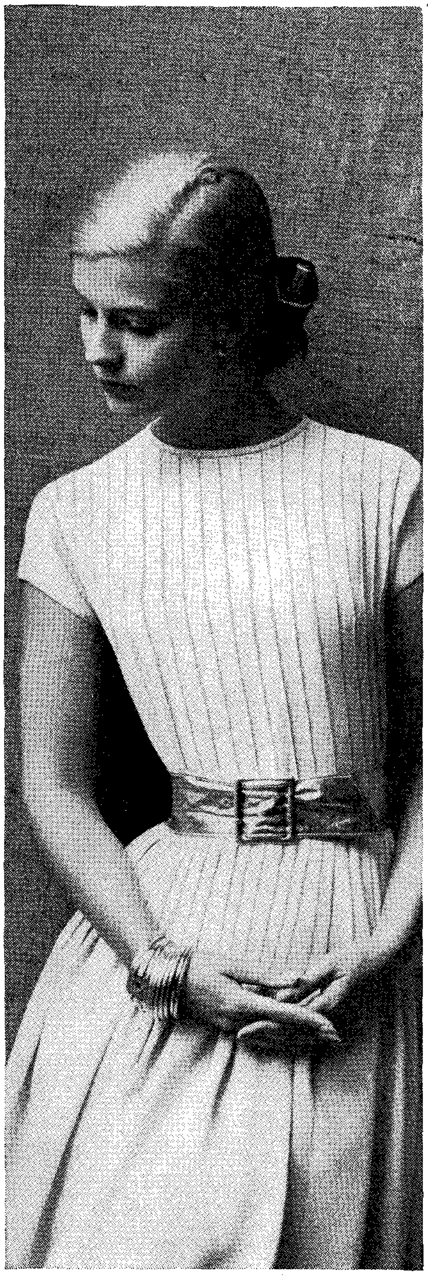

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the hills near here was—a place that attracted artists and writers, that had a large library, and so on. He consulted various villagers, and came back and told me that it was the Rathburne Hotel, at Longformacus, and that he knew how to get there—that it was about ten miles up in the hills, in a very secluded spot. I said O.K., for him to get me there as fast as he could. At this point, the proprietor of the other inn joined us, and as I started to get into the taxi, he said, ‘But the police are on their way here, sir. What shall I tell them?’

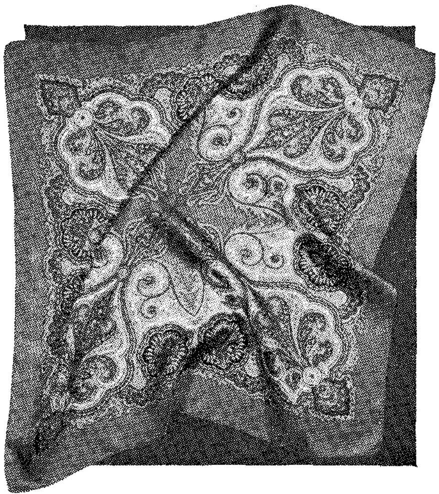
“ ‘Give them this card,’ I said, handing him one of my cards, ‘and say that I have a jewelry theft to report, but that I've had to leave here in a hurry and that I'll be in touch with them later. Tell them I've gone up to the Rathburne Hotel, at Longformacus.’

“ ‘They are not going to be pleased about this,’ said the proprietor.

“ ‘Then tell them to go jump in the lake,’ I said, and I myself jumped into the taxi and we were off.

“ ‘I canna do that!’ the proprietor called out in a helpless tone, and he stood there watching us and all but wringing his hands as we scooted toward the road that led up into the hills.

“If, before this, I had been reminded of that old motion picture ‘The 39 Steps,’ I felt on this wild ride up into the hills in the taxicab that I was a starring member of the cast of that melodrama. The road became a dirt one after a mile or two, and the moors on either side of it were absolutely unpopulated, desolate, scary, and beautiful. The taxicab followed the single-track, narrow, winding road, gaining altitude all the time, and on the entire drive to Longformacus we saw only one human being—a character actor dressed like a sheepherder, who stood motionless under a tree, gazing toward the sea, and who didn't turn his head as we passed along the road fifteen feet away from him. It took us twenty-five minutes by my wristwatch to get to Longformacus. This was a slate-roofed village consisting of five or six houses and one tiny general store. We stopped at the store and I asked the way to the Rathburne Hotel. We then drove through the village, across a stone bridge over a roaring brook, and turned in at a driveway about half a mile from the village, and there was the Rathburne. It was a three-story stone building with several chimneys and a gabled roof. There was a good-sized parking space with some other cars there, and I got out. I told the driver to turn his car, so that he could get away fast, and I also told him that if I should come out by the front door and wave to



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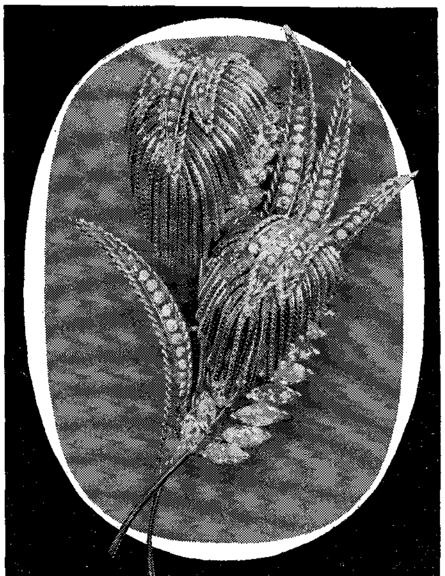

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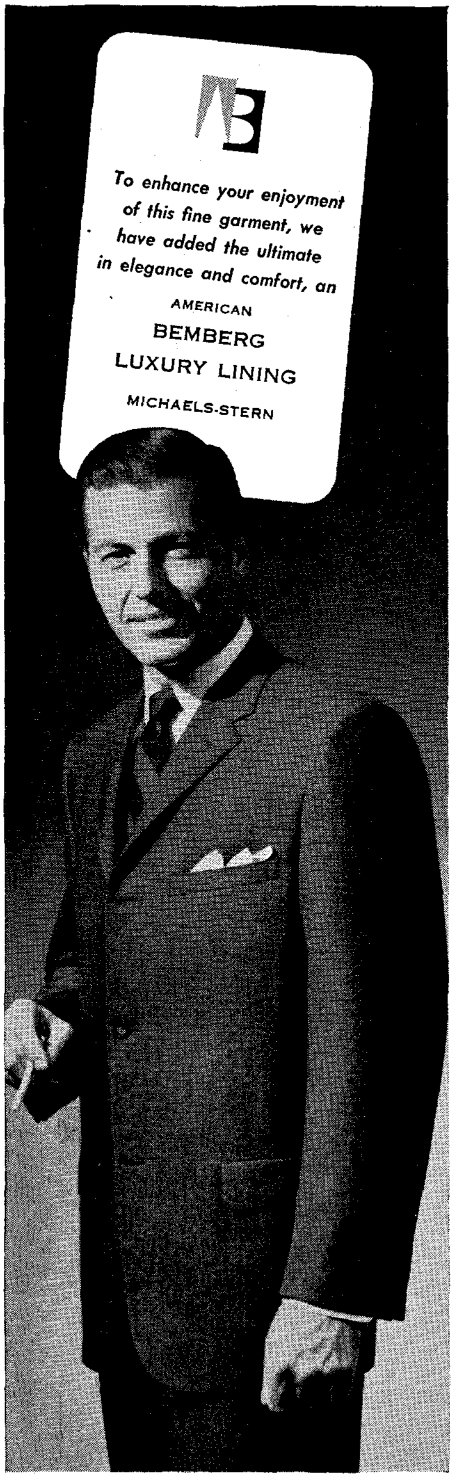
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him, that would mean for him to get the hell back to Gifford and bring the police up here with him, unless he found that he could telephone them from the village of Longformacus. I felt quite sober, and, in fact, I hadn't felt the few drinks I'd had. But I was still in a panic. The driver seemed impressed with what I said and ready to do whatever I told him. As I went in at the front door, I saw him park the taxi so that he could shoot right out of the driveway at a moment's notice.

"Inside the front door, I looked around for the bar and found none, but I heard a soft clatter of dishes coming from the rear of the large hallway, so I went to the end of it and found a waitress and asked her where the bar was. She was telling me where it was when a middle-aged chap in a beret, gray flannel trousers, and a velvet jacket came up and asked me if he could help me. He introduced himself as the proprietor and said his name was Graham. I told him my name and what magazine I worked for, and he seemed suddenly very flustered. He led me down a short corridor, which ran crosswise at the back of the house, and into a small bar that had a back door into a second parking lot. Three or four men who looked like countrymen were sitting at the bar, and there were also three men who looked like English or Scots gentlemen who might be travelling about the country. I ordered a wee Scotch and asked Graham if he would join me, and he said he would be happy to. He said that he had been a subscriber to *The New Yorker* for many years, and I realized that it could be he was flustered not because I had discovered the headquarters of the ringleaders of the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower but simply because he hadn't expected a member of the editorial staff of *The New Yorker* to come walking into his lonely hotel up in the Lammermuir hills thirty-two miles from Edinburgh."

"Colonel, what was going on in the back of your heads at this point?" asked the major.

"By this time, Major, all except one or two of my heads were in thorough agreement with my main head that all this cloak-and-dagger stuff was nonsense. Still, this small part of me was on the lookout for anything out of the way. Graham asked me if I was staying for dinner, and I said that I wasn't sure—that I was wandering around the countryside seeing the sights, and that if it was all right with him, I would let him know in a little while whether I would want dinner or not. He told me to make myself at home and to look over his large

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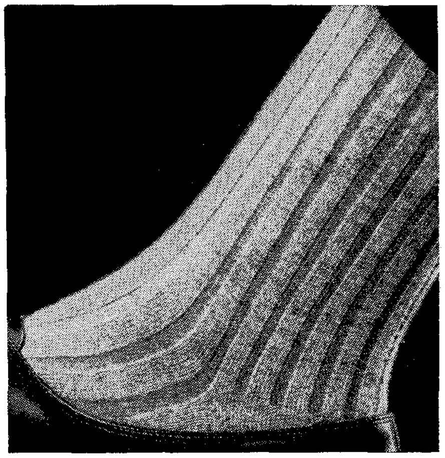

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library and the exhibition of paintings—which were to be seen everywhere on the walls of the hotel—and to send for him if I wanted anything. He left, and I had another wee Scotch and struck up a conversation with some of the men in the bar about fishing and grouse shooting. All these chaps in the bar were character actors out of one melodrama or another, of course. The countrymen were made up for the parts of countrymen, and the gentlemen were made up for the parts of gentlemen. They told me that in some forthcoming field trials for hunting dogs there would be Labradors, setters, pointers, golden retrievers, and Weimaraners.

" 'The Labradors will go in on Monday, the tenth, if the good weather continues,' said one of the countrymen, speaking with a heavy Scotch burr but in perfect English. 'Then the setters and pointers will go in, and on Wednesday, the Glorious Twelfth, the Weimaraners will finish the thing off.'

" 'Time, gentlemen, time!' the bartender called out, and I realized that it was three o'clock.

"The countrymen finished what they were drinking in a leisurely way, goodbyes were said, and they left by the back door. The gentlemen stayed right on, paying no attention to the time, which proved that they were travellers. The bartender, who was an aged Scot and one of the first taciturn Scots I had run into in Scotland, said good afternoon to the rest of us, and disappeared. He was immediately replaced by Mr. Graham, who evidently took care of the bar during the hours when it was closed to all but travellers. I asked him whether I could pass for a traveller or not, and he said, 'Oh, positively, positively! Let's regard you as a traveller, and you may have anything you wish at any time of the day or night. It is the same for these gentlemen here, because they are guests of the hotel. It is only the local people, who can find no way of claiming to be travellers, who must observe the closing hours between three o'clock and five.'

"Graham then introduced me to the three chaps in the bar and made a round of drinks, which he said was on him. I didn't take down their names and I don't remember what they were. One of the men was about my age, and the two others were probably in their forties, and all three of them could have been Russian secret agents or simply English or Scots gentlemen on vacation. I decided with all but perhaps one of my heads that they were the latter. I now felt relaxed and happy, and I determined to bring Susie to this unique inn for lunch

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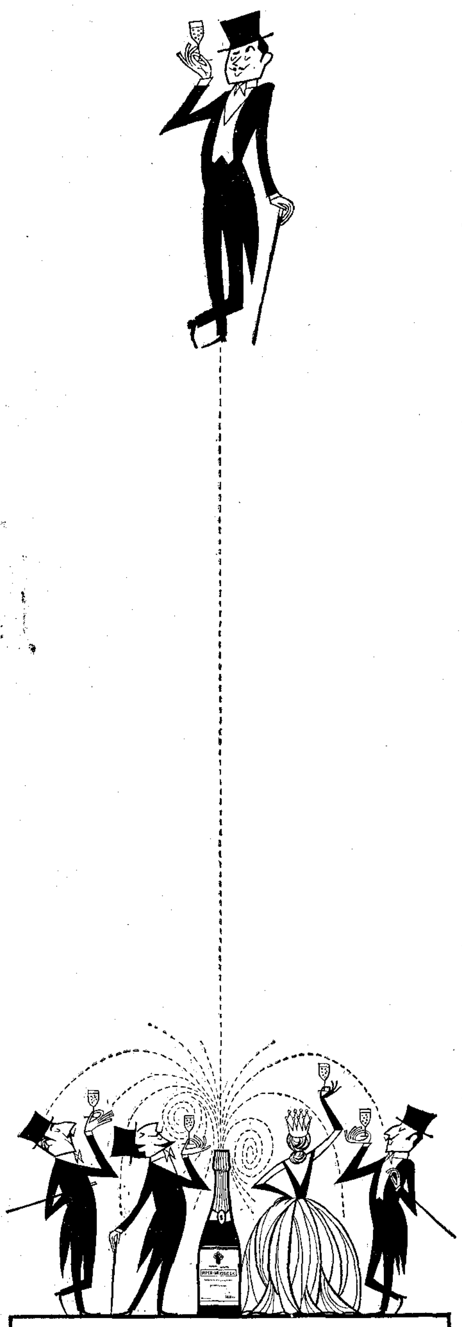

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or dinner after she arrived. I told myself that although the pin I had bought for Susie at Tiffany's was distinctive it certainly wasn't the only one of its kind in the world, and that my panic in Gifford had been as baseless as all my other imaginings in the cloak-and-dagger category. I offered to buy a round of drinks, and the three gentlemen and Graham accepted. We chatted about all sorts of things, and as we did so I was gripped by a sudden small wave of anxiety, centering on the Princess Royal and my resemblance to the British Royal Family, which Mrs. Cameron had talked about at such length when she had lunch with me at Prestonfield House, and on the same old plot."

" 'Is the Princess still here?' I found myself suddenly asking Graham in a casual fashion.

" 'The Princess?' said Graham. 'Ah, so you've heard about our guest! Why, yes, of course she's still here. Do you know her, Mr. McKelway?'

" 'No, I don't,' I said, 'but I certainly would like to meet her.'

" 'You would?' said Graham. 'I think I might arrange it. I'll tell you what. I'll have tea served for her, as usual, in the room just to the left as you come in the front door of the hotel, and if you happened to drop in there in about an hour or so—let's say at five o'clock—I wouldn't be at all surprised if she asked you to join her in a cup of tea.'

" 'Fine!' I said.

"I didn't know what the hell this was all about, but every one of my heads was now convinced that I had stumbled right into the middle of something very eerie indeed. And, of course, I was thinking of the Princess Royal. One of the gentlemen bought another round, and after we had finished that one, the chap who was about my age asked if I wouldn't like to stroll around the garden. The four of us went out at the back door together, and as I left, Graham gave me an unmistakable wink. I nodded and grinned at him, and went along after the others. The two younger gentlemen said they were going for a walk over the moors, and I found myself alone with the other chap, who showed me around the garden and then took me to a long slab of closely cut lawn that I recognized as a lawn-bowls court. He asked me if I played, and I told him that I hadn't played lawn bowls since I was in Bangkok in 1931 but that I would like very much to try it, if he could put up with my playing. My companion said that he was no expert at lawn bowls and that he would be delighted if I would have a game with him. Although I don't remember his name, he was a very nice

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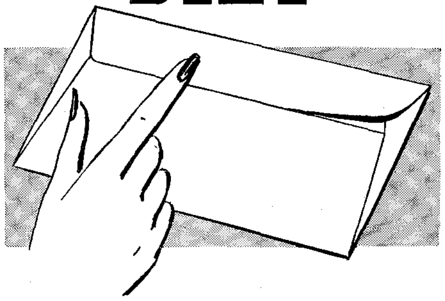

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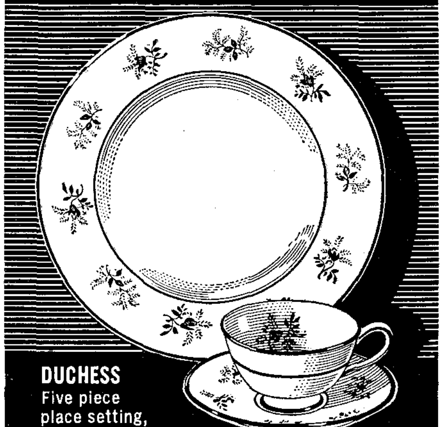

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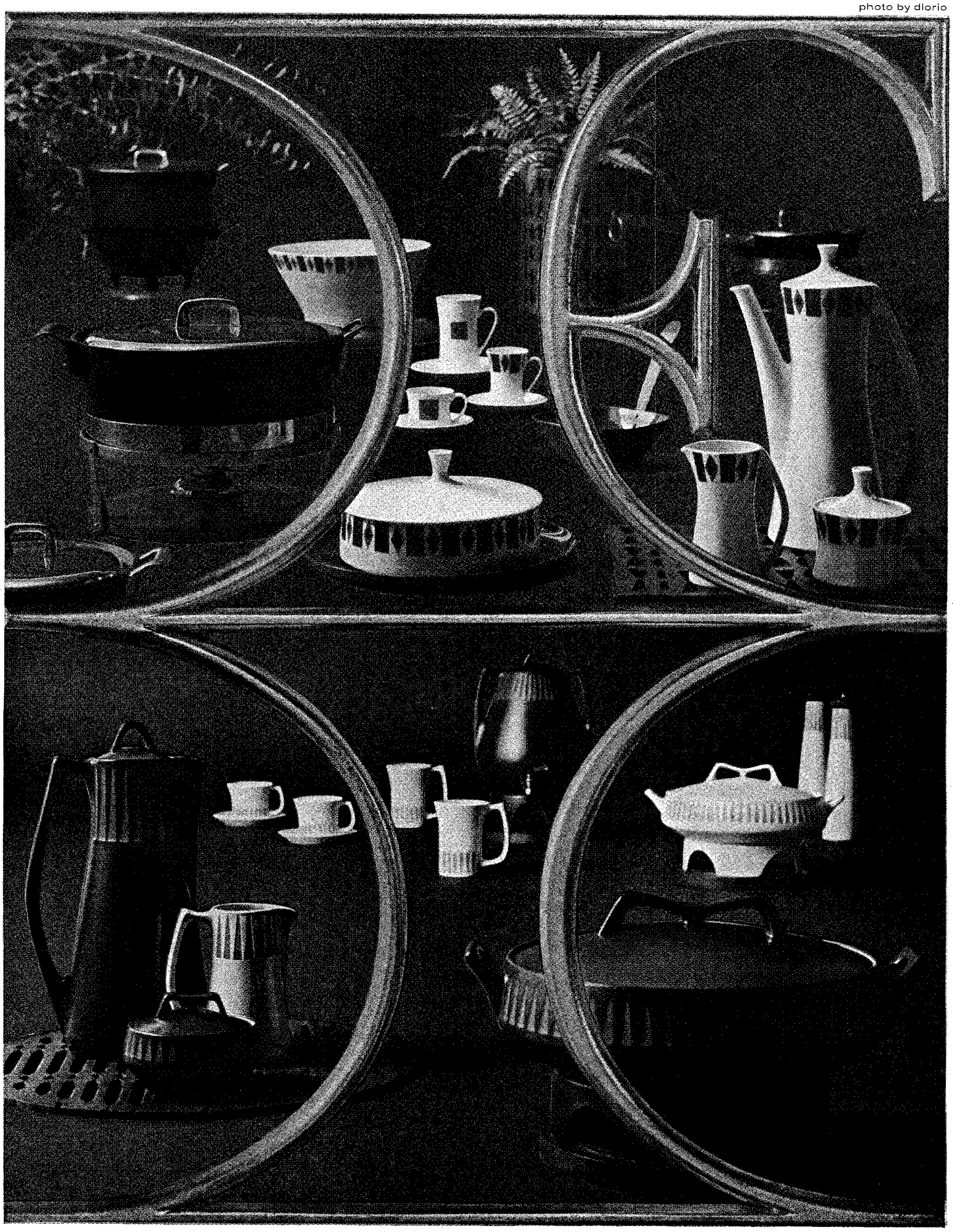

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chap, and before we started to play, I said to him, 'Sir, if by any chance you are in British Intelligence, I wish you'd pass the word along that I've had enough of this monkey business, and that I want to be either let in on this thing or left alone, but if you're not an Intelligence man, I hope you'll disregard what I've just said, and we'll see what twenty-eight years have done to my skill at this game of bowls.'

" 'I'm in the tobacco business in London,' said my companion. 'But tell me, sir, are you being bothered by our cloak-and-dagger chaps?'

" 'I'll be damned if I know,' I said. 'But don't give it a second thought.'

"We played a couple of games, and I found I wasn't as rusty as I'd thought I might be. He won the first game and I won the second, and as we were playing the rubber, Graham and a teen-age boy, whom he introduced as his son, joined us, and looked on while my companion defeated me by a close margin. I looked at my watch and saw that it was just five o'clock, so I thanked my companion, said I would go along and see if the Princess would offer me a cup of tea, and left them.

"A tall, gaunt elderly lady was pouring tea in the room to the left when I went back into the hotel, and when I bowed slightly to her, she smiled, and said, 'Ah, so you're the American journalist! Won't you join me in a cup of tea?' We had tea with muffins and jam and cake, and chatted about any number of things. She looked a good deal like the Princess Royal, but I didn't think she *was* the Princess Royal. I didn't know who the hell she was. At some point in our conversation, she told an anecdote in which one of the maids at the hotel said to her, 'Why, Miss Carter, I thought you were out in the garden!' So I presumed that she not only wasn't the Princess Royal but wasn't any kind of princess, and that Graham and perhaps the guests of the hotel called her 'the Princess' behind her back. Having figured this out, I laughed at myself once again, and when Miss Carter finished her tea, rose from her chair, and gave me her hand—very much as a princess might have done—I took it and bowed over it and told her how much I had enjoyed our conversation. I followed her into the hall, and she disappeared up the stairs. I fooled around for a while, looking at the books in the library and at the paintings on the downstairs walls, and then Graham came along and said he'd like me to meet his wife. He took me into what seemed to be his office, and introduced me to Mrs. Graham, who was very pleasant and cordial. We started to

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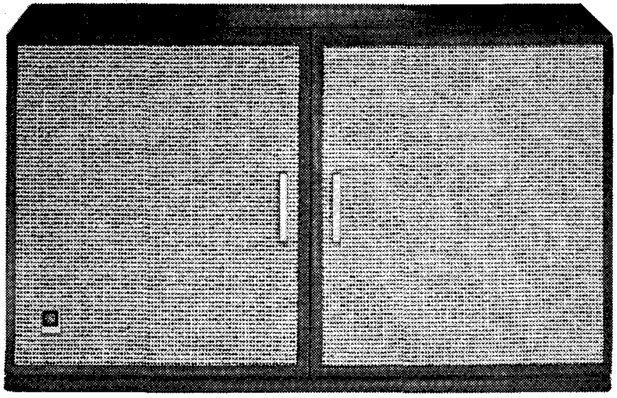

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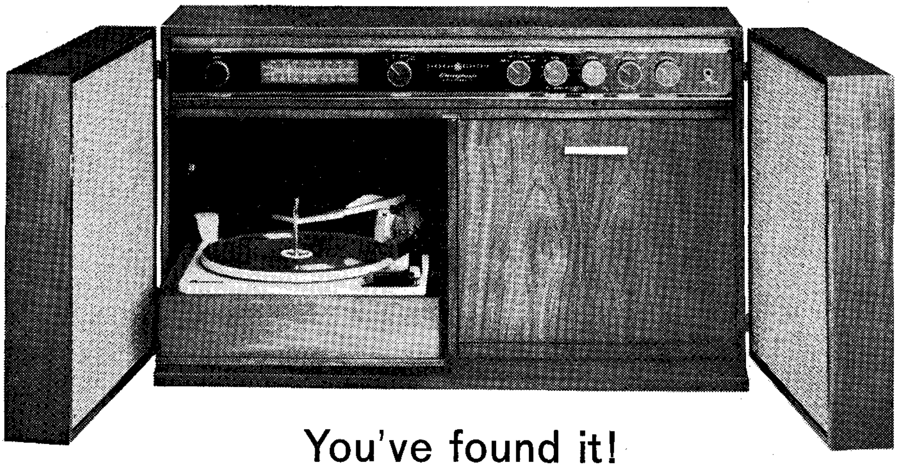

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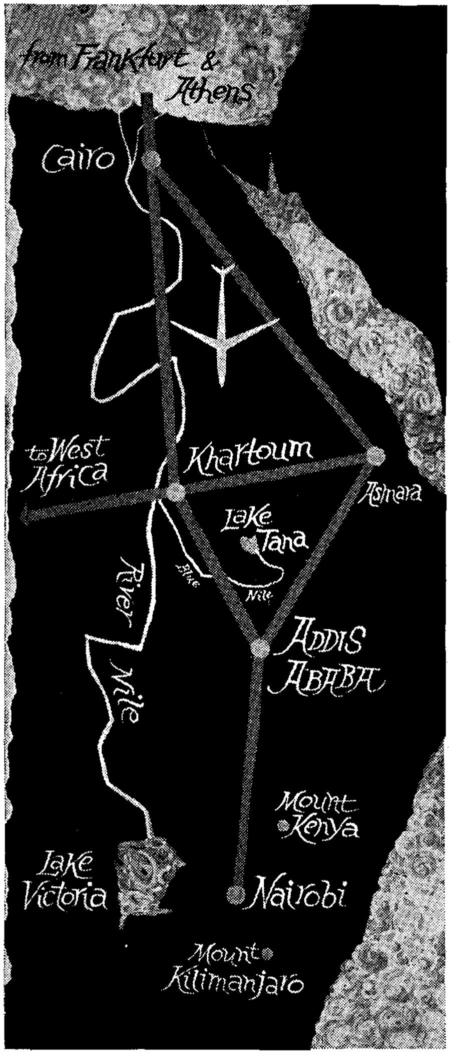

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chat, and, for some reason I have still not been able to fathom, I found that I was again being clutched by deep anxiety. The whole experience seemed extremely unreal and eerie. Graham said that he and his wife always had a whiskey-and-soda at this time of day, after tea, and asked me to join them. I said I would be glad to, and he called a waitress and gave her the order. As the three of us sat chatting and having our drinks, I tried to overcome my increasing tension. When we finished the drinks, Mrs. Graham said she had to supervise the oncoming dinner, and Graham wanted to know whether I wished to dine there, and, if so, whether I would consider it an imposition if he asked me to dine with him and his family in their private dining room, off the kitchen. I said I'd be delighted, although I didn't feel delighted at all, and then I said I thought I'd go into the bar and chat with my new acquaintances until dinnertime. He said that he'd let me know when the family dinner was ready—that they usually had it about half an hour before dinner was served to the guests. He went off somewhere, and I walked out at the front door and told my driver to relax. I suggested that he find his way back to the kitchen and see if they wouldn't give him a bite to eat, if he was hungry. He said that he wasn't hungry but that he might slip into the bar and have a half pint, if I had no objection. I said of course, and went into the bar with him. I asked him to let me buy him the half pint, and he consented, although when he got his half pint, he took it to a table in a corner of the room and joined some countrymen who were sitting there. I stayed at the bar, and was telling my bowling companion about the impending visit of my friend from Paris, and how much I was looking forward to it, when Graham came along again and, overhearing what I was saying, said that I must bring her up for a visit one day after she arrived. I turned on Graham in a sudden fury, and said, 'I know you've got her already, you unspeakable monster, and if you so much as touch a hair of her—' And then, before I finished this strange outburst, I recovered myself and grinned at him. His pipe had dropped out of his mouth and clattered to the floor, and as he stood gaping at me, all the blood gone from his face, I explained cheerfully that I was just pulling his leg and was pretending that we were all actors in a melodrama about international intrigue. He smiled in a rather sickly fashion, picked up his pipe from the floor, and rather hoarsely ordered a round on the house.

"I soon found myself completely calm

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again, and in a little while I joined Graham and his family and ate a delicious dinner. There were the teen-age boy and two or three smaller children, along with Mr. and Mrs. Graham and me, in the small private dining room off the kitchen. Graham told them about the joke I'd played on him, they all laughed, and he got out a bottle of good white wine and poured it out for his wife and me and himself when the grilled salmon was served, followed by roast chicken. After coffee and brandy at the end of the meal, I knew I was tipsy, and while I was no longer anxious or tense, I began to act in what the Major, here, would call a compulsive fashion. I thanked the Grahams for the wonderful meal, and having been turned down rather peremptorily by Graham when I asked him in private if he wouldn't let me pay for my dinner, because I had intended to have dinner in the main dining room anyway, I strolled around outside for a while in an effort to clear my head, or heads. However, I didn't clear them. I discovered that in the back parking lot was a small motor van of the kind you see all over Scotland and never in the United States any more. It was black, with an open front seat, and the rest of it was closed, with doors that opened at the back. In short, it looked like a small ambulance or a small patrol wagon of the kind used by the American police twenty years ago. I took it into all my heads that the plot had now definitely become a counterplot and that a sort of dry run was going on in which I was supposed to play a part. The intricate details of this counterplot have vanished from my mind—if, indeed, they were ever in my mind in a clear way. In any case, I felt compelled to start taking handfuls of books and papers, and so on, out of Graham's office and carrying them through a second back door, which led directly from the office into the back parking lot, and putting them in the black van, the doors of which I found were not locked. Nobody paid any attention to me as I acted out this mysterious mission, and I went on with it, half serious and half chuckling to myself, until I did not feel compelled to put any more books and papers in the back of the van. I still don't know whether anybody observed me while I was doing this. When the compulsion dissipated itself and I was left free to do as I pleased, I joined my new acquaintances in the bar once again, had one for the road, told everybody goodbye, and got into my taxicab.

"As we started off down the lonely road toward the village of Longformacus, my driver turned on his short-

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wave radio and told his dispatcher in Edinburgh that he was leaving Longformacus and was heading back to the city. On account of his speech impediment, this took him quite a few minutes. He then turned his radio off and asked me whether I wanted to go back by way of Gifford or take the route that led through the town of Duns. I told him to take the latter route. I then got it into my heads that this was no regular radio taxicab but that my own Air Intelligence people could listen to everything I said to the driver as long as his radio was turned on, instead of off. I also reached the conclusion in a fast flash that this counterplot that was now going through the dry run had to do with a small airplane piloted by an old friend of mine in the Air Force named Dick Kight, who, the last time I saw him, in 1944, was second-in-command of the India-China Wing of the United States Air Transport Command, with headquarters at Chabua, Assam, far up in the northeastern corner of India, from which our planes flew over the Hump to China. Kight was then a lieutenant colonel, and a couple of years before that he had piloted the plane in which Wendell Willkie made his tour of the world, including Russia. I was now quite convinced that Kight was going to lead a squadron of fighter planes in for a landing on the moors around Duns as a part of the counterplot, and that, in my taxi, I was supposed to talk into the radio as I drove from Longformacus to Duns, and describe in detail everything I saw on that route—as if the fighter planes were actually flying to Duns in accordance with my directions. So I asked the driver to flip on his radio again, and as the muffled voices from cabs in and around Edinburgh came over, along with the occasional voice of the dispatcher, I began to describe in ringing tones such things as telephone wires and poles, cattle, flocks of sheep, houses, and churches—on the right and on the left—until we whizzed into the outskirts of the town of Duns, seven miles from Longformacus. There I told the driver he could turn his radio off, if he wanted, and I relaxed, feeling that I had done my job for the night. The late sun was just beginning to go down, and we drove along peacefully, while I dozed from time to time, until we drew up in front of the Roxburghe, in Edinburgh, about half past ten o'clock. I was by now feeling quite sober again and was pretty well on to the fact that I'd been acting like a drunken American. My driver, however, seemed to think that the whole thing was a pleasant lark, and he grinned and tipped his

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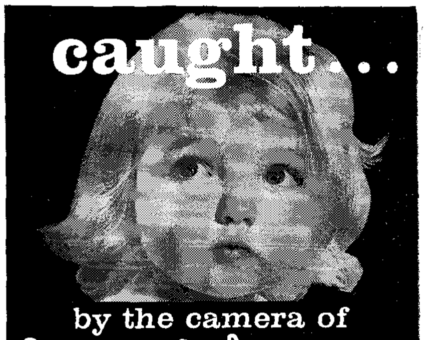

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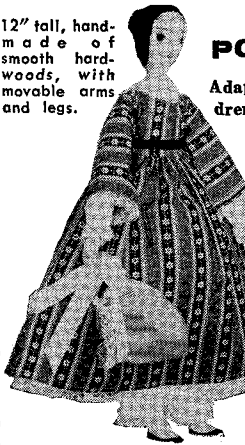

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cap when I paid him, and said that it had been an enjoyable outing for him, and that he hoped I wouldn't have any difficulties the next day with the police of Gifford.

"I went into the Roxburghe and up to my room, where I took off my clothes, had a cold bath, and almost immediately went to sleep. I awoke with a start after what seemed to be a very short time, and I was heavy with anxiety again. I felt that it was absolutely necessary for me to find the newly arrived Colonel Gragg, who had just taken Colonel Scott's place as commander of the base at Kirknewton, and tell him what had gone on with me that day at Gifford and at Longformacus and on the taxicab ride to Duns. I dressed hurriedly, put all my memoranda and notes and chits, and so on, in the inside pocket of my jacket, grabbed up my topcoat and tweed hat and my portable typewriter, and went straight out of the hotel and flagged a taxi. I told the driver to go to Price's Hotel, and I was there in five minutes. I found the hotel locked, but there were lighted windows on the upper floor, so I was then convinced that Colonel Gragg and his fellow-officers were prisoners inside the hotel, and I banged on the door and rang the bell until the Scotswoman I had seen before came to the door and told me rather sharply that it was long past the closing hour and that I couldn't come in. When I protested that I had to see Colonel Gragg, she told me I would have to see him in the morning. And she shut and locked the door more or less in my face. I then stood outside for a few seconds, thinking hard, and decided that I was supposed to communicate with the officers inside the hotel by singing them excerpts from the song I had written in that Ethel Merman piece—the one I had cabled to New York. I can't sing very well, but I nevertheless gave it a try. Windows flew up, and I could see that some of the officers inside the hotel were looking down at me and that people in the adjoining houses and apartment buildings were also looking down at me and, presumably, listening to my efforts to sing the Ethel Merman song. I heard several cries of 'Call the police!,' and a pedestrian who looked like one of the usual character actors in 'The 39 Steps'—tweeds, pipe, umbrella, and so on—came up to me and very courteously told me that unless I stopped singing I was almost certain to be arrested. I thanked him and went right on singing. It seemed to me that the fact that the police were being called was exactly as it should be, and that they would come

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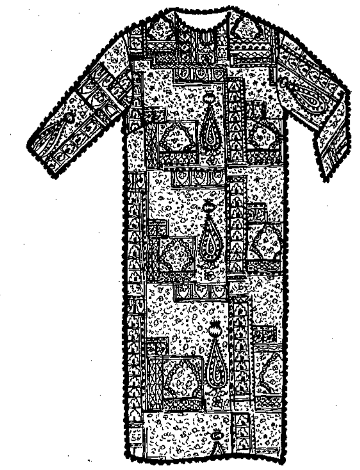

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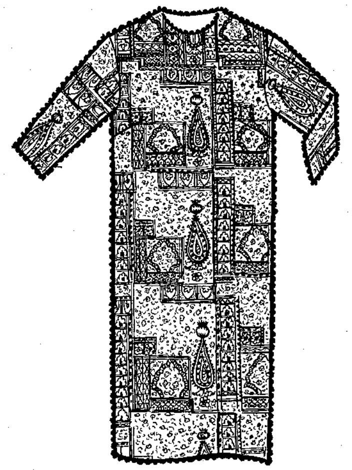

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and take me away to safety and also rescue the imprisoned officers in the hotel. The private joke I'd had with the Camerons about calling the police occurred to me again and again. Pretty soon a police van came hurrying up, and three or four enormous policemen took charge of me and my typewriter in a gentle but firm fashion. I was helped into the patrol wagon, and in a few minutes I was being booked at an Edinburgh jail for being drunk and disorderly. I took all this as a matter of course and was still quite convinced that I had saved my country and my Air Force from a nasty situation. The police clerk took all my belongings, including my memoranda and other papers, and I was glad of this because the proper authorities would, of course, need these memoranda to go by. I was escorted into a rather large cell, of which I was the only occupant. It had a dirt floor and no bunk or any other furniture. I was now in the grip of clear and, on the whole, rather pleasant hallucinations in which I figured that the Strategic Air Command, having got word from the rescued officers that all hell was breaking loose in Edinburgh, and that it was a question of whether the Russians would strike us first or we would strike them first, was alerted and was on its way to either bomb Russia or threaten that country with total destruction unless they agreed to our terms, whatever those terms were. At the same time, I was troubled by faint notions that I had simply got drunk and had been arrested for it, and that I was going to find it hard to explain my escapade to my Edinburgh friends when, or if, I got out of the cell I was in. However, most of the time and with almost all my heads, I still thought I was a hero. I remember beating on the wall lightly with my fist, not as a protest against my incarceration but in order to beat time as I sang under my breath the same old Ethel Merman song, to which I ad-libbed such phrases as 'Now the Labradors! And now the setters and pointers! And here come the Weimaraners!' These seemed to me to represent different types of Strategic Air Command bombers that were on their way to the rendezvous over Russia. Pretty soon I got tired of this. I also found that the clerk had taken my cigarettes and matches along with my other belongings. I was thinking of calling out to see if I could get some cigarettes when a guard in uniform appeared, unlocked my door, and escorted me into a much larger cell, in which twenty or more drunks in all stages of intoxication and post-intoxication were sitting, standing,

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and leaping around. I instantly realized that I was not being treated as a hero, and that the powers that be had decided I was just another drunk. I resented this, but I felt too forlorn to express my resentment. I simply sat down on the floor in a corner of this large cell and put my hat over my eyes. I felt absolutely desolate. I felt that I had ruined my whole vacation by this escapade, that it would probably be written up in the sensational press, if not in the conservative papers, and that I would be made to look like a drunken fool, both at home and abroad. It was the damnedest roomful of unfortunate men that I ever expect to see. They were mostly bums and sailors, and while no fights were going on, I expected one to break out at any moment, and I fully expected to become involved in it, whether I continued to sit in my corner with my hat over my eyes or not. Some of the men were sleeping, some were being sick on the floor, some were jumping around and hollering and singing, and one young chap, who seemed somewhat better dressed than the others, was performing flabbergasting feats of acrobatics. I could tell at a glance that he was in a manic state and that he was not trying to control it. He would let out a whoop and run the length of the crowded room and halfway up the wall, and then throw himself backward in a somersault and land on his feet. I sat there and shuddered, while a cold sweat broke out all over me, and I was entirely convinced that some kind of riot was going to start at any moment and that I would either be killed or get badly injured. Nevertheless, I drifted off into a short doze. I suddenly felt something poke me hard in the ribs. I jumped up, and found that the acrobat was standing in front of me with a tin cup of tea in his hand. 'Tea, old gentleman!' he said, and handed me the tin cup. Then he flexed his muscles and dug out a cigarette butt from somewhere inside his clothes and handed that to me, along with a match. I smoked the cigarette butt gratefully and drank the tea. The acrobat let out a whoop and began his wall-climbing exercises again, and I began to think that perhaps I was in no danger after all. A pitiful old Irishman who must have been close to eighty was shoved through the door by the guard, and the door was again locked from the outside. The old man was weeping and muttering, and I heard him say, 'I killed him, I killed him.' A middle-aged sailor who seemed to be sobering up gave the old man a cigarette butt and his unfinished cup of tea, and asked the old man who it was he had killed. 'The landlord,

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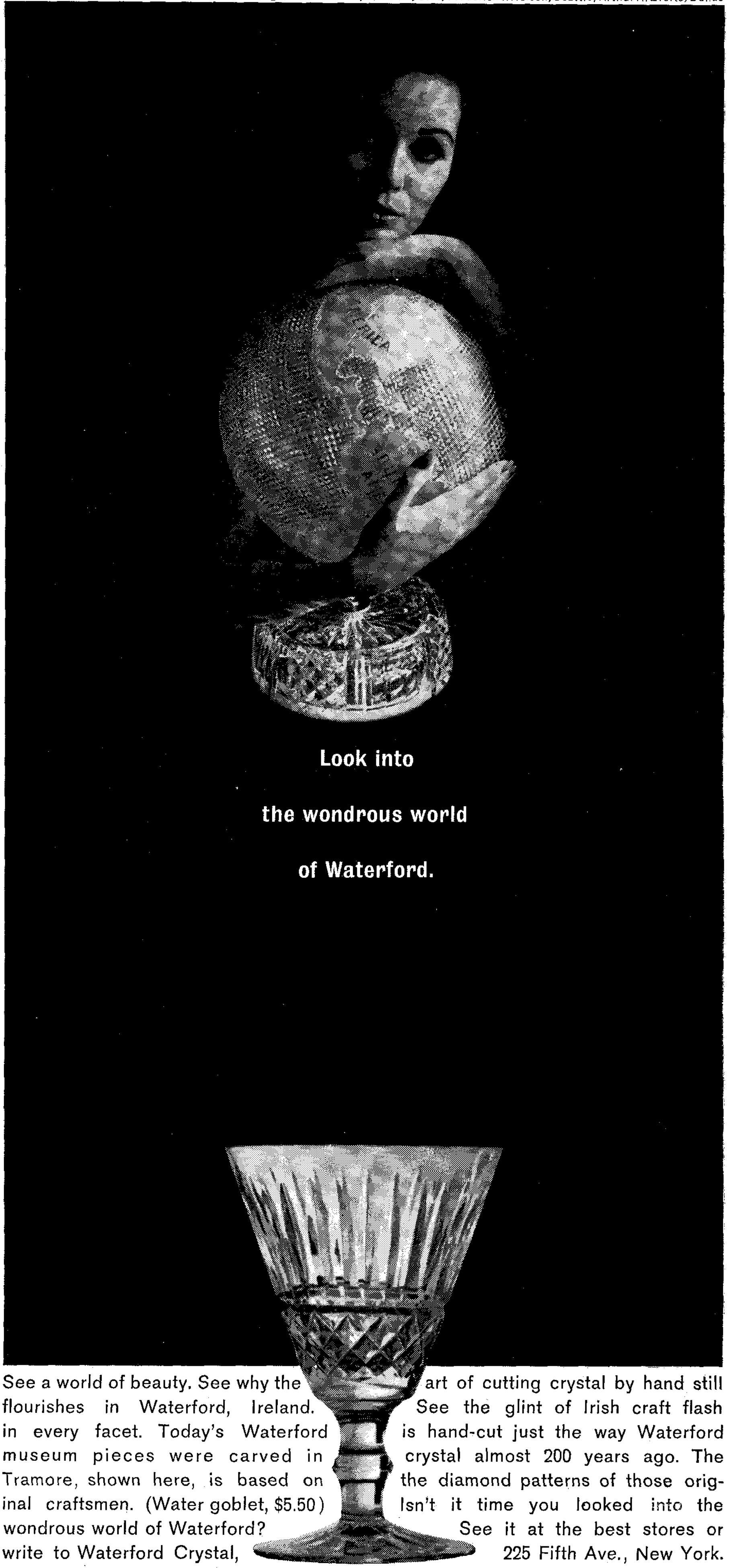

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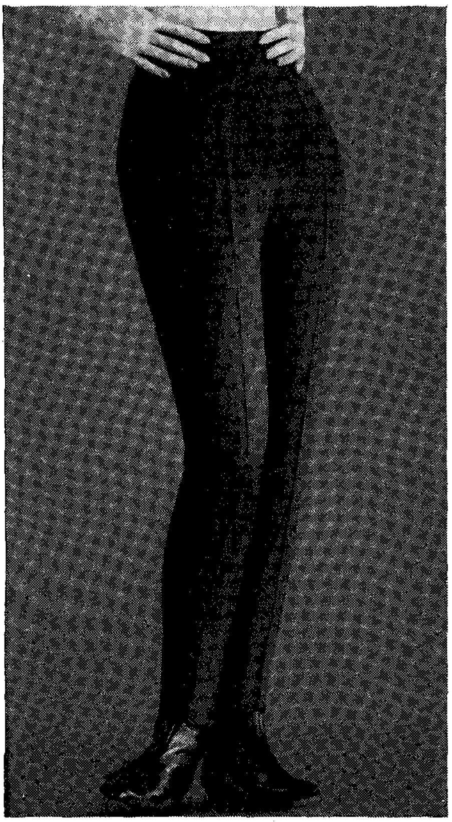

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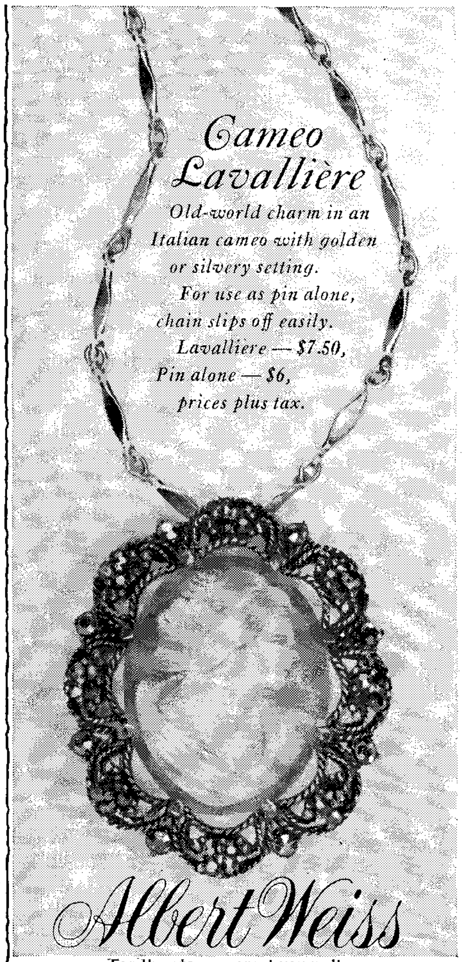
the landlord,' said the old man. 'I shot him as he rode along between the hedges.' 'When?' asked the sailor. 'Last night, last night,' moaned the old man. 'Where?' asked the sailor. 'In Galway, in Galway,' moaned the old man. More drunks were shown in from time to time, and a couple of them had a hair-raising fight, which ended up with bloody noses.

"After what turned out to be a couple of hours of this, I began to get desperately jumpy and I was afraid I would grow hysterical. I wasn't quite sure what would be done with me by the prison guards if this happened. Half of me was telling myself that I'd got drunk and behaved like a drunk, and the other half of me was telling myself that my compulsive behavior—going to Prestwick and talking about milk, for example, and singing the code song to the officers in the hotel, along with my trip to Longformacus and my strange behavior there, which was only partly induced by alcohol, and especially my notions about Colonel Kight and the Air Force fighters—might mean that I had been doped somewhere along the way. I also got a notion in some of my heads that somebody might have rigged Miss Dirleton's rented tape recorder so that when I was asleep under the influence of some drug—sodium amytal, for example—it told me things I had to do later. But mostly I was afraid of going to pieces in that communal cell and being taken to a bughouse. So finally I beat on the door with one of my shoes until a guard appeared. I told him quietly that I wanted him to get me out of there and put me in a cell to myself, because I was afraid I might lose my mind and get hysterical if I was left in there any longer. I also said I thought I needed to see a doctor. The guard gazed at me for a minute and then took me by the arm and led me outside and on to the desk where I had originally been received. There I told the sergeant what I had told the guard, and without hesitation the sergeant gave orders for me to be taken under guard to the Royal Infirmary. It was only a short ride in a Black Maria. There I was shown into the same emergency ward in which my injured head had been treated. One of the same nurses asked me what was the matter, and I told her politely that I couldn't discuss it with her but would like to see a doctor. In due course, the same Dr. MacLean appeared, and after taking one look at me, and the two policemen who were guarding me, he asked the nurse to get me a cup of coffee. She did that, and as I drank it, I told him that I had been drunk and disorderly but that I had a notion I



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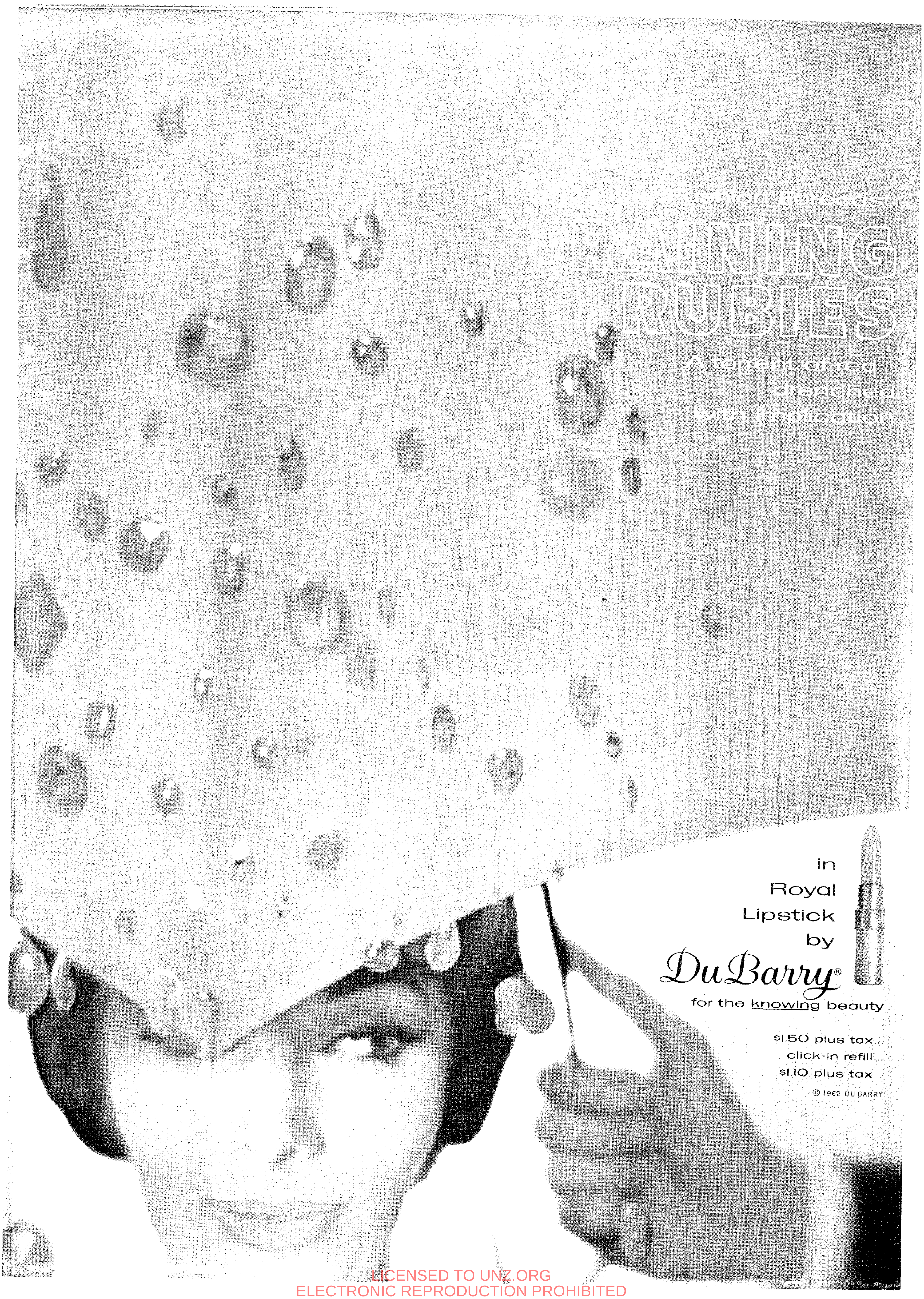
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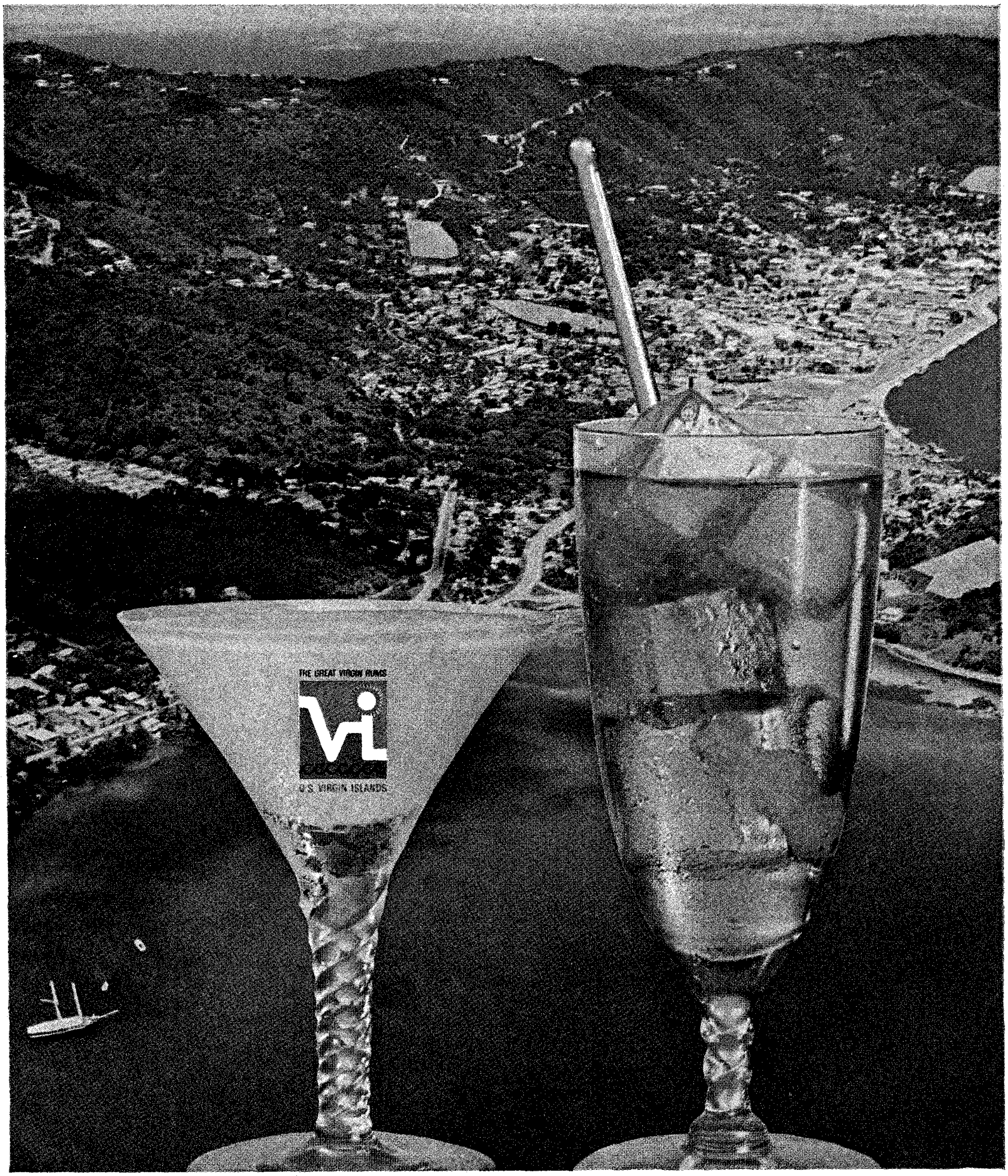

Aerial view of St. Thomas by Bob Steele ■ Drinks: great Virgin Daiquiri & Virgin Highball. Ask for a fine Virgin Islands Rum at your favorite store ■ **The Virgin Islands Rum Council, United States Virgin Islands** might have been given some kind of drug somewhere along the way on the evening before, because I had been behaving in a compulsive fashion that at times was beyond my control, and that the whole thing had to do with some kind of cloak-and-dagger business, part of which I had already reported to the American Intelligence officer at Prestwick. The doctor asked me if I thought I had been doped there in the hospital when he was treating my head, and I said I was sure I hadn't been. He wrote on a report form for some time and at some length, and then he said, 'You need to see a psychiatrist.'

" 'I see one all the time at home,' I said, 'but what I'm afraid of right now is that I might go into a panic and perhaps into a psychotic break of some sort if I have to stay in that communal cell any longer.' I told him that I realized I fully deserved to be treated like any other drunk but that I didn't think it would be of any use to the kindly Edinburgh police if I was driven out of my mind.

"He said he thought the sergeant on the desk would probably let me have a cell of my own, under the circumstances, and he shook hands with me once again, said goodbye and wished me luck, and turned to take care of his next patient, a drunk who had been badly beaten up.

"While I was on my way back to the jail, it occurred to me that the thing for me to do was to ask to see the American consul. I no longer cared how much publicity I got—I simply wanted to preserve my sanity. The sergeant was very kind and said he would telephone for the consul right away. It was now getting on toward nine o'clock, and the sergeant told me that all of us would be charged and arraigned before a judge at around ten o'clock. He let me sit in a small vacant office while he was telephoning. The consul appeared in about half an hour and said his name was McClary. I told him that I was sorry I had had to disturb him, and that I was being treated fine by the Edinburgh police and the prison guards, but that I had found myself getting panicky in the communal cell and I was afraid I might go out of my mind if I had to go back in there. He said I wouldn't have to go back in there, and he went away and presently returned with a begowned and bewigged attorney of some kind, who seemed to be the public prosecutor. They explained to me that I would be charged with being drunk and disorderly, and that if I pleaded guilty, it would all be over in two min-

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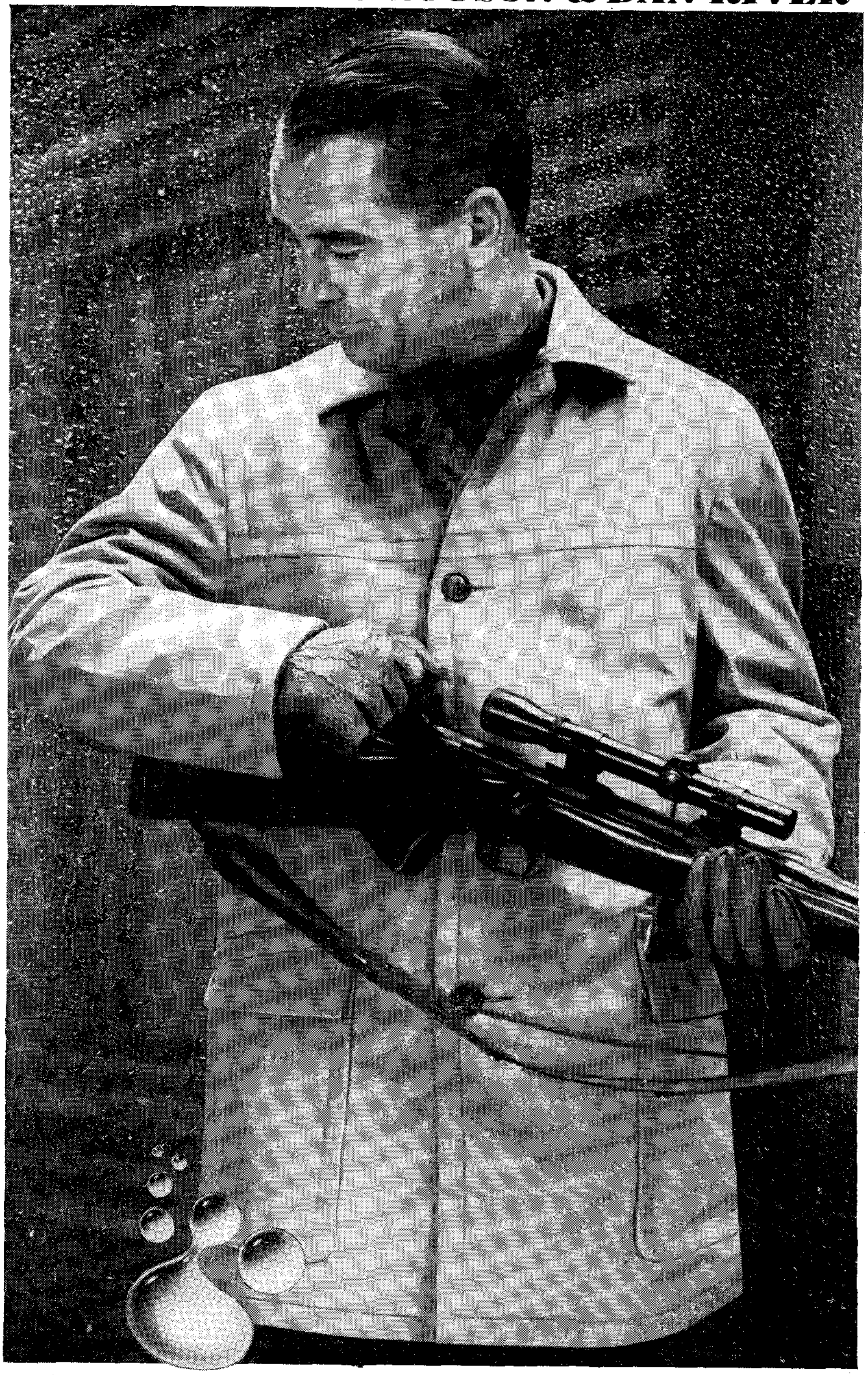

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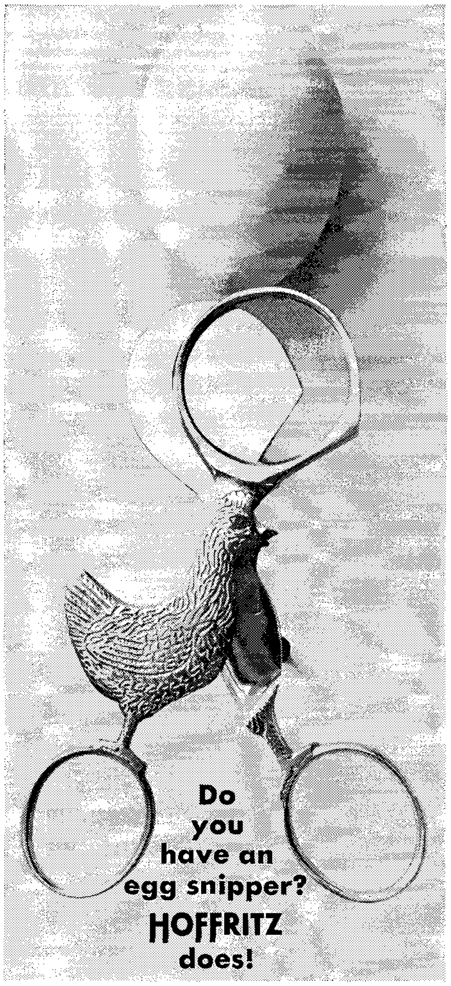
utes after I went before the judge, and that I would probably be fined one pound, which I could pay within ten days. They said that the newspapers probably wouldn't publish anything except a short paragraph saying I had been fined one pound for being drunk and disorderly. But if I pleaded *not* guilty, I would have to raise bail and stand trial, and so on. I said I was guilty, there was no question about that, and I would so plead. Mr. McClary said that he would wait around for me and would take me back to his office in his car, in case there was anything I wanted to tell him, and that he would send me back to my hotel afterward in the same car.

"After a while, the guards took me into a courtroom, where a clerk read out the charge and asked whether I pleaded guilty or not guilty. 'Guilty,' I said. A begowned and bewigged judge accepted the plea and fined me one pound, pointing out that I could bring the pound or mail it within ten days, and that was the end of the matter. I was a free man again, and wasn't feeling too bad. In fact, I felt rather well except that I was hungry and badly wanted some more coffee. Mr. McClary took me out to his car, which was driven by a chauffeur, and we rode to the Consulate, where we went into his office. It was a large, comfortable one, and I sat in an easy chair while he sat at his desk. I told him that I had suspected I was mixed up in some kind of cloak-and-dagger business, and that I had told the intelligence officer at Prestwick all about it. I told him I really didn't know whether there was any basis for my suspicions or whether I had simply dreamed them up. And he said that when one got into that sort of thing, it was extremely hard even for seasoned secret agents to know for sure whether they were imagining things or whether they were being confronted with something that required action. I nodded, and said that there was no use my wasting his time in telling him my story but that I thought I would go to see the intelligence officer at Prestwick again and bring him up to date on what had happened to me, or else I might see Colonel Gragg at Kirknewton and tell *him* the whole story, if he wanted to listen to it. I told Mr. McClary that I also had a notion that the whole thing was some kind of practical joke being played on me by three humorous friends of mine in the C.I.A., but that, again, I had no proof of this. However, I said, if that was what it was, and if he, Mr. McClary, was in touch with them, he might want to tell them



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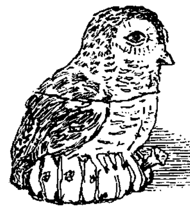

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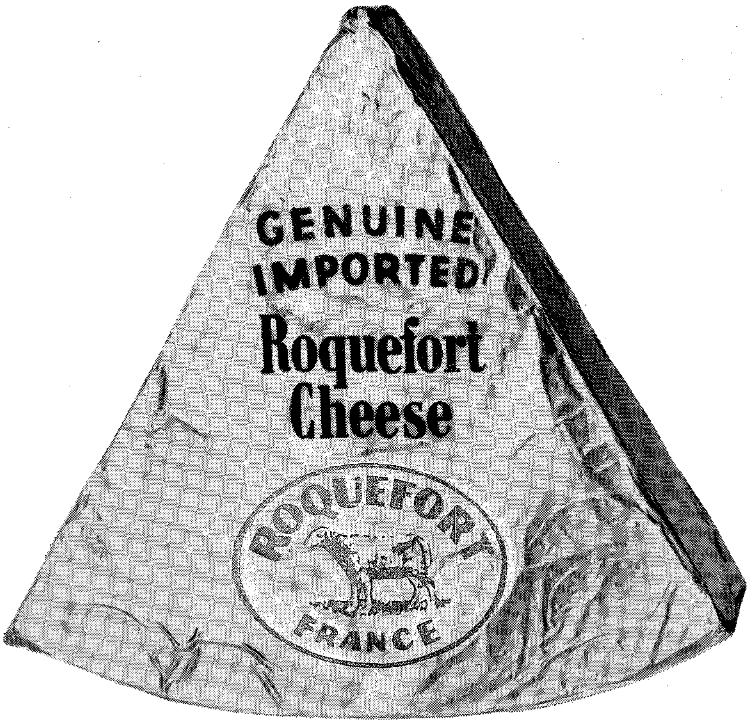
for me that I had a surprise ending up my sleeve for them. Mr. McClary seemed a little concerned when I said this, but I laughed and told him that my surprise ending would do nobody any harm. (I was only thinking of boxing their ears.) I then told him that I had been worrying about Susie, who was supposed to arrive that morning from Paris. She was coming by way of Dublin, where she had expected to stop over for a few days, I told him, and I hadn't heard anything from her since she had wired me saying she was leaving for Dublin, some days back. I asked him if he would let me telephone the Roxburghe and find out whether she had arrived, and said that if she had, I wouldn't take any more of his time. He put in a call to the Roxburghe desk and handed the phone to me, and I ascertained that Susie had just arrived and was waiting in the lobby until her room, which had been vacated only a few minutes before, was ready. So that was that. She hadn't been kidnapped, nobody had stolen the pin I'd given her, she wasn't being held as a hostage in order to make me do something or other. She just hadn't thought it necessary to tell me she had arrived in Dublin safely and was having a good time there. I apologized again to Mr. McClary for having caused him so much trouble, and he said that that was what he was for. He said he was leaving Edinburgh the next day for a new assignment and was being replaced by a Mr. MacLaren, and that if I needed any help of any kind not to hesitate to get in touch with his successor—that he'd tell Mr. MacLaren about me, so he'd know who I was if I called him. Then Mr. McClary took me down to his car and dropped me off at the Roxburghe.

"Susie was sitting in the lobby, in front of a window, happily having a cup of coffee. I discovered that I felt fine, and was surprised to discover, further, that I had no hangover. This again made me think I might have been doped somewhere or other, but I dismissed the whole matter from my mind as I greeted Susie, and began to concentrate on having a happy time with her in Edinburgh and its environs."

"And did you?"

"Yes and no. After Susie arrived, I drank less, partly because I didn't want to run any risk of getting put in that jail again, and partly because when I'm with Susie I usually drink what she drinks, and she likes wine and mild apéritifs, and abhors cocktails and whiskey; in other words, her drinking customs are more French than American or Anglo-Saxon



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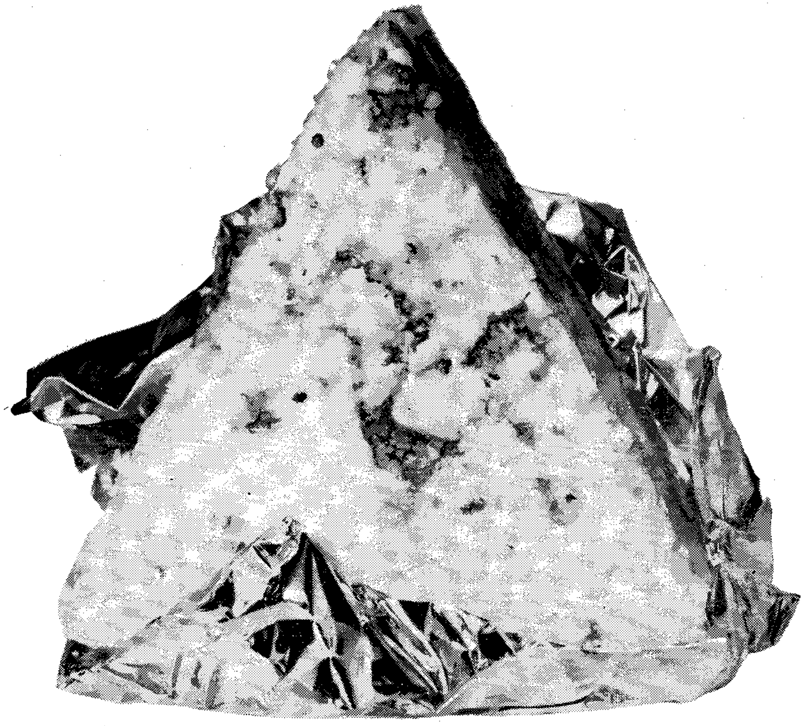

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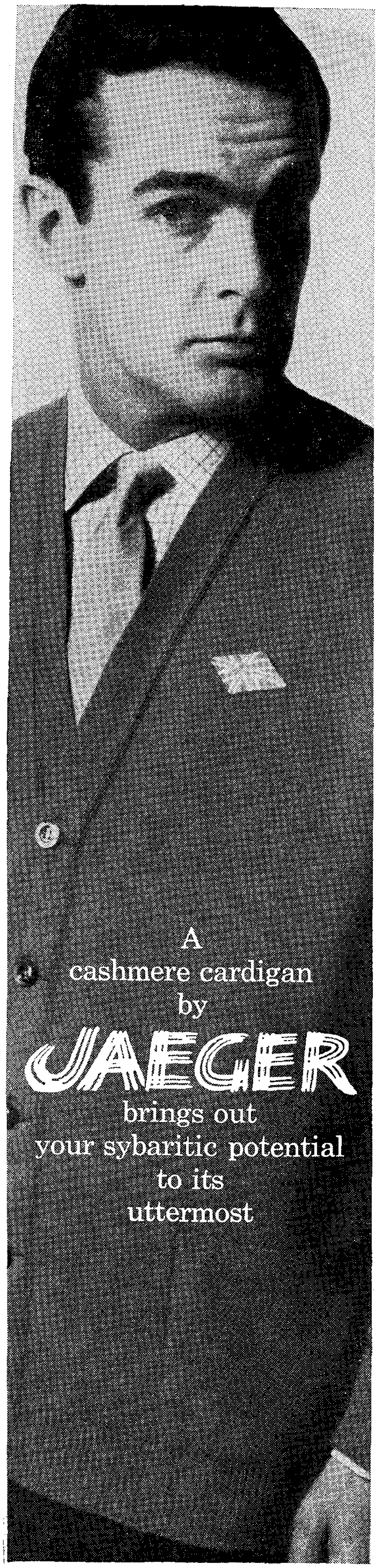
or Celtic. And yet I was, if anything, even more anxious than before about the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower and perhaps the Queen and her husband, and I was also afraid that something might happen to Susie while she was in my company. The morning after the day I got out of jail, I went to see Mr. MacLaren, while Susie was shopping. I told him pretty much the bare facts of what had happened to me and also what I thought might be going on around Edinburgh, and then I told him that there was nothing I could see that he or anybody else could do about it, except to tell me where I might obtain a car and a driver that he knew would be absolutely safe for Susie and me to use. I also told him I intended to go and see Colonel Gragg that day or the next and tell him everything I knew and everything I had imagined. Mr. MacLaren gave me the number of a firm that had chauffeur-driven cars, and said that the Consulate had used them for years and had every confidence in them, and that he would call them after I left and make sure that they gave me a driver who had been with them a long time. Then he said he'd also call Colonel Gragg and tell him I was coming to see him, and so on. He said that he couldn't pretend to know, or guess, whether there was anything in what I sensed was going on, but that one never could be sure in these cloak-and-dagger matters, and that I was doing the right thing in keeping in touch with the American military authorities.

"Later on that day, I asked for a car and driver from the firm whose number he'd given me, and they sent an enormous limousine not unlike a Rolls-Royce. Susie and I both felt self-conscious in it as we went breezing down to the Danish-food place for dinner that night, and Susie wanted to know why I didn't just take a taxi, or at least an ordinary-looking car. I explained to her that I was afraid I was mixed up in some kind of cloak-and-dagger business, and that, whatever might be going on, I'd wanted to be sure we had a safe car and a driver who was dependable. 'Oh dear!' she said. 'That's the story of my life!' She meant, of course, that during her girlhood her father had always been on the run, with a price set on his head by the Nazis. I decided to tell her nothing more about the plot and the counterplot, and we had a nice time at the Danish place and at several places we stopped at on the way there, and on the drive back to Edinburgh afterward. Next day, I got the same driver and a less conspicuous car. Nothing happened to increase my anxiety, and I had no more panics until four or five days later. By that



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time, I was taking ordinary taxicabs again. I still thought it quite possible that the plot and the counterplot were entirely of my own imagining, but when I stopped and put all the stray circumstances together, they were quite impressive."

"How did you put them together, Colonel?"

"Like this: I dismissed as unimportant the notion that the whole thing was a practical joke engineered by my pals in the C.I.A. If it was, it didn't matter. What did matter, it seemed to me, was that I might have been hit on the head that night at the edge of the road not by falling against the signpost but by some person or persons unknown, that I might have been doped at the Infirmary, that the tape recorder might have been used to put ideas into my head that it later seemed necessary for me to carry out, that I was to be made use of, either by my own people or by the other side, to in some way act as a stand-in for Prince Philip or some other member of the Royal Family, that the extreme Tories in Scotland might be on the verge of making some kind of deal with Khrushchev, and that this deal involved kidnapping the President, the Queen, and a collection of other prominent Britons and Americans and holding them as hostages in connection with a takeover of the United Kingdom. And that our counterplot was, roughly, that we would let the other side think they were getting away with this, but that actually the people they kidnapped would be stand-ins and that at the proper moment we would grab Khrushchev and *his* bunch and do to the other side exactly what they'd planned to do to us. And that I was involved in one way or another. I told myself all the reasons *not* to believe this, but at the same time I pointed out to myself that the plot and the counterplot were quite plausible.

"Susie and I had moved to the rooms at Prestonfield House the day after I got out of jail, and Susie loved the place as much as I did. We made friends with all the regular guests there—people who lived there the year round—and with many of the travellers who were staying there for a few days. I was bothered intermittently by flurries of suspicion, about the plot to kidnap President Eisenhower and the Queen—what the Major, here, would call 'minimal delusions of a faintly paranoid character'—but, except for one rather fantastic interlude, nothing happened either inside my head or heads or outside it or them. We made particular friends with a Professor Pearl and his wife. He was a retired science professor from

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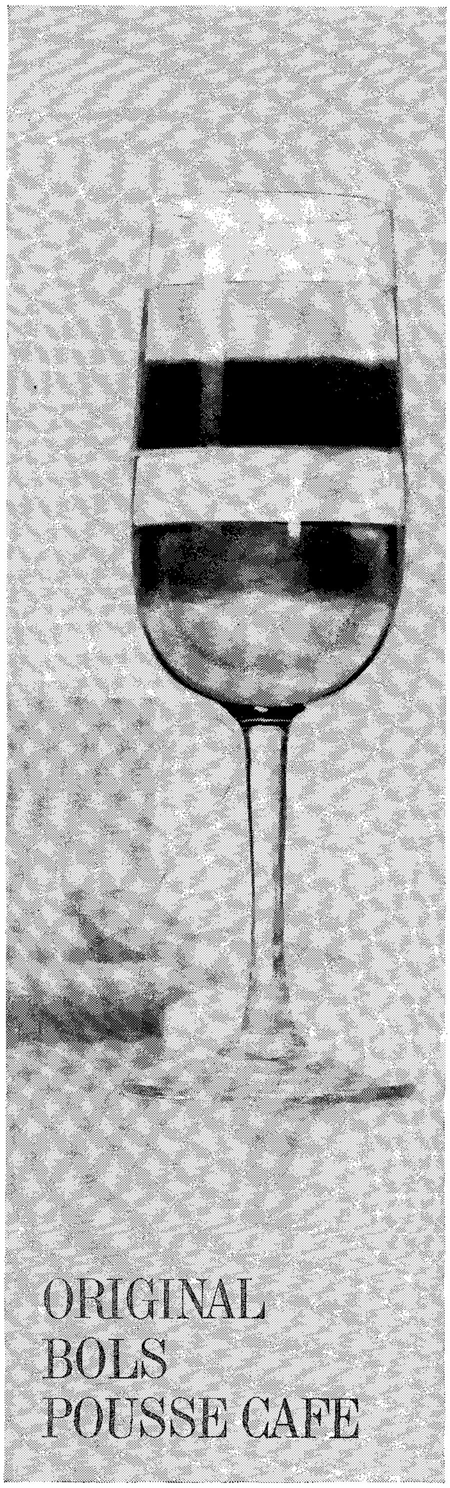

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Dartmouth. An English writer named David Keir, whose wife is prominent in British politics, came to Prestonfield House from London for a visit; we made friends with him, and he took us to see Sir Compton Mackenzie at his Edinburgh house, where we spent most of one night chatting with Sir Compton. We had a delightful evening at Mr. Pentland's house in the country—he was the wool man I'd met in Scott's—and we later had Pentland and his wife and their three grown children to dinner at Prestonfield House.

"I was having such a good time that I kept putting off the visit to Colonel Gragg at Kirknewton that I'd told Mr. MacLaren I would make. I figured that MacLaren would pass on to Gragg what I'd told him, if Gragg wanted to know about it, and that if, as I still half suspected, the whole business was simply something I'd dreamed up, I wouldn't have to risk making a bigger fool of myself by paying the call on Colonel Gragg. Then the fantastic episode occurred.

"You will remember that the black van at the Rathburne Hotel, in Longformacus, had appeared to me to have some special significance. Well, one evening about nine o'clock, when I returned to Prestonfield House after dinner at the Press Club—Susie was having a quiet dinner with Mrs. Oliver—I saw, as my taxi drove into the Prestonfield grounds, a black van standing near the gate. It wasn't parked in the parking lot but was on the driveway, headed out. After I'd paid off the taxi, I strolled over to it and tried the back doors. They were locked. I went on up to the Leather Room, and there a nice young Scots couple named Colling were talking to Susie and Mrs. Oliver. It seemed the Collings had an estate on which they raised sheep. It was in the vicinity of Gifford. They'd started in to Edinburgh to have dinner, they said, having left their five children with a housekeeper, and their car had broken down on the outskirts of Edinburgh, near a garage owned by a friend of Colling's. The friend was out, however, so they left their car there to be repaired and took his van and drove on to Prestonfield House, where they'd just had dinner. Colling was a likable chap, though uneducated, like many men and women of old families and of the old nobility—or so he seemed to me—and he expressed many reactionary opinions of the kind traditional with some of the old-family Scots lairds and landowners.

"I chose to think the story about the van an unlikely one. I'd had in one or two of my heads for days the notion that

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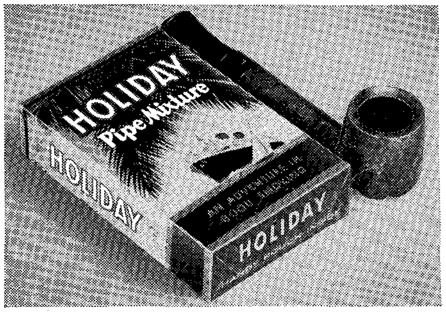

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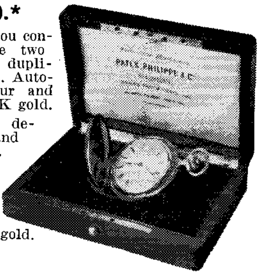
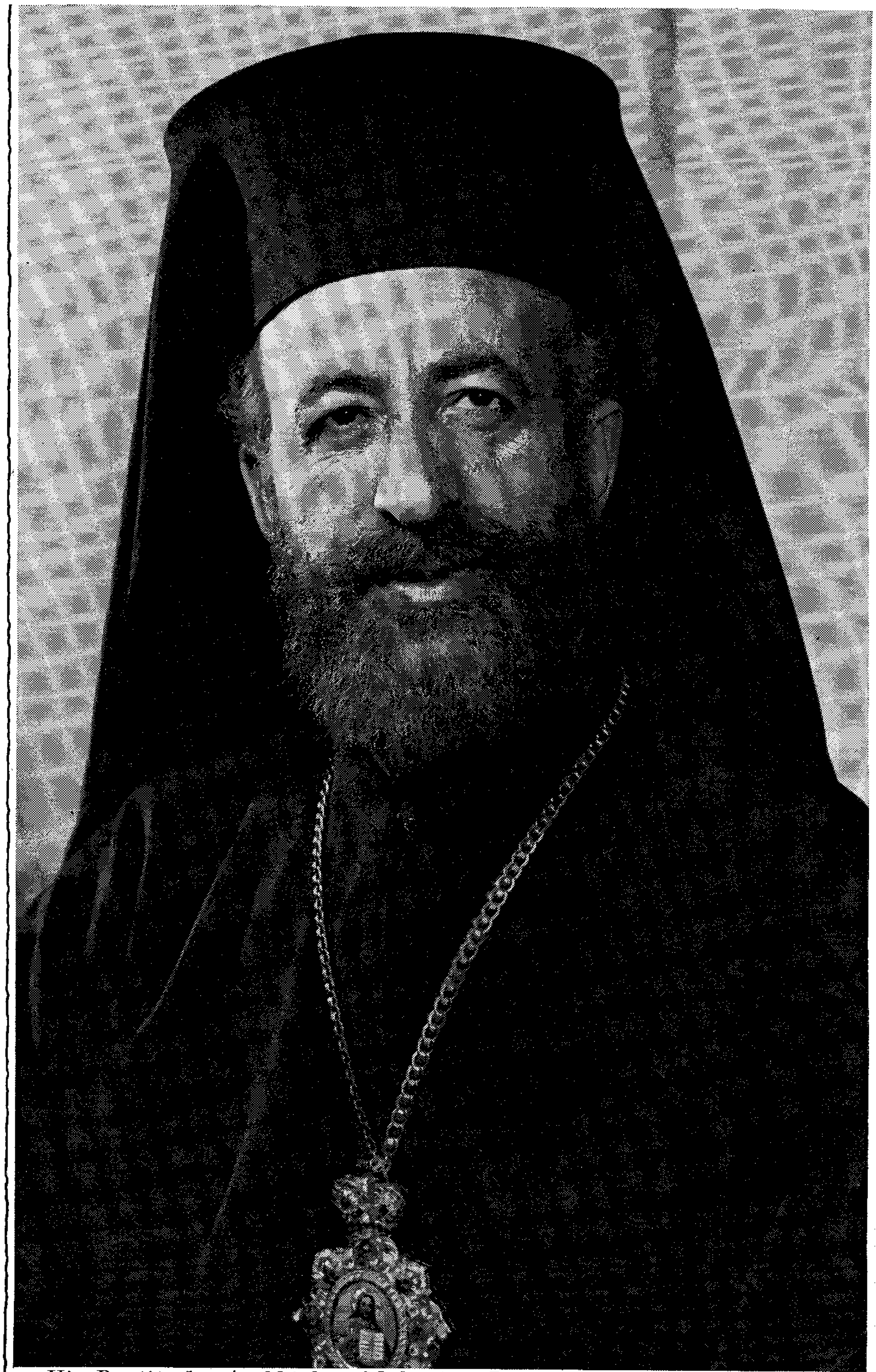


a black van, or several black vans, was to figure in both the plot and the counterplot, and I decided that this one the Collings said they'd borrowed might be a part of the plot—not the counterplot. I telephoned MacKaye at the taxi company and asked him to bring his cab out to Prestonfield House. When he got there, I told him to stand by—that I wanted to follow the lorry when it left. We followed it and soon lost it. I decided I was being silly, and returned to Prestonfield House. It was then rather late, and Susie had gone to bed. I took it into my head to see if any of the hotel guests were missing. I looked into the room the Professor and his wife had been occupying—on the ground floor, next to my room—opening the door noiselessly. The moon was out, and I could see quite clearly that the beds were rumpled but that nobody was in the room. I decided that the plot was being carried out that night and that the Professor and his wife had been taken away in the black van by the Collings. I went into my room and telephoned the base and asked for Colonel Gragg, but he was out. I got his executive officer and told him to tell Colonel Gragg that whatever it was that was going on in Edinburgh had just started, and that 'they' had the Professor and his wife. I explained who the Professor was. I then called Prestwick and told Lieutenant Cooper the same thing. Then I went up to the Leather Room to see if I could find a drink, and discovered that some Americans were playing bridge in the drawing room. I had never seen any of them before. They said they'd just arrived that evening. One of them said he was an Air Force officer on leave. There was a short-wave radio in the Leather Room, and I decided to turn it on and see what news was being announced in the various capitals of the world. I couldn't get anything. I asked the American who said he was an Air Force officer—he was a young man—to see if he could work the radio. He tried, but he couldn't get anything, either. He said that the radio was working all right but that there didn't seem to be anything on in Moscow, London, New York, or Paris. I took this to mean that all hell had broken loose and that silence was being observed everywhere except in Edinburgh. Still, I wasn't sure, so I said nothing to the Americans. The Americans went to bed, but I stayed up. The liquor in the Leather Room was locked up, so I wasn't able to get the drink I very much wanted. I tried to call MacLaren, but I couldn't reach him. I could think of nothing further to do. I couldn't sleep, so, as quietly as possible,



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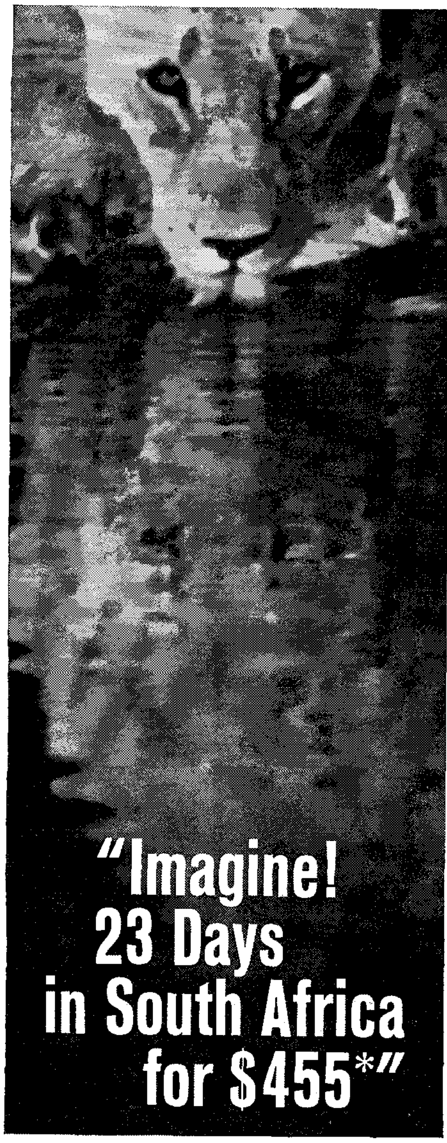

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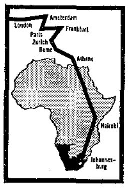

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I took a bath to calm my nerves, and then I put on clean clothes and read a book, and, at last, it was dawn. About an hour after the sun rose, I heard sounds in the kitchen and managed to get some tea and biscuits. Then I started up to the second-floor bathroom—there was no bathroom on the ground floor—and there I met the Professor, in a dressing gown, on *his* way to the bathroom. I said good morning and asked him if he had moved to a different room. 'Yes,' he said. 'Mrs. Oliver thought we'd be more comfortable on the top floor, in a larger room than the one we had downstairs.' I laughed inordinately, and the Professor looked as if he thought I'd lost my mind. Then I looked into the Leather Room. A man was there, hard at work repairing the radio.

"So now the mystery of the radio was cleared up. And from then on I had no more anxiety and no more panics. MacLaren, however, *did* have some anxiety—or at least he was very much concerned about me. He called me the next day and told me that Colonel Gragg had said he'd like to see me out at Kirknewton and show me around the base, and had suggested that I bring Susie along, if I liked. Susie and I went, and on the way Susie asked me to stop the taxi at a flower shop. I did, and she bought a potted plant for Mrs. Oliver's mother. I figured the sentries at Kirknewton would surely think the wrapped-up potted plant was a bomb, but they paid no attention to it. They took us in to see Colonel Gragg, who greeted us cordially and introduced us to a young officer, Captain David Faris, whose insignia showed he was a flight surgeon. Faris said he'd like to show Susie around the base while I talked to Colonel Gragg. I told Gragg the bare bones of my story and assured him that last night's episode had finally convinced me that the whole thing was just something going on inside my head. He said, in almost the same words MacLaren and McClary had used, that once one began to think or act along cloak-and-dagger lines, one found it extremely difficult to tell fact from fancy. We chatted about people we both knew in the Air Force. Susie and Faris returned. I asked Faris if he was a psychiatrist as well as an aviation-medicine man, and he said that he wasn't but that he was 'psychoanalytically oriented.' He asked me if I thought I needed to see a psychiatrist or needed to get into a nursing home. I said that I didn't think so, that last night's business had cleared up the whole thing, and that I now felt quite free from anxiety. He gave me his phone numbers—at both his office and his

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home—and told me not to hesitate to call him if I decided I needed anything. 'You'd be surprised how many intelligence officers and C.I.A. people have to have psychiatric advice from time to time,' he said. Both Gragg and Faris told me they'd known about me and my Guam caper for years, and Gragg said in an offhand way that he knew General LeMay thought very highly of me. I figured that he had been in touch with the Air Force in Washington and had been told by LeMay or by one of his staff people that I was a friend of LeMay's, and that LeMay had indicated to Gragg that he should be kind to me but at the same time should be prepared to throw a net over me if I showed signs of wishing to get to an official teletype channel that led into the Pentagon. I was feeling entirely normal and happy and relaxed, and Susie and I left the airbase after a while and returned to Prestonfield House. That was the end of Operation Edinburgh. I had a few more days there with Susie—days and evenings that came and went without any more flurries of suspicion or anxiety—and then we went to Dublin, where we were to fly our separate ways back to New York and Paris. The day before we left Edinburgh, I had a note from Mrs. Cameron saying that she and Ian had been delayed in London and that they hoped I'd still be at Prestonfield House when they returned, but I wasn't, and I haven't seen them again, although we've corresponded from time to time. I certainly intend to look them up, along with all my other friends over there, when I go to Scotland on another vacation, which I hope will be soon. On our last evening in Edinburgh, I took Susie to dinner at the Rathburne Hotel at Longformacus and we had a splendid time viewing the paintings and having tea with the Princess and dinner afterward with the Grahams, and from the garden we watched the late sun go down in the ocean beyond the purple Lammermuirs. And Susie pretended—as I did—to enjoy no end Mr. Graham's account of the joke I'd played on him that other evening in his bar when I'd called him an unspeakable monster. I didn't tell Graham I thought I'd been involved in a plot—or a counterplot—having to do with Eisenhower and the Queen. In fact, I've never again told anybody about that until tonight."

"Well, Colonel, we've found out everything we wanted to know," the general said, "and that's that."

AND it was.

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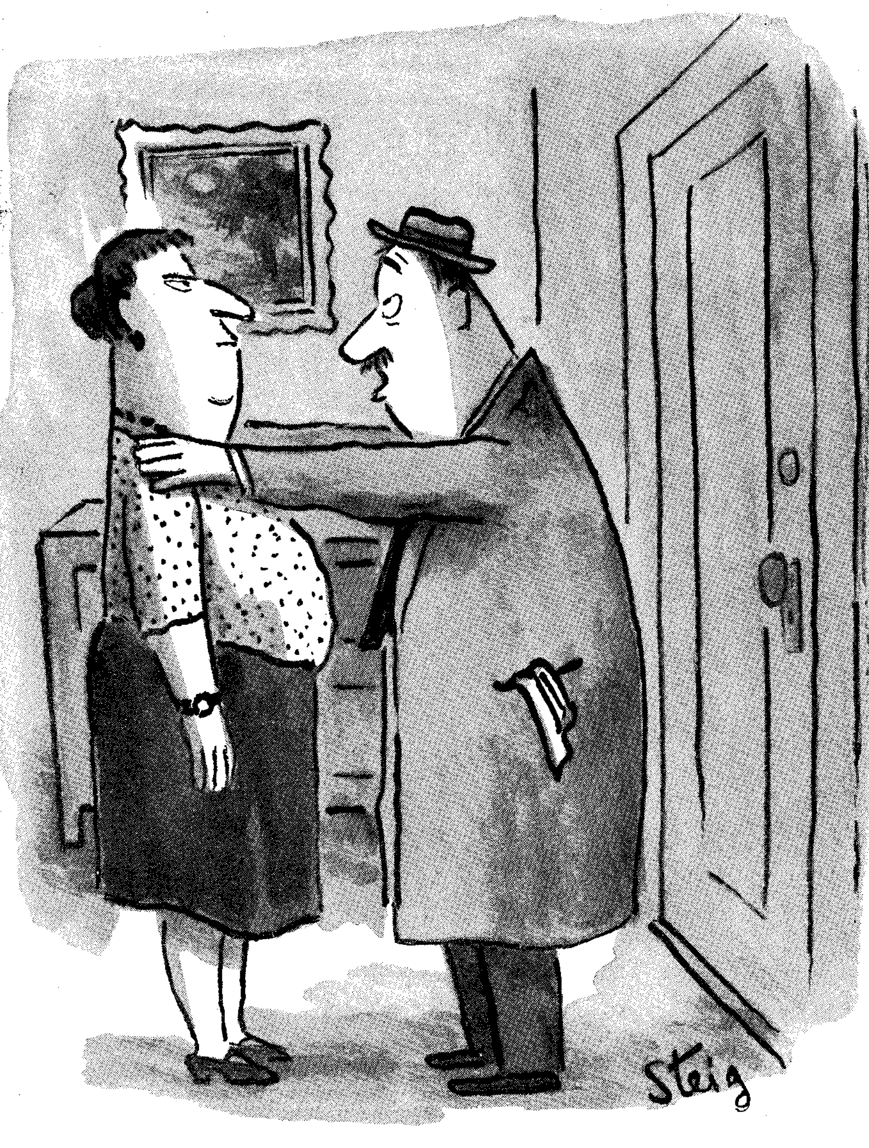
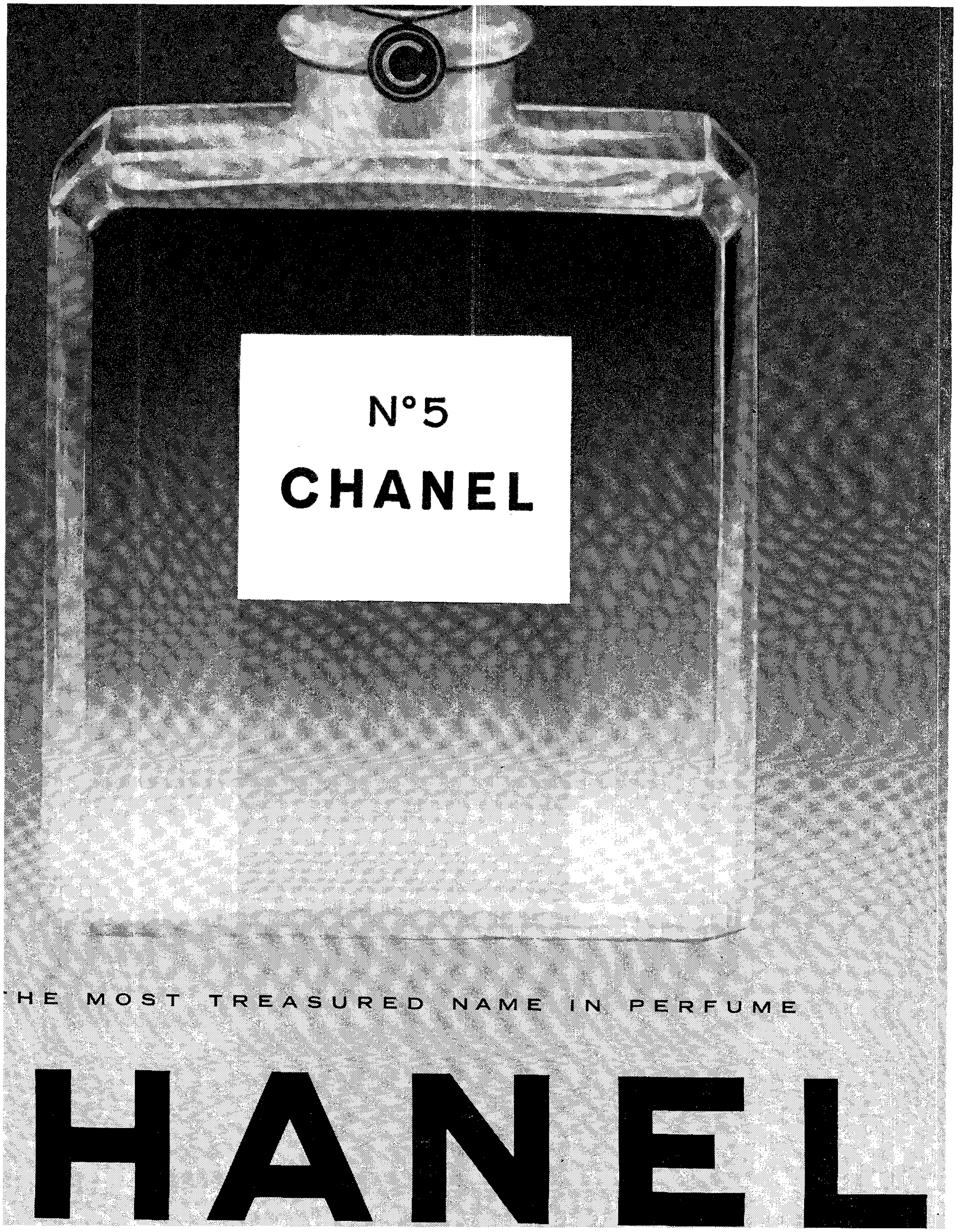
STOP THE SHOW—I WANT TO GET OUT

NEAR the welcome conclusion of "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," at the Shubert, the dominant male in the cast of this comedy, which has been running in England since the Wars of the Roses, reenacts the agonies of a severe coronary thrombosis. Having witnessed this, I decided that there was no real theatrical sympathy, at least in the present case, between me and my cousins across the briny, and, fearing that any moment a number called "Laugh with Leprosy" might be introduced, I groped my way out of the Shubert into the soft, therapeutic autumnal air that was playing around Forty-fourth Street. Before I left, I had seen Anthony Newley, the protagonist of the operation, run through the seven ages of man, always done up in clownish whiteface and wearing the sort of baggy-pants rig that was all the rage with burlesque comedians before the Minskys went square. Mr. Newley, who, together with Leslie Bricusse, is responsible for the book, the music, and the lyrics of this one, manages to drag out Shakespeare's seven ages so long that they seem like primordial epochs, even though such contemporary topics as Russia vs. the West, the persistence of the Nazi mystique in Germany, and the futility of New York night life are introduced. Some of the revue is done in pantomime, and Mr. Newley confesses that he is indebted to Marcel Marceau for many of his effects. I'd hate to be that heavily in debt to a loan company. Although Mr. Newley is a man of average height, he is referred to affectionately, in "Stop the World, etc.," as "Littlechap." This, possibly, is designed to make us think of him as a Chaplinesque character. He isn't; he's more on the order of a follower of Joe Miller, and fancies such dialogue as "I may say without fear of contraception." Of the girls who surround him in this aimless affair, Anna Quayle, who plays the eternal woman in his life, is most prominent. She wears a costume that looks like a suit of long gray underwear, wriggles a good deal, and is adorned with such heavy eye makeup that I avoided her gaze after the first few minutes for fear I had encountered a basilisk. The music that accompanies the doings is nothing much, although one tune, "What Kind of Fool Am I?," is fairly catchy. In another of the songs, a rhyme of my childhood ("My Mother Said That I Never Should Play with the Gypsies in the Wood") is given an extensive and purposeless workout.



"Would I lie to you, Beatrice?"

IN the first act of "Come On Strong," at the Morosco, the hero and heroine (played by Van Johnson and Carroll Baker) are espied in a Manhattan apartment after a night of lust. At the end of the last act, they are preparing for another night of lust. Obviously, these characters haven't developed much. But then Garson Kanin, who wrote and directed the piece, doesn't seem to have the slightest idea of what to do with his team emotionally. Anyhow, he gets them out to Hollywood in his second act, reveals that the boy has become a splendid documentary-film maker and the girl the doxy of a very coarse producer (he keeps not only our heroine but another girl—the second as a status symbol), and then, in the third act, whisks the pair back to New York, where we discover that our heroine has become a movie star and our hero a *Life* photographer. There are echoes toward the end of the funny stuff that Mr. Kanin got into "Born Yesterday," but they are faint. Indeed, it is hard to see just what he is aiming at here. Miss Baker and Mr. Johnson behave as if they were running through some elocutionary exercises, which may be the proper way to interpret this play, and the other members of the cast, though

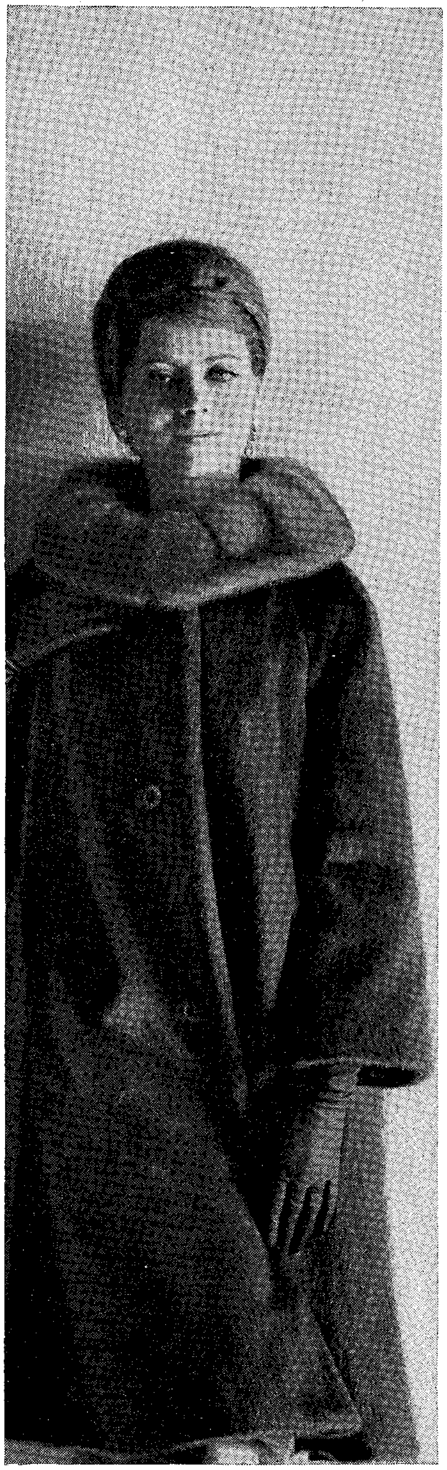

N°5
CHANEL
HE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
HANEL

all hands try hard, shed little light on whatever it is that Mr. Kanin has in mind. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

A Pair as Openers

"WHISPER INTO MY GOOD EAR" and "Mrs. Dally Has a Lover," a pair of one-acters at the Cherry Lane, are the first produced plays of a new dramatist named William Hanley. "Whisper" is set on a rocky hill in a park that is probably Central on the winter afternoon when two lonesome old men, who have been meeting there for some time, decide to commit suicide. In sometimes desultory, sometimes not so desultory conversation, each of them reviews his life. The one called Charlie grew up in a local slum. He has been a drug addict. His wife, whom he loved and still loves, has been insane and in an asylum for thirty-four years. Now he discovers that he is going blind, and, in a double sense, he can see no future for himself. Then he tastes some pomegranate seeds for the first time, and finds them so delicious, we are meant to believe, that they change everything—there may still be some pleasures available. The old man called Max was born in Poland and grew up on a farm with a mother who sneaked off to the barn at night with every visiting salesman, and a father who was too timid to remonstrate. Max is a quiet, shy man, far more contemplative and subtle than Charlie, and he has a number of dismaying secrets to tell. It is Max who produces the pomegranate (if the pomegranate is supposed to indicate anything of a Persephonic nature, I don't get it), and also the pistol that is to do away with both of them, and it is Max whose determination to die remains firm even after Charlie changes his mind. Mr. Hanley may be trying to say something abstract and significant, but I couldn't see much beneath the surface. The surface, though, is often interesting and lively, for the conversation has a certain quality—occasionally amusing and occasionally sad (but occasionally way off key, unfortunately). As a whole, though, the play is sentimental, and the characters don't ring true. Roberts Blossom, whose youth comes through only now and then, does well as Charlie, avoiding the bent-kneed, quavery cliché and giving the impression of a vigorous, humorous old man. He does particularly well in a long, rather touching passage in which he describes the morning of his wife's collapse into madness. As Max, Boris Tumarin is not convincing, but I



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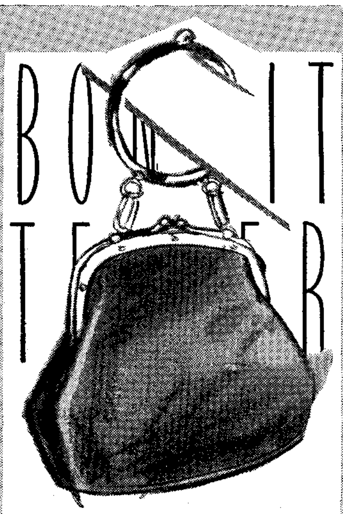

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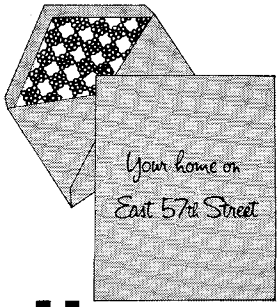

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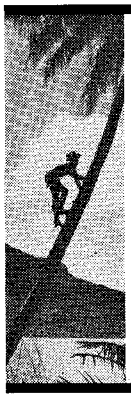

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suspect that the trouble lies as much in the part as in the performance.

Mrs. Dally, of "Mrs. Dally Has a Lover," is a matron in her late thirties who is having an affair with a boy still in his teens and has fallen in love with him. She and the boy live in the same tenement in New York, and the setting is her kitchen. Here, too, much of the play is sentimental and contrived—Mrs. D. is really that idealized Older Woman again—and time after time the playwright shows his hand, but even so there are many delightful touches in the lines and ideas and direction, and the play is charmingly performed by Estelle Parsons and Robert Drivas, as the lovers. The sexual magnetism and the affection that exist between them are so firmly established at the start that everything they say or do—the teasing, the sudden spats and the flashes of anger or passion, the jokes, the moments of sadness—seems right for about three-quarters of the way through. Then, almost at the end, the boy finds a copy of John Donne's poems on top of the icebox and starts making fun of them, and the woman, offended, recites "I wonder, by my troth . . ." At this point, the playwright snaps his play from life to the library, and it is somehow all wrong to let Donne take over when the action has reached its emotional peak; Miss Parsons is changed, through no fault of her own, from an ardent mistress to an actress giving a good reading of a good poem.

There is, I think, quite a lot wrong with both plays, and quite a lot right, too. The production, under the direction of Richard Altman, is smooth and professional, and the fact that Mr. Hanley is a promising dramatist makes the clinkers more discordant than they would ordinarily be. His lines really stick, and don't just vanish into thin air the second they are out of the actors' mouths, and the part of the boy in "Mrs. Dally" is as credible as it is well played. William Ritman has done his usual effective settings, his rocky nook in the park being especially stylish. Mrs. D., by the way, makes several references to her messy kitchen, but it didn't look all that untidy to me.

HIGH spirits, some attractive songs and dances and singers and dancers, and a few amusing performances should be enough for any musical comedy, but somehow they can't quite save "Sweet Miani," an on-and-off lampoon of the movie musicals of the nineteen-thirties. The setting at the Players Theatre is one of those unspecified islands in the Pacific where orchids

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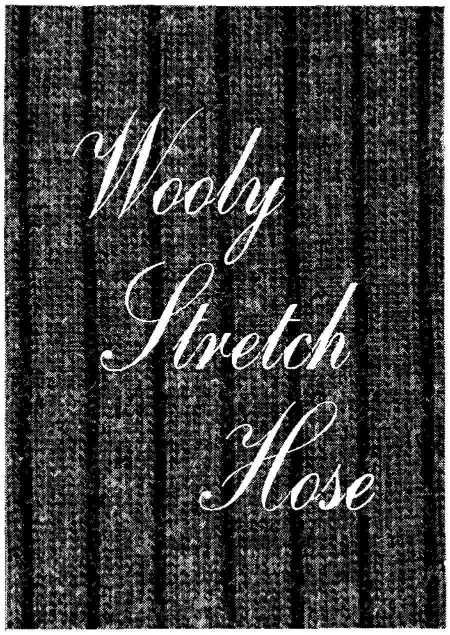

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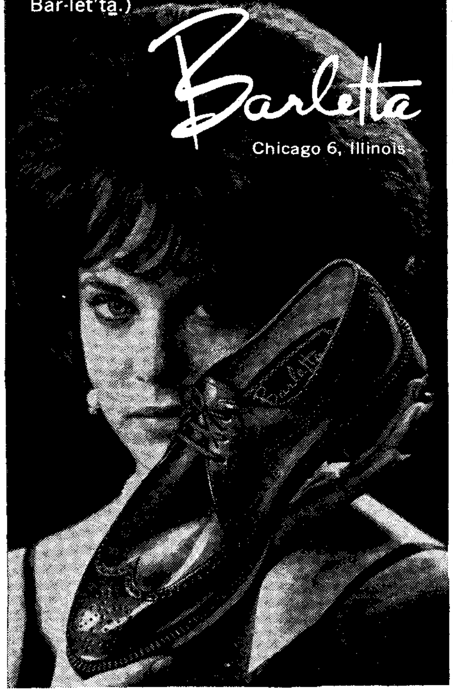
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abound, where the harmonies quite often droop into the resonant Hawaiian whine, where virginity appears to have top conversational priority (something that never struck me in those old movies), and where, in this instance, a private plane crashes to earth with a cargo of dazed but susceptible visitors from America. Unlike "The Boy Friend," which commented with some wit on the musicals of the twenties and added great charm of its own, "Sweet Miani," with no point of view except wasn't-it-a-scream?, just reflects the best and worst of the period it deals with. Many of the songs are so close to their melodic ancestors that they can be considered imitations rather than parodies, but there are, all the same, several tuneful, lively numbers. (Music and lyrics by Ed Tyler; dances by Edward Earle.) My favorites were "Sailing," a hearty song for the whole company; "Forever and Always," a Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddyish duet; and "Just Sit Back and Relax," which is sung with great spirit by Sheila Smith. Miss Smith, incidentally, is a graceful, pretty girl with presence, poise, and a good voice. I wish her luck, but I don't think she'll need it. —EDITH OLIVER

•

The Sun-News regrets printing a story in the Sunday society section which erroneously tells of the marriage of Massie J. Heilman and the former Pearl Nolan on August 25 at Safford, Ariz.

The information was received from an unconfirmed source and was published without a check being made.

Heilmann, who is owner of Massie and Sons El Paso Service Station in Las Cruces, is married to Virginia Heilmann, operator of Charm, Unlimited, modeling school in Las Cruces.

Heilmann said his son, Weldon Dupriest, who was recently married to the former Anne Gerehard of Melbourne, Fla., is now in Las Cruces with his bride, to visit friends and relatives. The misinformation possibly could have come from some one who failed to properly check names and places.

The Sun-News regrets any embarrassment it may have caused to the persons involved.—*Las Cruces (N.M.) Sun-News.*

Somebody got married, that's for sure.

•

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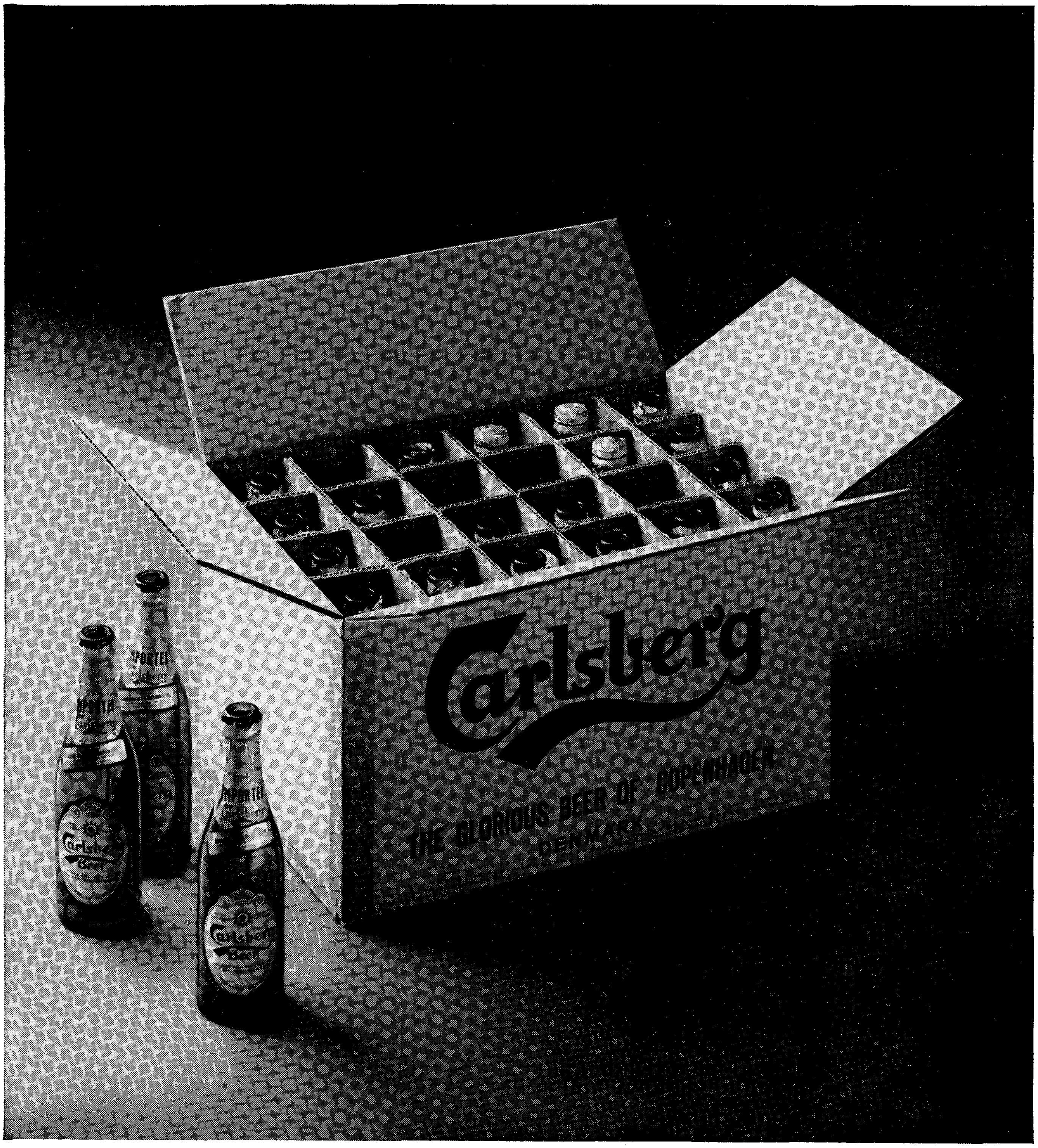
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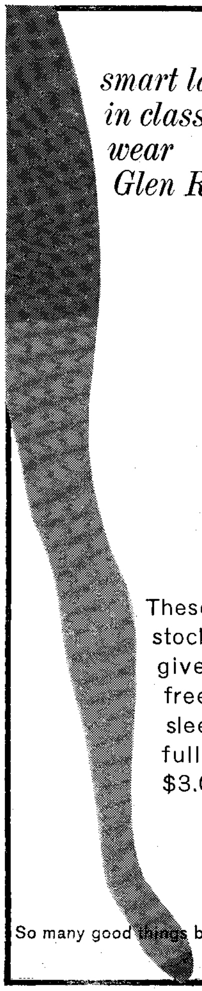

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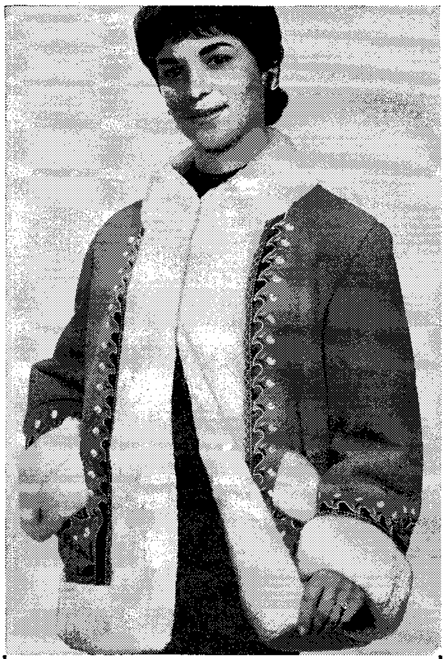
FOOTBALL

Changes in the Weather

THOSE of us who can recall being picked up by the military police during the late war for being out of uniform—a button unbuttoned, a unit patch an inch too low on the sleeve—are bemused, and amused, by the newest new look of the New Army. Its first appearance in public occurred on an afternoon of no importance otherwise—Army was entertaining, at home, the football team of Wake Forest—when the student body at West Point came onstage encased in the customary cadet uniform but topped by vast red coolie hats, on some of which, in letters of gold, the legend "Army Chinese Bandits" was inscribed. A week later, going up against—and beating—a much more difficult Syracuse team at the Polo Grounds, Army brought out the student body again, this time (wearing more suitable hats) to drop oranges on the playing field so that they would spell out, also in letters of gold, the exhortation "Go Army." (Presumably a malcontent had eaten the comma in the dressing room.) There was, alas, little time for comedy last Saturday out in Ann Arbor, where Michigan, one of Army's oldest friends and severest critics, handed down a 17–7 adverse opinion. The Bandit hats, one hears, will nevertheless be part of the show whenever Army plays at home. This prankery is part of the theatrical enterprise that Paul Dietzel, Army's new coach, brought with him from the Deep South. The Chinese Bandits are his third, or defensive, team; the Regulars and the Go team are his offensive squads. The squads are required to sit separately when they are at rest ("Keep up the company spirit"), and each one has its own battle flag, which a detail of cadets runs up when it is in action. These are all surface evidences of the mighty war machine that is being erected at West Point—a machine that, at a guess, will not be completed for a couple of years, along about the time when Army (such is the law of coincidence) begins playing Notre Dame again. Curtiss Lindler and Wayne Page, two valuable players who came to Army from Down South soon after Dietzel did, and whom one or two Southern universities had up to then thought *they* were going to get, are this fall on what could be called the Army



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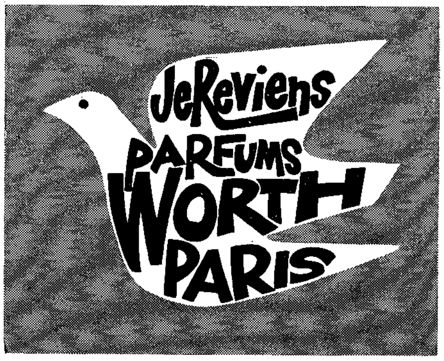

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freshman team, and the skill of certain of their teammates is such that, valuable though Lindler and Page are, they're often not conspicuous even by their presence.

THERE have been alterations, too, in the Ivy League—everywhere, that is, except at Princeton, which (and with reason) is content to use last year's team, the one that looked so good before so many of the prime performers were damaged. This 1961 squadron, run again from quarterback by John Henrich, who has the structure, the imperturbability, and the invulnerability of a Percheron, has handily beaten its first two visitors: the 1962 Rutgers team, run from quarterback by Bob Yaksick, and the 1962 Columbia team, run from quarterback by Archie Roberts—two men who are as excellent at their trade as anyone we're likely to see in the East this fall. Columbia, which was Grade A last season, is back where it was for twenty years—a quarterback looking for a team. Yale is still the raw elements of a team looking for a quarterback. Cornell, which for a decade suffered from an inability to concentrate, is thinking more consecutively, and Dartmouth, which was having palpitations at the start of the campaign, looked to be in November form last week against Pennsylvania (Dartmouth 17, Pennsylvania 0). Pennsylvania, which exhibited fitful moments of hope last year, has exhibited none this time out, and Harvard, which exhibited prolonged moments of hope the second half of last year's round robin, has been exhibiting them at the beginning of this year, even though its luck so far has been notably deficient. And Brown has come up not only in the Ivy League but in the world—the outside world—as well; it actually beat Colgate the other weekend. This is to say that if Pennsylvania and Columbia are a bit down in the League, several other members of the cast are a bit up, and this movement, though nowhere near perfect, toward a resumption of a reasonable balance of power among the eight constituents can't be anything but welcome.

—J. W. L.

•

Eddie Anderson was honored Friday night with a surprise birthday party at the home of Miss Tatti Apple, 1210 Bandera. Twenty-six friends attended. . . . Punch and birthday cake were served from a table covered with a lace cloth over turquoise. Texas mosquitoes were placed around the cake and bowl.—*Wichita Falls (Texas) Times.*

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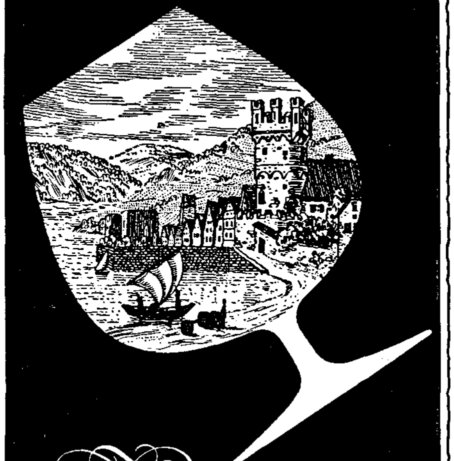

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Under Fire

THANKS to the laying down of an exceptionally heavy barrage of advance publicity, everyone hereabouts has known for months that Darryl Zanuck's "The Longest Day" is an elaborate translation, at great length, in documentary style, with scores of stars in tiny parts, of Cornelius Ryan's best-selling account of D Day—June 6, 1944. Mr. Zanuck has bent every effort to do justice to that heroic day in our history, and as a reconstruction of an event already surprisingly remote in time to many millions of Americans, it's a tour de force of audio-visual verisimilitude—surely, if this is not precisely how it was, it's as close to the genuine article as any imitation is likely to come. But just there, for me, is the difficulty; it *is* an imitation of real life and at nearly every point regrettably resists the temptation to fiddle around with facts until they take the shape of a possible work of art. The result of these scruples is that although my senses were convincingly assaulted for three solid hours, my emotions were hardly ever engaged, and I ended, rather to my embarrassment, by being bored. *Variety* has called "The Longest Day" a blockbuster, but it is only that, and I kept waiting for it to be something more.

Mr. Zanuck made it all the harder for me to take this mock-documentary seriously by stuffing it with innumerable celebrated actors, most of whom make such fugitive appearances that the audience finds itself engaged in a distracting game of instant identification. ("Isn't that Roddy McDowall?" "Where?" "Oh, you missed him!") Among the actors I saw, or think I saw, were Richard Burton, Mel Ferrer, Sal Mineo, Leo Genn, Robert Mitchum, Kenneth More, John Wayne, Edmond O'Brien, Stuart Whitman, Robert Ryan, Red Buttons, Richard Beymer, Peter Lawford, and Henry Fonda. Mr. Fonda's performance reveals still another hazard of the ersatz documentary—that famous actors playing famous people may heighten our disbelief instead of dispelling it. Mr. Fonda in the role of Brigadier General Theodore

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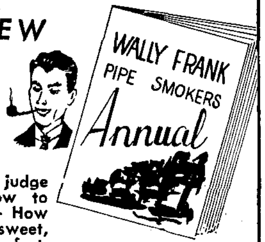

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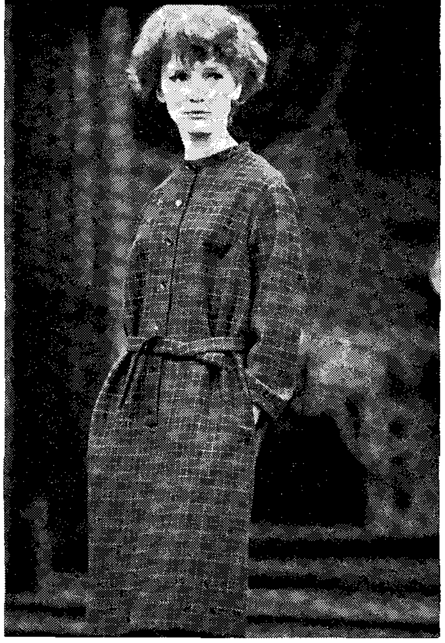

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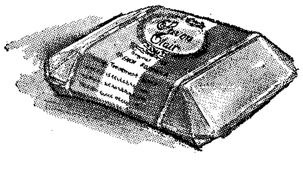

AT BONWIT-TELLER, NEIMAN-MARCUS,
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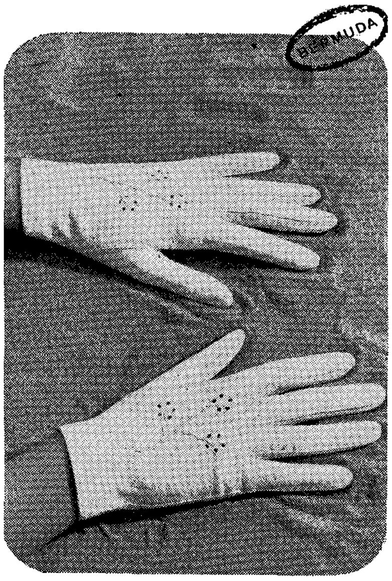
Roosevelt is even more conspicuously Henry Fonda than he would be in the role of Private John Doe, and poor General Roosevelt simply ceases to exist.

Some idea of the scale of "The Longest Day" may be gained from the fact that different directors handled what the program calls "British Exterior Episodes," "American Exterior Episodes," and "German Episodes," and that to the screenplay prepared by Mr. Ryan from his book have been added episodes by Romain Gary, James Jones, David Pursall, and Jack Seddon. (I confess I failed to detect the slightest trace of either Gary or Jones in the finished product.) Among the military consultants listed as having helped with the picture are many high American, British, French, and German officers, as well as Frau Rommel, whose famous husband, Field Marshal Rommel, coined the phrase "the longest day."

IT struck me as I watched the Zanuck juggernaut that the fumbling of the German High Command upon discovering the Allied armada off the Norman beaches was being played, at least in part, for laughs. Now, the German war machine was murderously efficient and sometimes merely murderous, and it is letting it off too lightly to encourage us to find its momentary confusion a source of comedy. Young people who are curious to know how D Day became, for the Allies, an inescapable, tragic necessity would do well to sit through a showing of "Secrets of the Nazi Criminals." This is a true documentary, based on films shown at the war-crimes trials in Nuremberg in 1946, and here—horrors that film preserves far better than memory can—are the real dead and even the real dying, staring out at us with enormous fixed eyes as they wait in crumpled heaps, in mud and snow, to be turned into soap and lampshades and cinders.

"THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER," produced and directed by Tony Richardson, has a screenplay by Alan Sillitoe, which Mr. Sillitoe thriftily plucked from one of his own short stories. It's an excellent picture, and I deplore its bad luck in having to follow several other excellent pictures in the same vein, including "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," which sprang from Mr. Sillitoe's novel of that name, and "A Taste of Honey," which Mr. Richardson directed and helped to write. Again we are in the Midlands, and again a benumbed but ardent young man of working-class



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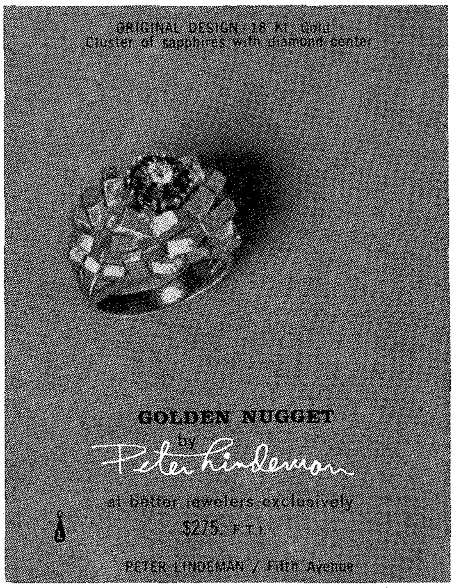

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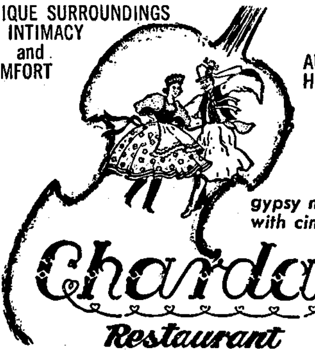

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background seeks, through certain by now conventional rites of passage—romps with girls, family squabbles, petty thefts, the punishments of a society he despises—to find himself, or, rather, to find time and space to come alive in. Tom Courtenay is brilliant as the young man, and Michael Redgrave is effective as the head of the reformatory to which the young man is sent, but the star of the picture is really Mr. Richardson. Here, as in "A Taste of Honey," his camera seems the maker and not merely the recorder of images "and all it knows is that one word 'Rejoice!' " His drabbest slum interiors burn with the glory of being intensely scrutinized and apprehended, and his exteriors—alleyways or beech woods—are bathed in a light that has nothing to do with the weather. "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" purports to be a naturalistic study of a bitter Nottingham ragamuffin, but in fact it's a spirited and often beautiful poem about being young and racked with desire and despair.

THE general feeling appears to be that Brigitte Bardot's latest—"A Very Private Affair"—is a failure, but I don't agree. It's true that Miss Bardot doesn't show up to much advantage, being required to play a spoiled, empty-headed brat and, for a wonder, granting us few glimpses of her debonair nakedness. The story recounts the career of a beautiful, repellently self-indulgent girl who, on the evidence, could scarcely have graduated from kindergarten but who drifts upward through modelling into movies, becomes a great star, takes innumerable lovers, finds fame and a multiplicity of beds equally unrewarding, goes daft, attempts suicide, fails to bring it off, and then at last, by accident, succeeds. We're constantly invited to notice that the life of this sorry creature, whose development is little more than from sex kitten to sex cat, has many parallels with Miss Bardot's own; what Miss Bardot's feelings can have been in the course of making the picture I find it hard to imagine. In any event, the interest of the picture lies not in the story but in the extraordinary inventiveness of the director, Louis Malle, who has provided in his handsome outdoor scenes of Geneva, Paris, and Spoleto, and in the prankish cutting of the film, many moments of curious, playful liveliness. An attractive intelligence is at work in this picture, and in its presence how much else I am ready to forgive!

—Brendan Gill

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THE RACE TRACK

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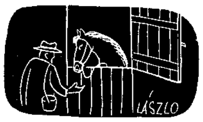

THOSE top two-year-old fillies—they come and they go. For months, Affectionately dominated the scene on Long Island. Then Smart Deb, who had been supreme on the Chicago tracks, beat her soundly in the Matron Stakes. Herewith I dedicate a tear to both, for they were down the course in the Frizette Stakes, won by Pams Ego, at Belmont Park last Saturday. I hope I don't sound like Red Board Joe, who gives you the winner after the numbers go up, but early that afternoon I had a notion that if Smart Deb and Affectionately raced head and head from the start, as they did in the Matron, neither would win; it seemed obvious to me that going all out for a mile on a track as muddy as Belmont's would be more than either could bear. So it turned out. Affectionately was first to show in front, but Smart Deb quickly joined her, and they stepped off the first quarter in 0:22⅖—the fastest time of the day—and the half mile in 0:45⅗, still burning gas. They kept on together, neither giving an inch, as they swung into the stretch, but a furlong from home they both cracked, and Pams Ego, who had been fourth most of the way, scooted past everybody to win by a length and a half from Fool's Play. Affectionately was third, three lengths behind, and Smart Deb had dropped back to sixth place. The time for the mile was 1:38. I thought Affectionately, who has always been a filly of beautiful quality, never looked better, but Smart Deb seemed to be lighter in flesh than she'd been for the Astarita ten days before; she's a game one, though. By the way, my almost infallible paddock observer's pick on looks was Pams Ego, a symmetrical bay filly by Barbizon. I wish I'd listened, because she paid a $26 mutuel. Owned by W. G. Reynolds (one of the aluminum Reynoldses, I'm told), who races the Clear Spring Stables, she cost $7,200 as a yearling and so far this season has earned $99,487. Let's all go into the horse business.

SHORTLY after Never Bend won the Futurity, Woody Stephens, who trains him and the other Cain Hoy horses for Harry F. Guggenheim, remarked, "He's a good one." Indeed he is. On the opening day at Belmont last

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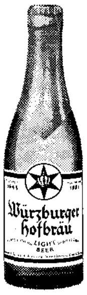

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week, Never Bend won the Cowdin Stakes in most impressive style. Fidgety on the way to the post, he reared at the start and was next to last of the thirteen runners to get going; then, taking the long way round, he won by three lengths. With earnings of $239,941, he is the leading money-winning two-year-old of 1962. He'll be the favorite for the Champagne Stakes at Belmont this weekend, and it's difficult to see defeat for him. On Wednesday, two days after the Cowdin, Stephens sent Battle Joined out for the Lawrence Realization. I wondered if he'd like the mile and five furlongs, but he soon dispelled my doubts by taking a good position early in the running and winning almost as easily as Never Bend. When a stable's going good, there's no stopping it.

NO matter how attached a horseplayer may be to Hollywood Park, Santa Anita, Hialeah, Saratoga, or any other track he's lucky at, he can't fail to appreciate Belmont Park, which seems to have a way of showing racing at its best. The new landscaping of the infield is particularly attractive, and the turf and steeplechase courses have never been greener than they are for the present meeting. The turf course is now defined by a new inner rail, which runs alongside the old rail and points it up. The new rail comes from Ireland and is made of plastic; it can be moved easily, to avoid chewed-up sections of the turf. Pleasant as Belmont is, I wish something could be done about the stable ponies that clutter up the parades to the post and keep the spectators from getting a proper view of the horses. Frequently there are almost as many ponies as there are starters, and, whether by accident or design—I've always believed it was design—they blanket the runners as they pass the stand. Trainers say that the presence of a pony he knows quiets a nervous horse before a race, and I daresay it does. But I had no idea so many of our racers were neurotic.

—AUDAX MINOR

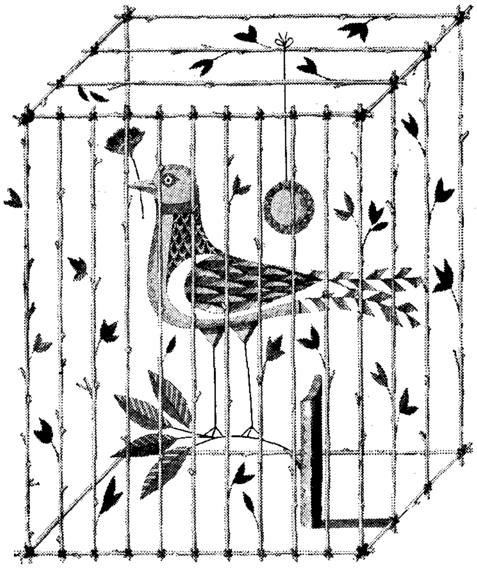
•

Members of the Phi Beta Phi sorority met last night at the home of Carol Yanke.

The group discussed the possibility of finding many new members for fall rush, and also discussed why some of the old members haven't been attending the meetings lately. It was decided to send meeting reminder cards to each member.

After the business meeting was adjourned the members played pool and later were entertained by the hostess' brother, who played the drums.—*Michigan City (Ind.) News-Dispatch.*

There's your answer right there!



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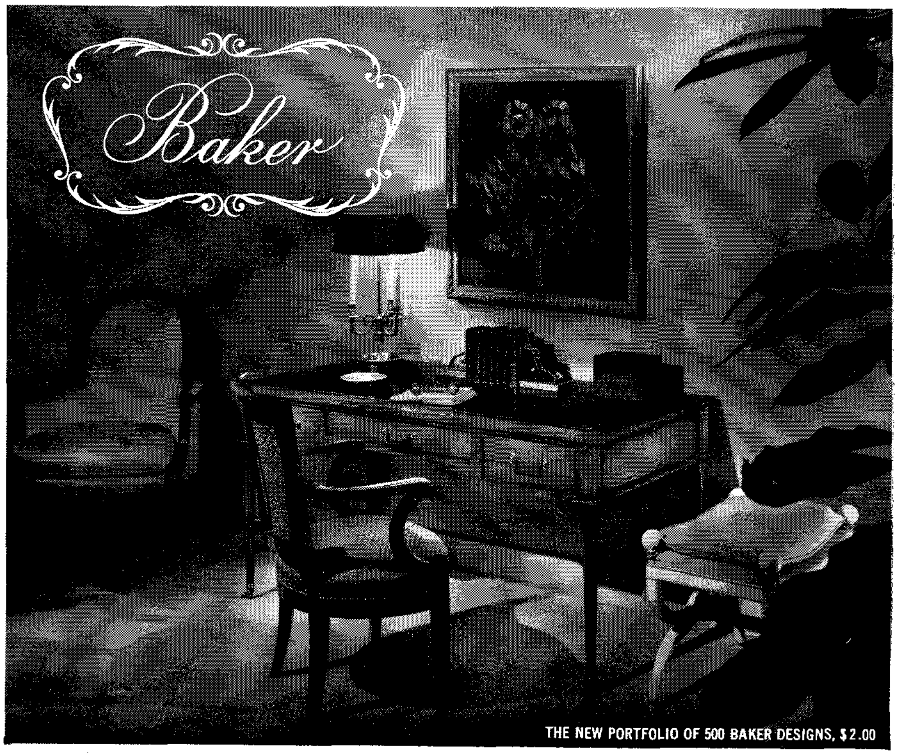

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LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 4

HOW the present head-on battle between President de Gaulle and the hitherto inert French Parliament of his Fifth Republic will turn out, no one can know until the French people vote a predominant yes or no in his referendum on October 28th. The date seems a long way off, considering the state of suspension and argumentation that Paris and France are now in. The referendum, you may recall, will be held on de Gaulle's project for electing his eventual successor by universal suffrage, which will make for a strong Presidential government, something (though not too much, it could be hoped) like de Gaulle's present one, and something like that of the more successful American Presidents. The anti-Gaullist weekly *Express*, most popular of any such journals among young and old intelligent Paris readers, recently ran a witty anti-referendum cartoon that showed de Gaulle solemnly listing new questions for his referendums, the first being "Do you approve of the Roman Emperor Caligula's having named his favorite horse as consul? Answer *oui* or *non*." Another question was "Do you treat your servants like Cabinet Ministers?" This was a slap at de Gaulle's having earlier told his Cabinet Ministers to please leave if they did not approve of his electoral reforms. By midnight tonight, the Parliamentary parties and deputies should have made up their minds whether they can obtain—and whether they will risk—a majority vote of censure against his government, led by Premier Pompidou. In riposte to any such censure, de Gaulle can, and doubtless will, dissolve this Parliament and call for new elections; in fact, if he did not dissolve it, he would seem to be treating its disapproval so lightly as to be snubbing it even more than before. In his Republic, and by his decree, the deputies are paid far higher salaries than ever before—more than ten thousand New Francs monthly. If dissolved, the deputies, unless miraculously reëlected, would be among the political unpaid and unemployed.

NOW that Parisians are home from their vacations, they can enjoy fine sights they never saw before in the middle of their own city. The *blanchis-*

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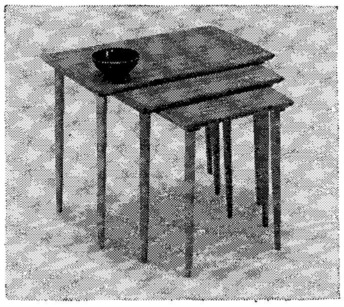

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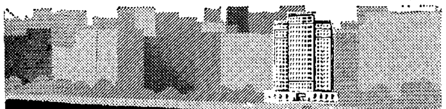

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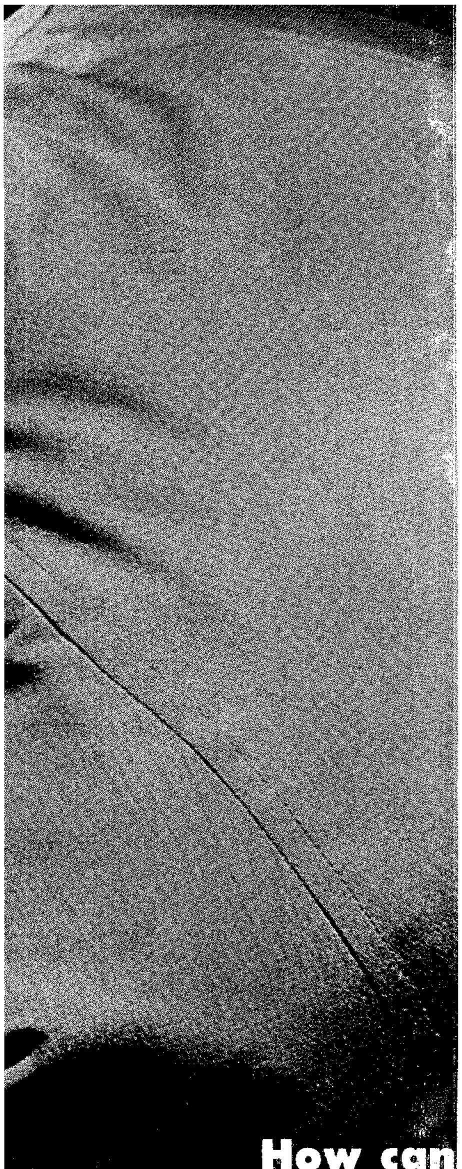

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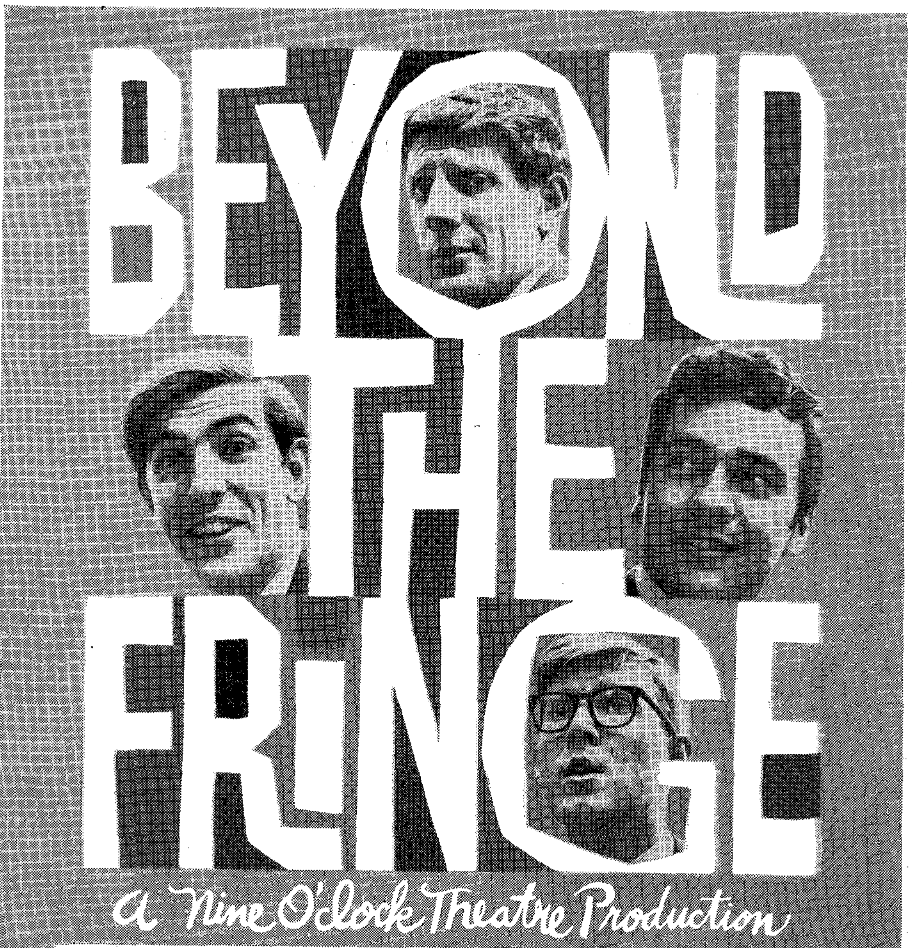
sage, or façade-washing, of the major elderly historic buildings radiating from the Louvre, which was begun in June, 1961, as a five-year program of aesthetics, by M. André Malraux, State Minister of Cultural Affairs, is now well along its course. The result is superb, at last popular even with the ordinary public, which feared that the sense of French history would be washed away with the dirt. Cleanliness has restored the architectural youth of these majestic piles, and one sees them in their original fresh, pale sixteenth- or seventeenth-century grandeur, as if one had the ocular privilege of being several hundred years old. This summer's really glorious revelation via soap and water was the intricate beauties, previously black and unintelligible through time, of the Cour Carrée, that huge square inner court of the Louvre, which few tourists—footsore from the picture galleries—ever have the strength to walk back over the cobblestones to view. It is the greatest art exhibition in Paris right now, and should be so advertised this winter and the next few springs and summers. (It will stay clean a longish time, being sheltered from the motor fumes of the streets outside and being prohibited to cars.) The chef-d'œuvre of the French Renaissance, it was in part carved by the great sculptor Jean Goujon himself, and its pristine complex incised beauties are now clearly legible on the three-story, almost blanched stone walls—a carved mixture of pagan gods, statuesque goddesses as caryatids, bearded Greek philosophers, fat cupids, and flower garlands, with the ciphers and initials of all the kings for whom the Louvre was built (from François I and Henri II through Louis XIV) visible amid rows of pilastered Corinthian columns. The famous, elegant Perrault outside portico, across from the church of St.-Germain l'Auxerrois, has been cleaned, and so has the Madeleine. Its dirty dignity gone, it now looks attractive, even though cleaners in green oilskins are still scrubbing, with hoses and little rags, the last traces of soot embedded in the runnelled columns, and its distant companion piece, the Palais-Bourbon, or Parliament, is as spotless as if it had never known a political smudge. Other masterpiece buildings cleaned are Mazarin's curvaceous Institut and Louis XIV's Invalides, with its handsome carved ornaments of war and armory such as had crippled the invalids living inside it, and now Richelieu's Palais-Royal garden walls are undergoing the treatment, driving the ordinarily lucky inmates of the coveted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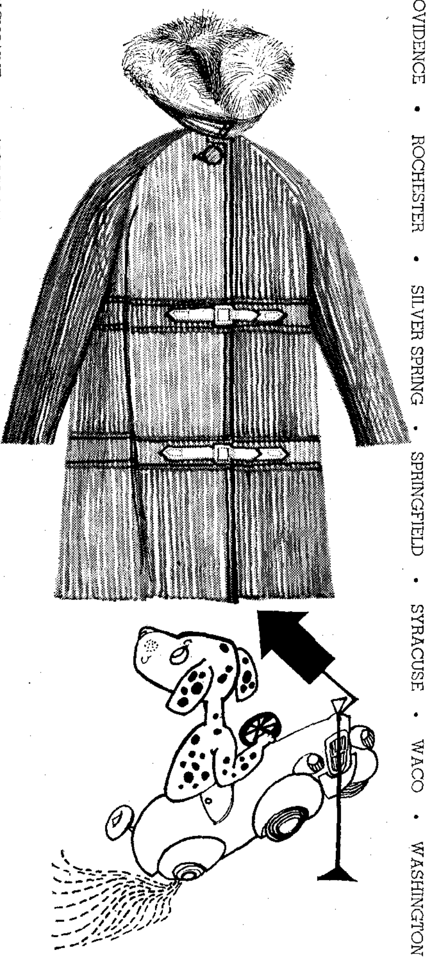

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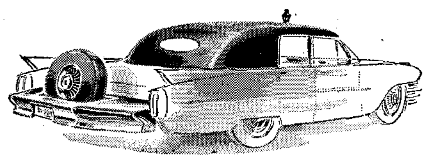

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apartments mad with flapping rubber curtains, scaffoldings, dripping water, and the omnipresent oilskinned men. Most of these great buildings belong to the state or to the Académie des Beaux-Arts, though there is some private ownership on the Place Vendôme (also being cleaned), where the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company has led the way. What the state, the Beaux-Arts, and the private owners have in common is the high price of the cleaning—nine New Francs, or a dollar-eighty, a square metre for plain soap, water, and scrubbing-brush treatment, and at least thirteen New Francs for cleaning by detergents, which kill the stone disease. Whether Notre-Dame can and will be cleaned—a rumor that has caused considerable excitement in Paris—remains for the ecclesiastics to decide, it being Church property. Laymen seem to think that the job needed for Gothic and gargoyle would take an infinity of time and would cost more than the Church would think it prudent to pay. After all, Notre-Dame has been famous, dirty, and inspiring for nearly a thousand years.

THE world première last week of Darryl Zanuck's motion-picture version of "The Longest Day"—our D Day of June 6, 1944—was celebrated with a gala that stretched from the screen of the Palais de Chaillot theatre to the Eiffel Tower, across the Seine. Along the riverside entry to the theatre, the enormous illuminated esplanade fountains were playing; flanking both sides of the red-silk-hung porte-cochère were grouped units of the Garde Républicaine band, mounted on horseback and standing in silhouette at the top of the double terrace staircase, from which they sounded antiphonal trumpet calls to one another. The audience was a spectacle in itself as it arrived, the diplomats and military decked with their masses of medals; the outgoing American Ambassador, Mr. James Gavin, wearing around his throat the red ribbon of a Commander of the Legion of Honor; the ladies bare-shouldered in the fortunately balmy night air, with their diamonds and emeralds shimmering on their flesh; high French officers in dark-blue military tailcoats beneath tall silver-gray kepis; exotic foreigners, male and female, in bright native dress; theatre and screen stars in embroidered satin; young society beauties and old Parisian duchesses—an extraordinary assemblage of French, English, and American notables.

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by now) came the outdoor spectacle, which we all saw and heard as we stood in front of the theatre looking down the clear vista toward the light-gilded Tour Eiffel, where, a half mile away, on the Tower's lower story, appeared the figure of Edith Piaf, looking at that distance no bigger than a cricket against a tricolor curtain. With maximum microphonic reinforcement, she could be heard singing her most popular, courageous song, "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien," with a crowd of about twenty-five thousand Parisians massed and faintly visible below her on the ground, assembled to hear her and to see what was further to come—the most extravagant display of fireworks that Paris has seen in our time, launched in alternation from the two levels of the Tower, and looking like abstract-art patterns, with Miró-like balloons of red and blue; freakish, jagged golden or green stars, as if painted by Picasso; and, at the end, launched from the very top of the Eiffel Tower, an outburst of multicolored rockets shot straight up into the sky, where they exploded with the sound of cannon fire. The munificence of this Zanuck spectacle awoke everyone for miles around the Champs-de-Mars neighborhood, and so tremendous and constant was the fireworks' brilliance that they were viewed with pleasure from bedroom windows all over midtown Paris. *C'était une très belle nuit de fête.*

—GENÊT

•

Moss got a reply saying it's ludicrous for a senator to complain about taxes.

Finance Director Alex K. Hancock of Montgomery County, Maryland, arrived Friday in a franked envelope—mailed free under congressional privileges.—*Des Moines (Iowa) Tribune.*

There's another tax bite.

•

Art and Millie Clark of 150 Howedale Drive will observe their 38th wedding anniversary today with their pet octopus serving eight trays of Hors d'Oeuvres simultaneously to guests attending the celebration.—*Greece (N.Y.) Greater Greece Press.*

And that damn centipede stirring drinks with his feet.

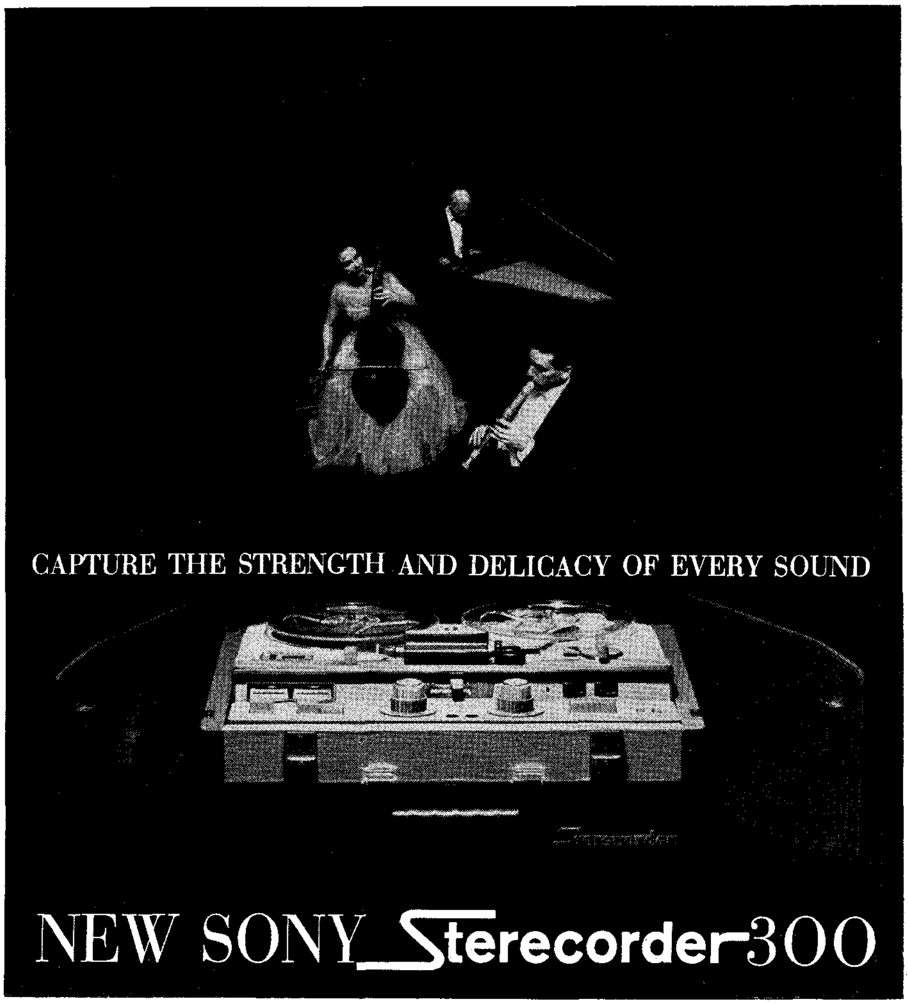
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Geneva (N.Y.) Times*]

Every available piece of equipment is being used on the city's leaf pickup, the board of public works was told last night.

Public Works Supt. Edward G. Hennessey explained that two leaf machines and two loafers are on the job.



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OUR RURAL CORRESPONDENTS

THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE

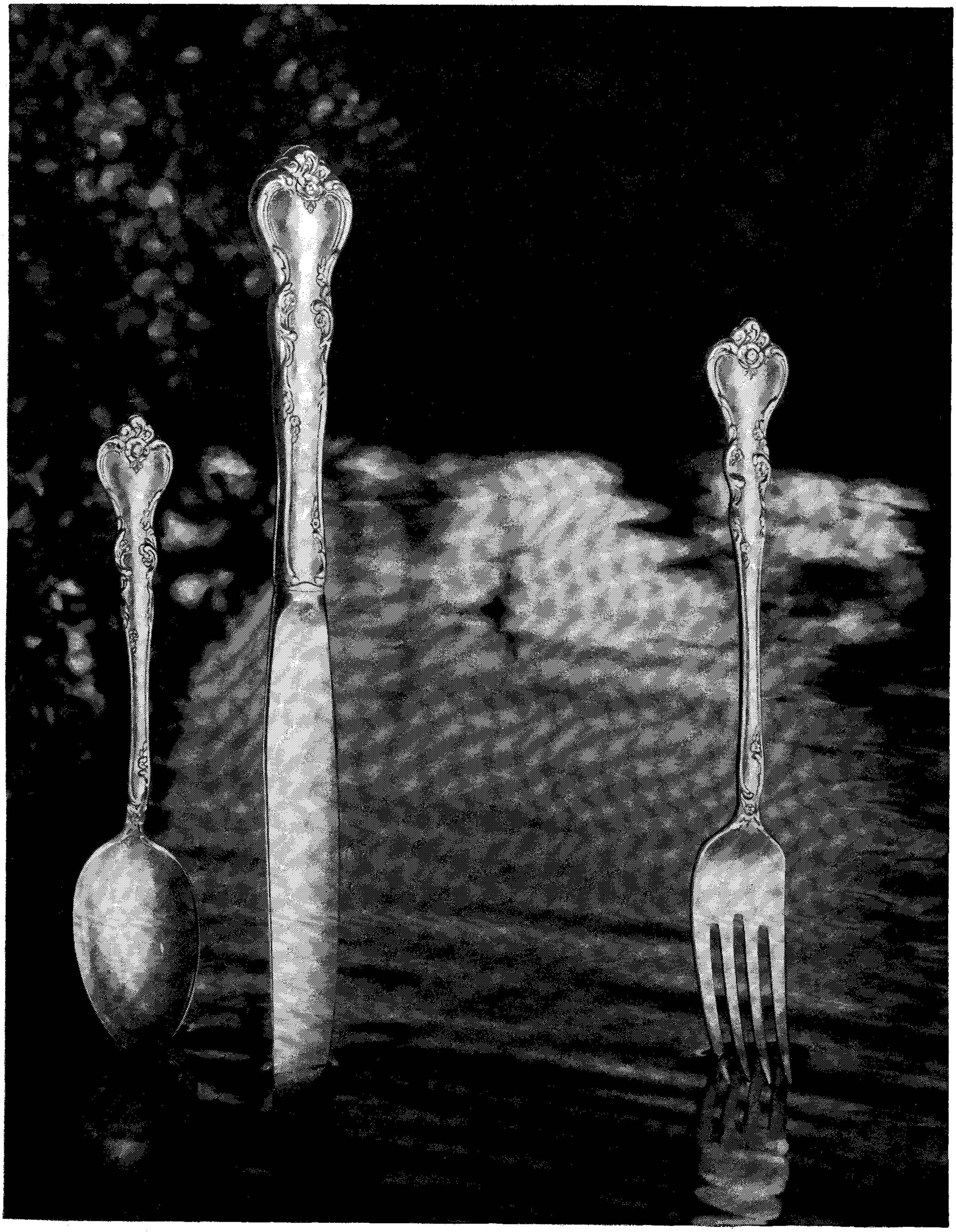
A DECADE ago, following one of my occasional returns to the village of Salisbury, Connecticut, where I was born and brought up, I described in these pages a number of changes that I found had taken place since the days of my boyhood here. The people of our countryside, I discovered, had dissociated themselves somewhat from nature in the course of becoming more mechanized and urbanized, and their life and landscape had changed accordingly; many once open fields, for instance, had reverted to brush, and many former woodsmen, or their sons, had grown domesticated. Since then, on several other occasions I have come back to Salisbury, which is in the northwestern corner of Connecticut, a hundred miles north of New York, and twice—in 1959 and 1961—I have spent a whole autumn here, walking in the woods and talking with the neighbors. So I am ready now to make another report, the burden this time being that our animal world has changed a good deal, too, often because of the human changes, though sometimes not.

The main faunal change, to my eye, has been a great increase in the numbers of certain animals and birds—a resurgence of wildlife filling in wherever man has receded. We have many more deer, beaver, raccoons, ruffed grouse, and wood ducks—to name a few of the obvious ones—than we had in the twenties and thirties, when I was young, and have also acquired some animals, such as possums and porcupines, that were totally unknown here a quarter of a century ago. We have more of some kinds of fish, too, and of various small birds, though I am not well qualified to talk about birds, because when I was a boy they seemed less dramatic than the larger creatures—those that were hunted, hooked, or trapped—and I didn't pay much attention to them.

Almost certainly, the human change that has had the greatest effect on wildlife here has been the gradual acceptance of the conservationist's viewpoint. This is a philosophical change, running counter to the frontier spirit, and it has left its impress on nearly everyone; even our most carefree poacher could now deliver a well-informed lecture on the theory of conservation. The most concrete expression of this change, of course, is to be found in protective game laws, and these seem to have been wholly responsible for the comeback of some species—of, say, the wood duck. When I was a boy, wood ducks were so nearly extinct here that I never even saw one. But this September I often saw flocks of more than a dozen at a time on the brook that runs through the Miner family's farm, which is only a couple of miles from my brother Jake's house, where I have been living. The birds were small and dainty by duck standards. The females were brown, but the drakes were bright-colored, with red and white on their faces and with long greenish head plumes. This brightness would show up on a sunny afternoon as they swam on the surface of the narrow stream—no wider than a modest dirt road—and I would catch glimpses of it as I approached. I never got really close to the ducks—they would fly away quickly, and softly, over the fields as soon as they became aware of me—but it was exciting to see them at all. And Mrs. Lincoln Foster, who lives in the next township, has told me that she hand-raised a little wood duck last summer; it had been hatched in a tree near her house and then got separated from its mother. All in all, wood ducks are very prevalent now, and comparatively tame.

This state of affairs was brought about by a twenty-five-year wholly closed season on wood ducks (no shooting of them at all, at any time of the year), which protected them until 1943, and by a strict limit since then of one or two birds per hunter per day during the season—usually a month and a half in the late fall. In general, I gather, these measures have been rigidly enforced. (Back in the thirties, I used to do some fly-casting, and I remember being told then that flytiers, who had once been accustomed to using the feathers of wood ducks in making the wings and tails of certain lures, had been obliged to substitute the feathers of Chinese mandarin ducks, because there was no longer enough of the real thing available to meet even their modest needs.) And the same spirit of stringent conservation, embodied in laws and efficient methods of enforcing them, has also increased the number of nearly all the other well-known migratory waterfowl on this continent. In my two full autumns at Salisbury, I saw scores of wild geese at a time as they flew, honking, over my brother's house on their way south, and for me that was something new. But these, being migrants, and not local to Salisbury, don't interest me as much as wood ducks, which *are* local, since they nest here and stay through the summer. So do mallards, and there are more of them around, too, than there were in my boyhood. Several times last fall, while I was out walking, I scared up one, two, or even three of them from a stream. Rather like wood ducks in coloring, but bigger, they would jump nearly straight up from the water, sometimes quacking as they gained altitude.

OUR abundance of deer owes a lot to conservation, too, but it owes as much, perhaps, to the changes in our farming life. We had many deer here in my boyhood, but we have more now, and I think they are tamer. Last autumn, at least four of them frequented the swamp behind my brother's house. I would see them while I was walking through there along the nearly abandoned tracks of the Central New England Railroad; I would see their white tails bounding off in the twilight, and time and again I would see their hoofprints between the ties. Toward De-



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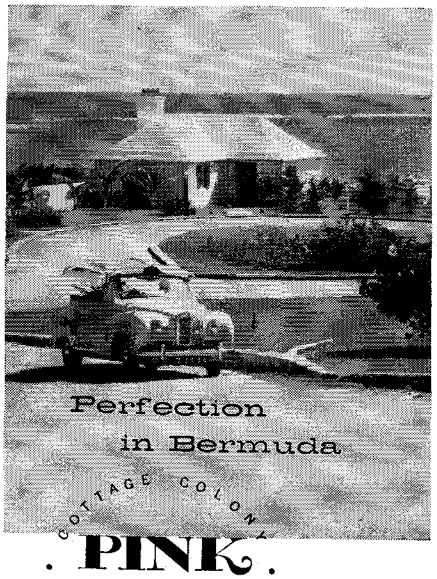
cember, they began coming nearer the house—invading an old apple orchard that my window looked out on. I would see two or three of them entering the orchard in the winter-morning darkness, stepping along, twitching their tails rhythmically, nuzzling the ground for apples, and pausing often to look and listen. Sometimes they would make for the far side of the orchard, where, against a red-brown winter hedgerow, they would be nearly invisible. But often they came closer—to within twenty or thirty yards of the house—and then they would contrast beautifully with the black trunks and branches of the apple trees, and with the still green grass.

Once, I saw a deer feeding in the orchard at noon—and on a bright day, too, when there were patches of snow around. It grazed away quietly, but raised its head in my direction whenever some noise came from the house—when, for instance, the wind scraped some branches of a lilac shrub against the clapboards. With its white-lined, black-edged ears cocked forward, the deer would look at the house awhile. Then it would lower its head and return to the apple hunt or whatever it was engaged in—twitching its tail and seeming unafraid. It was a joy to watch, and I stood gazing at it for several minutes. Then a car came in at our drive, and the deer trotted off.

One may shoot deer in Connecticut with a bow and arrow—within limits—or, if one has written permission from the owner of the land one hunts on, with a gun. These restrictions keep out the more ferocious weekenders, but a Salisbury man has no trouble getting the written permission, and anyway the deer laws are taken less seriously locally, one suspects, than they might be. Our deer are so plentiful, and do so much damage to crops and gardens, that the sentiment for their protection is not unanimous. In fact, landowners are allowed to kill deer on their own property at any time and by any means. Some people say that the wartime meat shortage helped break down support of the deer-hunting laws, and then also the coming of the deep freeze has played a part. Large stores of venison can be kept indefinitely in a freezer—ending the old need for eating it or giving it away almost at once, or seeing it go to waste—and such venison can masquerade as beef if anyone gets nosy. It would be quite possible, I should think, for a good many of our local woodsmen to live almost entirely off venison, and perhaps some of them do.

But the number of local woodsmen has dwindled, benefiting the deer, and



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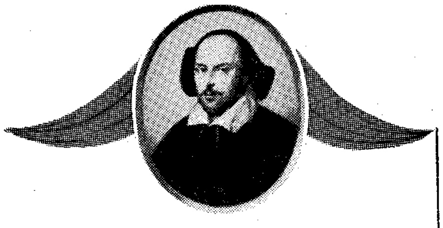

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meanwhile our changing landscape has helped them in a more positive fashion. Deer like to browse on seedlings, and they like peace in their environment, and they have been getting more of both in Salisbury. Our main cash crop is milk, and thanks to the postwar technological revolution in farming, the same amount of milk can be derived from much less acreage than formerly. This has caused the abandonment to thickets, and other elements of a deer paradise, of innumerable rocky and hilly fields. The federal government has hastened the trend by paying farmers not to plant grain, and often the farmers have turned to planting Christmas trees instead. The deer don't like the Christmas trees themselves much, but they do like the wild growth in between them.

Then, too, our landowners have been changing in type, along with our landscape. We have fewer and fewer dirt farmers, and more of what amount to year-round summer people—rich outsiders who have been drawn here by our good schools, low taxes, and beautiful scenery. Many of the newcomers buy dairy farms, and while some of them keep these running—or engage dirt farmers to do it—others take them out of production or convert them to feed-raising, which is a less intensive use, and another backward step toward thickets. Furthermore, the newcomers are usually more conservation-minded than the old dirt farmers—less apt to see deer primarily either as a source of food or as crop-destroying vermin—and they often refuse to allow anyone to hunt deer on their land. As frequenters of Scotch moors or Southern duck blinds, the newcomers may well be crack shots, but they are not woodsmen in the way our farmers were for generations. The day's work often took those old-timers into the woods, where deer knowledge is to be had, but it seldom takes the newcomers there.

KNOWLEDGE of ruffed grouse—ordinarily referred to here as partridge—is likewise to be gained from working in the woods. These birds, which share honors with the deer as our great forest spectacle, have been teeming here for a decade or two, although in the twenties and thirties, as I remember it, there were years when we hardly ever saw one. It was believed then that they came and went in cycles—that their numbers would increase for a while, causing their food supply to wane and their enemies to wax, which, in turn, would cause *them* to grow scarcer, and that then a reverse process would set in, whereby their food supply would

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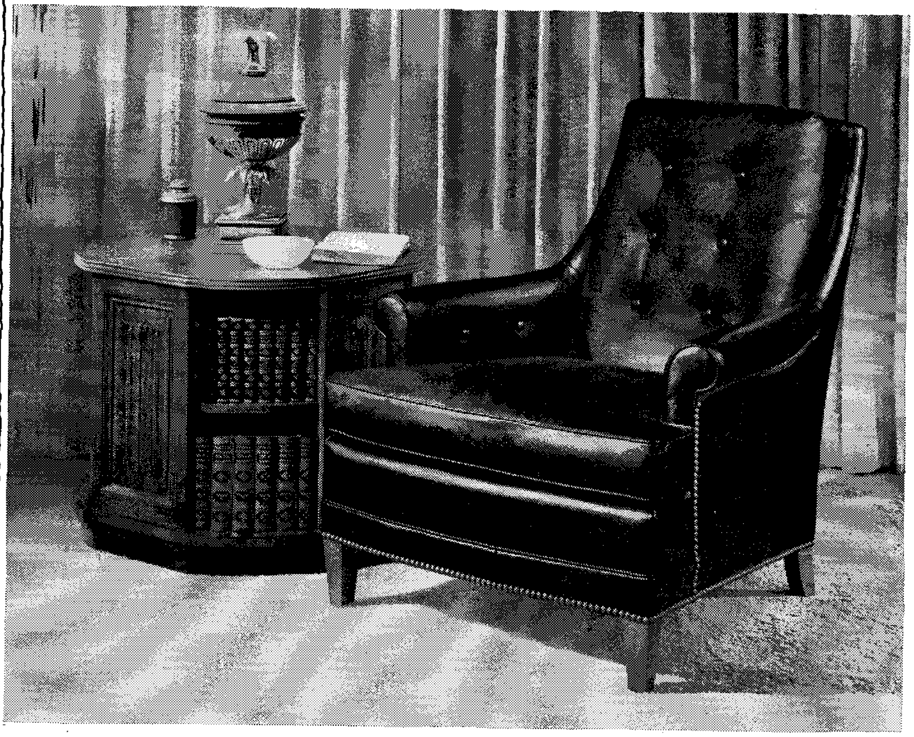
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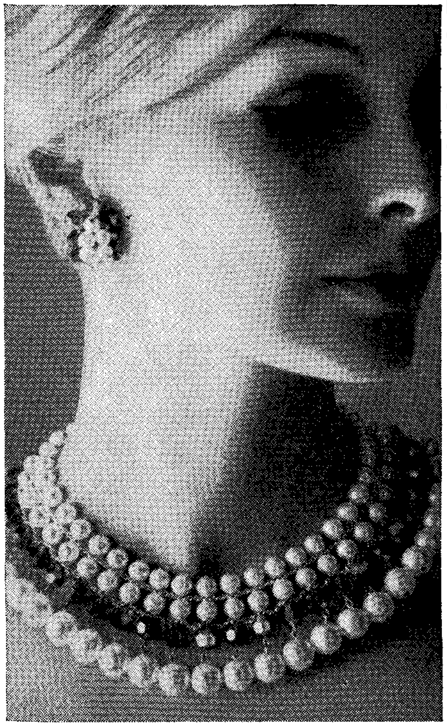

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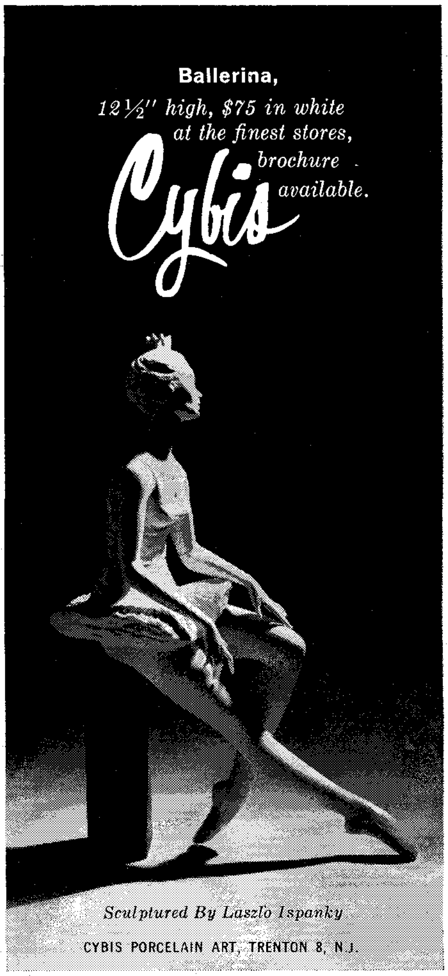
revive and their enemies would diminish, enabling the partridge population to swell again. It was sometimes said that it took seven years for the cycle to run its course. Whether or not the theory was ever sound, it doesn't seem to be so any more, because everybody tells me that our woods have sheltered large quantities of partridge every year since the early fifties, at least. I have got the same impression myself from my walks in the woods, not only last fall and two falls before that but during the winter of 1952-53, when I also spent several months here. In each of those periods, I flushed about the same number of birds on any given afternoon spent in the woods, and even on my poorest days I encountered more than I used to come across on comparable walks in any but the best years when I was a boy.

Partridge are thrilling things to put up. Brown birds, the size of chickens, they tend to lie quiet on the ground, camouflaged by their protective coloring, until you are almost on top of them, and then they rise from near your feet with a great roaring of wings—flying swiftly and crookedly, as if they were deliberately trying to get trees between themselves and you. They are sometimes found on the borders of open farmland, for they like to feed in barberry thickets and abandoned apple orchards, which may occur there, but more often, perhaps, they are to be found deep back in the woods, sheltering in brush or in hemlock trees. I put scores of partridge up this past fall, and although some of them I never saw at all but only heard, I got a good look at many of the others. Once I even came upon a pair of partridge that were walking calmly along, the male with his ruffles extended, on the edge of an asphalt road near the village, and they allowed me to follow them for several yards before they took flight. I have read that when the Pilgrim Fathers reached New England, partridge were so unwary that they could be knocked off hemlock limbs with clubs, and I have heard that in northern Canada they still can be. Such fat times are long gone from Salisbury, of course; indeed, even now partridge-hunting is far from easy here. A dog can be some help, but not much. The hunter himself must beat the woods carefully. In Salisbury, this is apt to mean scratching through hemlocks and clambering up and down black granite ledges—all while carrying a gun—and then one is as likely as not to be frustrated by the birds' sudden takeoff and twisty flight. Such hunting demands patience and ardor, and one can't be surprised if the newcomers to Salisbury



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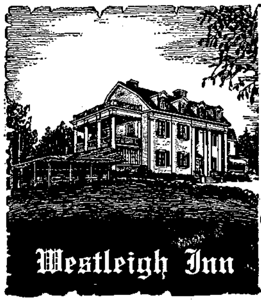

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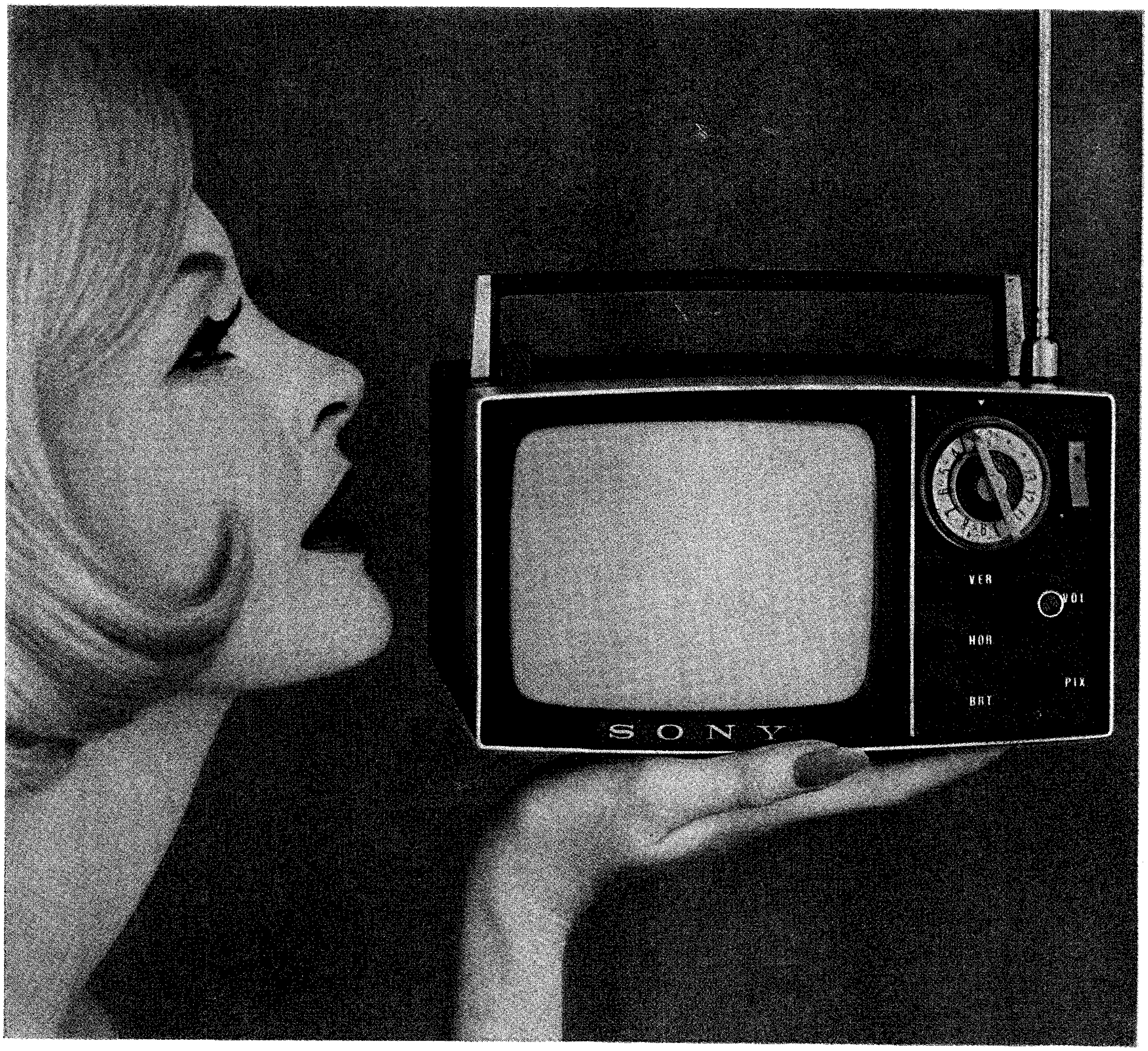

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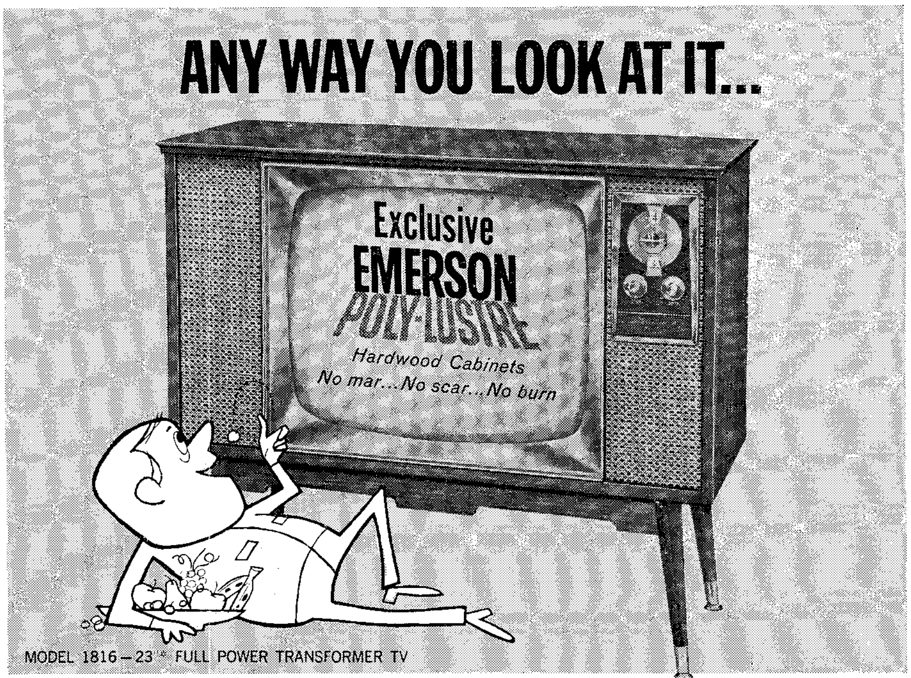
THE diversions in our countryside are more varied than they used to be, what with cars, bowling, television, skiing, and so on, and this state of affairs has inclined even our native sons to be easier on the wildlife. One factor in the upsurge of raccoons here—though a less important one, perhaps, than certain changes in the fur trade—has been a big decrease in nocturnal coon-hunting with dogs. When I was a boy, so many men in Salisbury had coon dogs that my brothers and I could nearly always persuade one of them to take us out, on short notice, for an evening of hunting. There are still two or three such men here, but the rest of our manhood stays home to watch TV, and, partly because of this, our coon population is exploding. I have heard a lot recently about the depredations of these animals, especially in patches of sweet corn. Raccoons like corn of every kind, but they are particularly fond of the sweet corn that is grown for the dining-room table, as opposed to field corn, which is fed to livestock. I heard of one farmer near here who decided to protect a stand of field corn by planting eight rows of sweet corn all around it. The scheme worked well, I was told; the coons laid all the sweet corn flat—by pulling the stalks down to take the ears off—but left the field corn almost untouched. There's no such easy out for Salisbury gardeners who want to grow sweet corn alone. Their best defense, they say, has been to use electric fencing—perhaps borrowing it from some erstwhile dairy farmer, who bought it originally to keep his cows in pasture. Corn surrounded by two strands of such fencing—one strung four inches off the ground and the other about eight inches—is said to be fairly safe from the raccoon hordes.

The coons also climb apple trees and take bites out of apples, but this damage isn't of great importance here, for we no longer raise good apples anyway. The animals cause more headaches, perhaps, by raiding the summer cabins on Mount Riga, our town's main eminence, during the off season. According to Spald-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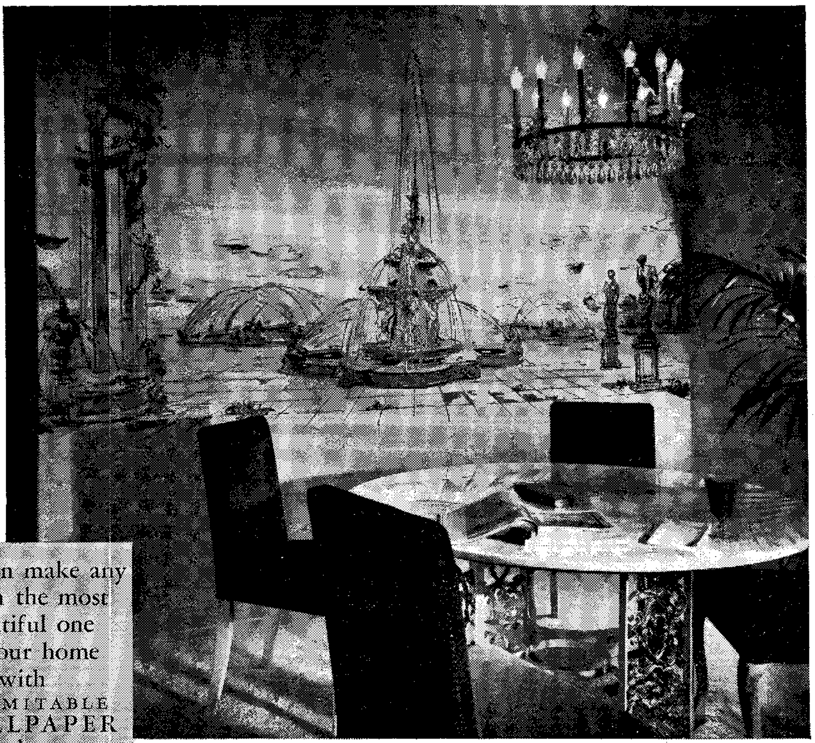

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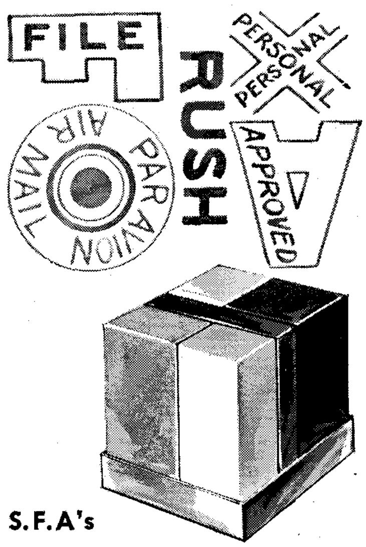

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ing McCabe, whose family owns a few of the cabins, the coons get into the kitchens and open the cupboards—something they can do quite easily with their handlike paws. They like cocoa, flour, and sugar, Spalding says, and they scatter these lovely powders around a kitchen, perhaps adding the contents of a few cans of syrup to the mess. Coons are rated as very clean animals personally, but that apparently doesn't extend to their housekeeping in strange premises.

The changes in the fur trade that have furthered the coon explosion include, of course, the near disappearance of the coonskin coat and the presence of a vast surplus of stored coonskins (the Davy Crockett cap craze, for all its magnitude, made scarcely a dent in this), but there has also been a general slump in fur prices and a general drift away from trapping on the part of our men and boys. In the twenties, a great many boys here would have a few traps out, and some would have extensive trap lines; they would catch fur-bearing animals often or not often, depending on their skill, but, in any case, they would take the pelts to a dealer in nearby Canaan or would send them to one of several big companies that put out catalogues to promote the trade. (The Herskovits Fur Company, in Chicago, was the firm best known to my brothers and me; its catalogue listed all kinds of furs and quoted tempting prices on them.) Trapping could be lucrative in those days for a really woodsy boy or man, and if it had its cruel side, it did get even the most inept of us out-of-doors and taught us a little about nature. Now our boys are keen on other things. A few of them still trap, and so do a few old-timers, but trapping no longer plays an important part in the life of the community.

When I looked into the matter last fall, the slump in the price of furs surprised me by its sharpness. My chief informant was Clayt Morey, a leading member of one of our trappingest families; now in middle age, he has just left the trap lines himself, but he has broken a son in on them. "Coons pay nothing now," he told me. "So there are lots of them around. Twenty years ago, a good coon would pay ten to eighteen dollars. Now you have to have a *damn* good one to get even two. It's the same with mink. I've got as high as forty dollars for a mink, and now you're lucky if you get eight. So there are lots of them here, too." And there are lots of muskrats, he went on, calling them "mushrats," which is their universal name in Salisbury. "The mushrats were getting thinned out good a while ago," Clayt

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said, "but now they're back again. You can't get more than a dollar and a quarter now, you know, for a good rat in prime condition, though over a season I used to average three dollars and fifteen cents for them, good and bad."

Clayt talked on about these changes and what they had led to—to fewer rabbits here, for instance, because of the increasing numbers of mink and weasels. He also touched on the causes of the price slump, including the current popularity of ranch-bred furs. He didn't mention synthetic furs, but there is little doubt that these, too, are important, and that both they and fur farming are a close part of the trend I have been describing—the movement away from the natural and toward the artificial. The human community here used to live on close terms with the animal world; it preyed on that world, observed it cannily, and passed endless time seeking out the haunts of its inhabitants. The people of Salisbury a generation ago were, in short, more animal than the people here are today. Our generation is more abstract and mechanical. Thanks to our new technology, we exploit the wild things less, we understand them less, we pay less attention to them—and, luckily, they thrive on that.

I FOUND last fall that I was not stealthy enough to get many glimpses of the now prevalent fur bearers, but I did have a few striking experiences in that line. I got four close looks at muskrats, for instance, and each was better than any in my youth. I saw two of the rats in a beaver pond beside the C.N.E. tracks, and the other two in the Miners' brook. I got the best look at the ones in the brook, because it is not only narrow but—in the autumn, at least—shallow. I spotted one of these two on the brook's surface as I was walking along the bank. It dived, then came up beneath the roots of an old stump on the opposite bank; I could see its gray snout above the shadowy water there. The rat was quiet, moving just a little now and then, and I stood and waited. Presently, it came out and sat in the open, on a root just below the water's surface. Then it swam a short distance. Then it suddenly churned back noisily, as if in alarm, only to take up its seat again, quite calmly, on the root. Then it swam downstream and around and about, sometimes hiding under a bank, sometimes weaving unconcernedly out into the current. It was like a big wet house rat, but fatter, blunter.

The other muskrat I saw during one of my visits to the brook came running

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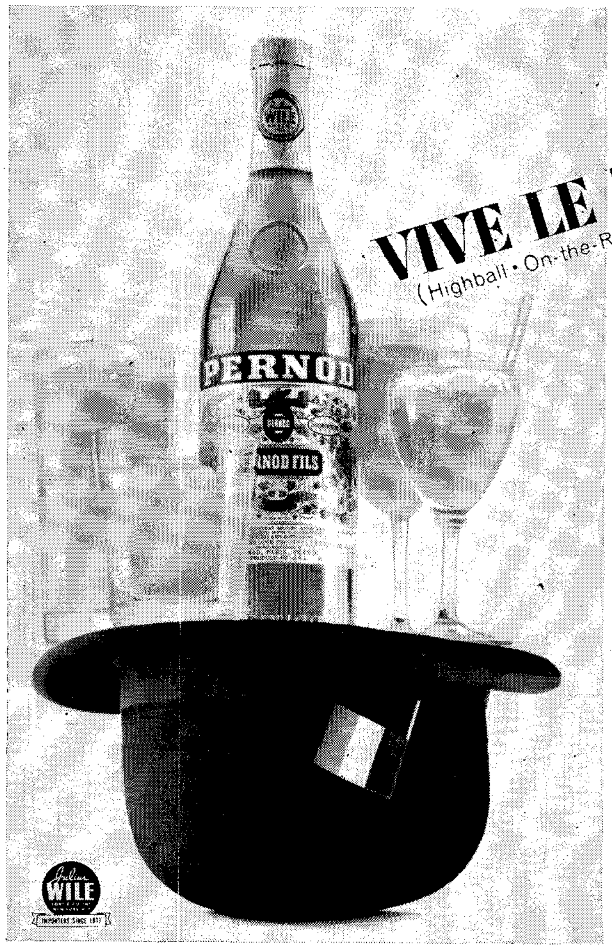

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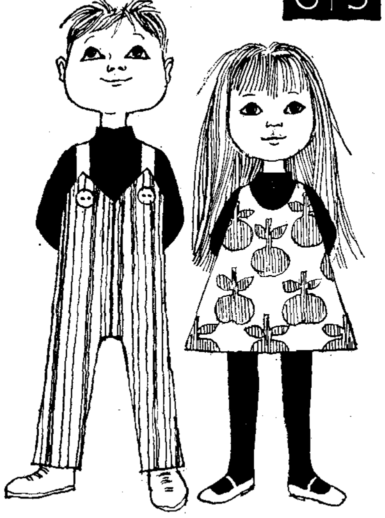

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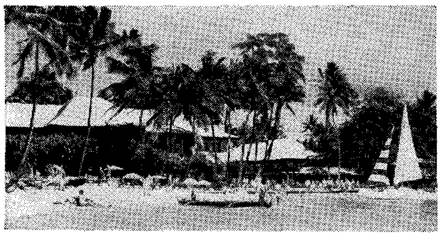

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down the bank with a bit of vegetation in its mouth. It splashed in under the bank, and later moved out into midstream and hung there awhile, treading water—wheeling and standing in the current like an East River tug. It seemed very bold, as the first rat had—and as the pair on the beaver pond did, too—making it clear to me that muskrats are enjoying a real renaissance, and are legion among us.

And now I come to the crowning act of my private Salisbury circus, which I shall record here at the risk of being set down as the local Munchausen. Last October, for half an hour, I followed an otter along the Miners' brook at such close range that I was almost accompanying it. This event, which was more than I had ever dreamed of, began when I crossed an asphalt road, entered one of the Miners' pastures, and started down their stretch of the brook. Hearing a splash behind me, I stopped and looked around, but saw nothing for a moment. Then an otter, which I felt sure was what had made the splash, came toward me up the bank. It was like a grayish weasel, but much bigger—a couple of feet long—and its fur had the same wet-house-rat quality as the muskrat's. A slanting log lay along the bank, fifteen or twenty feet away from me, and, climbing onto this, the otter began moving to and fro in the silent, inexorable way that is characteristic of the weasel family. I thought that it might be hunting frogs, but then a frog jumped into the water from the bank not far from us, and the otter paid no attention to it. I thought also that the otter might have been wounded, and might therefore not be quite itself, for on its back was a skinned patch, the size of a postage stamp, suggesting that it had been in a fight. Yet it moved very deftly. In time, it reëntered the stream, swimming out into the current and then up against it with a beautiful smoothness, like a torpedo. Finally, it got out on the opposite bank and began moseying along downstream, as if it were hunting. At intervals, it disappeared in the brush on that side, but it always emerged quite soon, weaving between the bushes, up and down and round about, almost like a snake. Once, though, it came into plain view and travelled slowly along a sandbar, sniffing as it went, for several minutes, and on that flat, exposed terrain it seemed less serpentine and more like a low-slung dog.

Beyond the sandbar, the otter came to a succession of trees whose trunks stood partly in the water. They posed no problem, however, for on nearing each trunk the otter simply swam around it,

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swirling casually through the water and landing again on its downstream side—a constant shifting from element to element that was hardly perceptible. After a while, it seemed hardly remarkable, either, and as the thrill of my togetherness with the otter grew dulled by familiarity, I began looking for other sights, and, indeed, for quite some time I lost track of the creature. But the best part of our encounter was yet to come. I had wandered many yards down the bank and was standing idly by a dead elm tree when I saw the otter coming right toward me—coming, coming, until it was hardly two feet distant. Even then, it kept on coming, as if it might be planning to climb my legs, and I was so startled that I made some slight movement. At that, it scuttled off down the bank, but a minute later it came back, on the other side of the tree. Again it approached to within about two feet, and then it just stood there. We gazed at each other. It had a pink nose, brown whiskers, dark eyes, and brownish-grayish fur. This time, I made no false move, but after a while it turned anyway, and again went off down the bank. I took a step forward to keep my eye on it, and saw it enter the stream and swim away, making big splashes—playfully, I thought—as it did so.

I USED to read about scenes like that in nature books, but I never hoped to *be* in one, and I give thanks to man's new ways for having made it possible. I don't see how any otter I might have met in my boyhood could have afforded to indulge in such nonsense. A trap or a bullet would have ended it long before it let its curiosity get so far out of hand. And, curiosity aside, starvation might have ended it in those days, but that threat, too, is now remote as long as it confines itself to the Miners' brook, for the water there throbs with trout—put in by Albert Tilt, a newcomer who owns the second farm downstream from the Miners'. Mr. Tilt is like most of our other newcomers in being no farmer, and also in having more than a farmer's income to spend on his place, but he is fairly special, too, in that he likes to keep close to the wildlife about him. He knows where the partridge are, for instance, and hunts them hard, and he is a keen fisherman, who has given a lot of thought to stocking the stream. This has led him to plant three kinds of trout—brown trout, rainbows, and native speckled brook trout. Of these, the rainbows are the least apt to settle down, he says; they come from a sea-running species, which is used to larger waters, and before a year is out they have disap-

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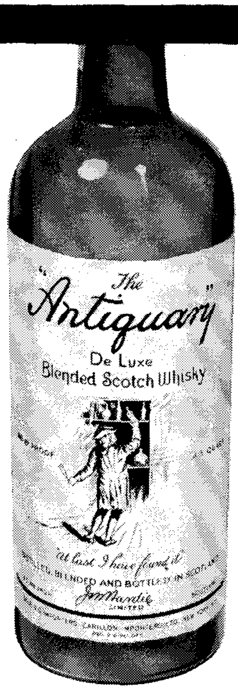

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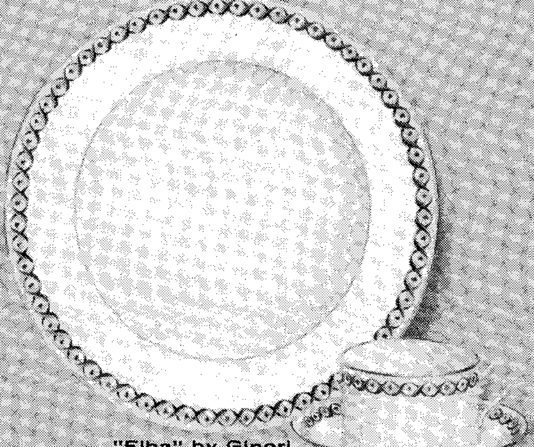

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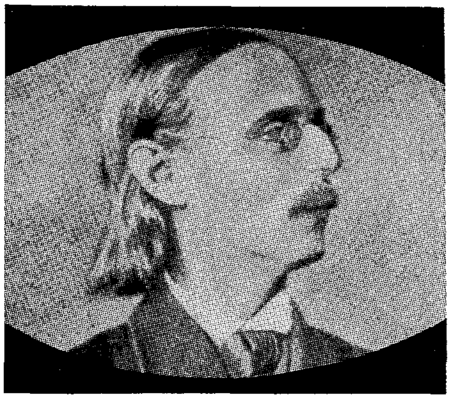
peared—presumably having taken off downstream. The browns are thought to be the real stayers; their species was brought to this country from Europe many years ago, and they have proved hardy in our streams, being not unduly susceptible to the lures of fishermen and being so tough and voracious that they tend to drive competing fish away. Among the fish that are thought to have been thus driven from Mr. Tilt's home waters are a number of the native brook trout he planted there. These, he believes, go mainly upstream, to find their way eventually into the smallest feeder brooks, and thereby revive the Golden Age that prevailed early in this century, when Salisbury's waters teemed with brookies—lively and lovely fish, but not very wary ones.

So the pattern now is rainbows below Mr. Tilt's farm, browns dominating its immediate vicinity, and native brook trout gradually taking over up above. Just what the mixture of browns and brookies is at the Miners' farm, a mile or so upstream from Mr. Tilt's, would be hard to say, but the volume of trout, at least, is considerable there, as I can testify. I used to walk that brook in the thirties, and I rarely saw trout in it; often I saw no fish at all, except big, still suckers in the holes. But whenever I walked it last fall I was forever seeing the darting figures of trout—some of them big ones, fourteen inches long or more. In dashing from cover to cover, they would raise a swirl of mud, like a dust puff, as they whisked and turned on the bottom. Those fish must make good pickings for even as careless an otter as the one I saw. And they have brought other predators to the stream; Mr. Tilt mentions mink and herons especially (and not too happily). The Tilt stocking program must, in fact, be supporting many such creatures, and increasing their numbers by enabling more of them to live past infancy.

Beavers, which are vegetarians, may be presumed to take no trout, but they get into Mr. Tilt's black books another way: The water held in check by the dams they build lies still in pools, and these are often exposed to the sunshine, which raises its temperature above the cool levels that trout do well in. So Mr. Tilt has been encouraging a neighbor's son to trap out a family of beavers that has made its home on the brook near the downstream end of his property. (Last fall, for the first time in ages, private citizens in this state were allowed to catch beaver with steel jump traps—the crippling kind. Previously, the only course open to anyone plagued by beavers was to get a state official to



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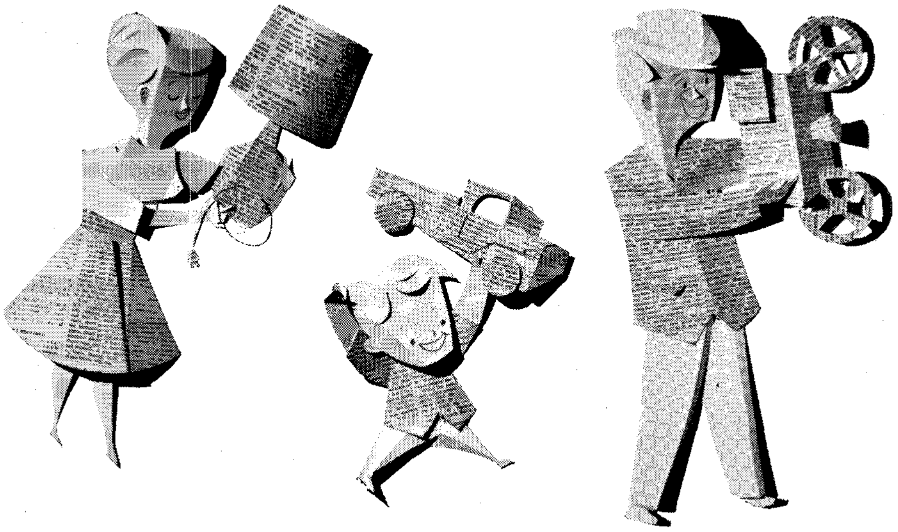
come and trap them out, unharmed, with box traps; it would then be up to the official to find a wild and watery place to free them in, with such places growing fewer all the time.)

When I was a boy, the beaver had become extinct here. But then the animals began wandering down from the Berkshires in Massachusetts, and, safeguarded by conservation laws, they multiplied so successfully that today one may sometimes hear beavers called a pest in Salisbury, though I doubt if they are all that bad. Occasionally, they do build dams that flood a road or a cellar here, and that, of course, is something that people won't tolerate. They have also cut down some stands of trees grown from planted seedlings, which hasn't added to their popularity. And a few of them caused trouble a while ago at the outlet dam of Riga Lake, three miles northwest of here, when they built a dam that blocked the spillway. Spalding McCabe, whose cabins front on the lake, responded by opening a sluice gate in the man-made dam below the spillway, thus lowering the level of the lake. The beavers then blocked the sluice gate, too, and in the end they had to be trapped out. But apart from these episodes—and the unsightliness of the trees killed by the flooding of their bailiwicks—they have done little damage, and we seem to have embarked on a long period of coexistence with them. George Kiefer, our local forester, tells me that beavers are a scant burden economically; the swamp trees they flood are nearly worthless, he says, and so is the aspen—known in Salisbury as the popple—which they cut down both for fodder and for use in the building of their dams. Our deer are much more of a trial in the forests, according to George, because they consume the seedlings of two really valuable trees—the oak and the sugar maple.

I know of five beaver colonies within a mile or two of my brother Jake's house, and I suspect that there are more, because some beavers just live in holes in the banks of streams and don't advertise their presence by building dams and lodges. Of my five known colonies, three are multiple-dam affairs—complex arrangements of canals and ponds, which I find fascinating. I have never seen even one of the beavers—they are nocturnal—but I visit their places again and again, just to admire the engineering. I take visiting friends to see them, too, figuring that, from the sightseer's viewpoint, our beavers have made Salisbury almost the equal of Manhattan, with *its* peculiar structures. The key building material of our



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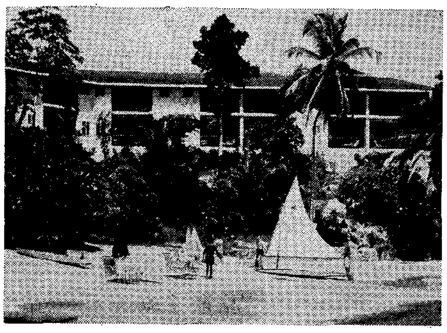

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beavers—corresponding to the brick, the timber, and the girder that men use—is a stick (often of popple) some five or six feet long and perhaps an inch thick. The beavers stack and weave innumerable sticks of this sort together, weighting them with stones, if necessary, and chinking them with marvellous combinations of mud, moss, and leaves, and the like. A man can walk across a beaver dam; new ones give, and are springy, but old ones are almost as unyielding as terra firma. I once pulled apart a beaver lodge—in a swamp from which its builders and occupants had been trapped out—and found inside a snug little chamber, whose entrances, I believe, were many yards away, beneath the water. As I understand it, in winter, when their ponds freeze over, beavers live entirely under the ice except for the time they spend in their lodges, nibbling the bark from the sticks they have stored there. But I am no expert on this, or on the beavers' other ways. They have entered my life only now, when I am middle-aged, and it was in my childhood that I learned my woods lore.

SO far, I have dealt only with man's direct influence, ecologically, on the wildlife around Salisbury, but now I should like to touch on the relations of man's best friend to the local environment, for *his* ways have been changing in a parallel fashion, and with parallel effects. When I was a boy, every typical Salisbury house had a dog or two around it—sometimes pedigreed but more often mongrel. In either case, the dogs were treated as mere dogs. They were fed a random diet of kitchen scraps and were on their own otherwise—free to roam, hunt, and be generally vagabond, as long as the dogcatcher didn't get them. They chased our deer, hunted our squirrels and rabbits, and, especially, kept our woodchucks down. My father's farm was no exception. We usually had two dogs—one pedigreed, perhaps, and the other mongrel—and they roamed at will and caught many, many woodchucks. Sometimes we boys would hear them barking furiously far away, and that would be a signal for us to go and find them. We would sight them at last, on the edge of a distant field, say, and they would have a woodchuck in a stone wall there. We would pull down a section of the wall, and one of the dogs would get the woodchuck by its neck and shake it to death; for many years we had an Airedale who could shake his prey most fearfully. In retrospect, this seems a bloodthirsty business, but

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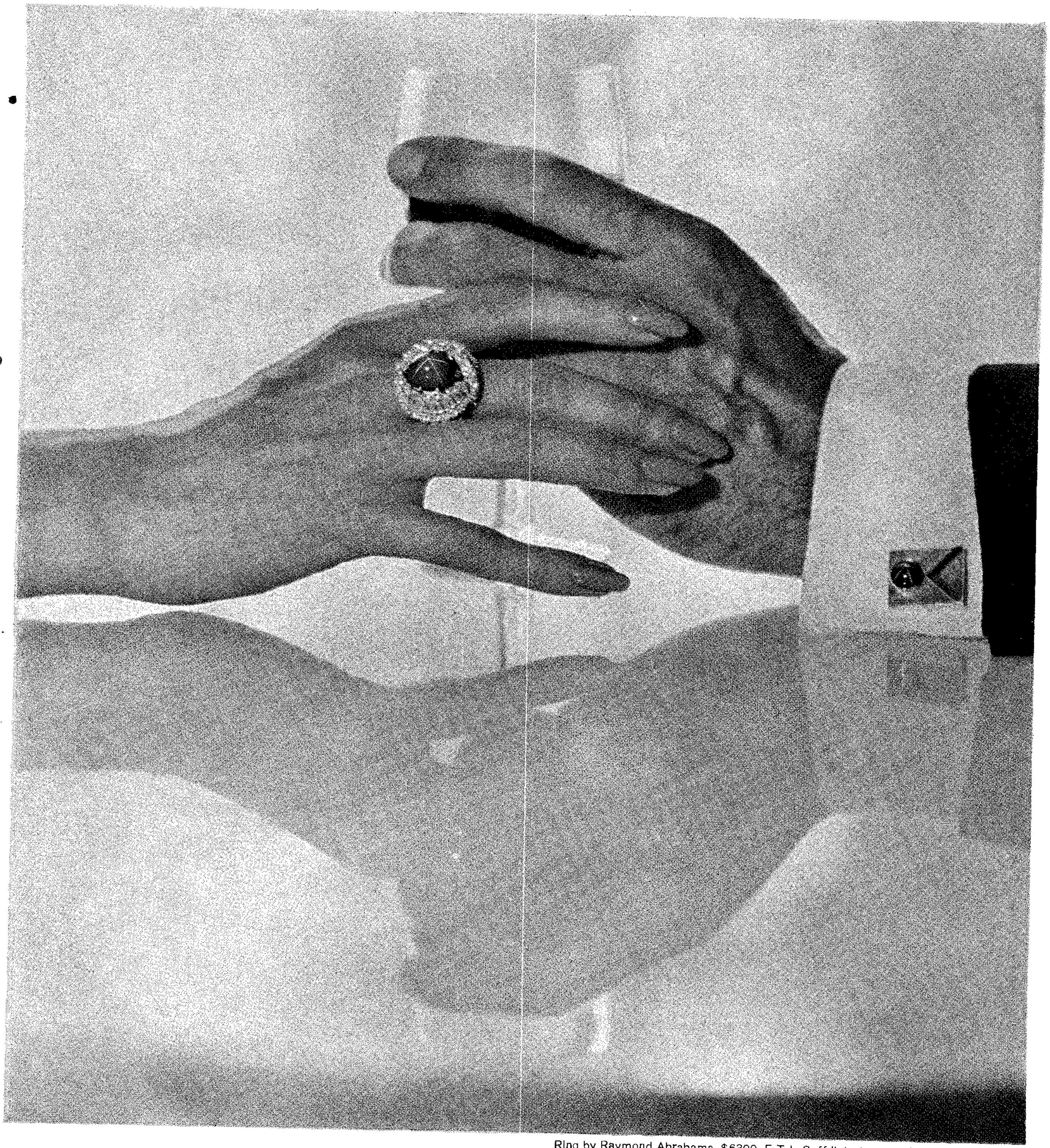

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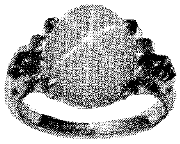

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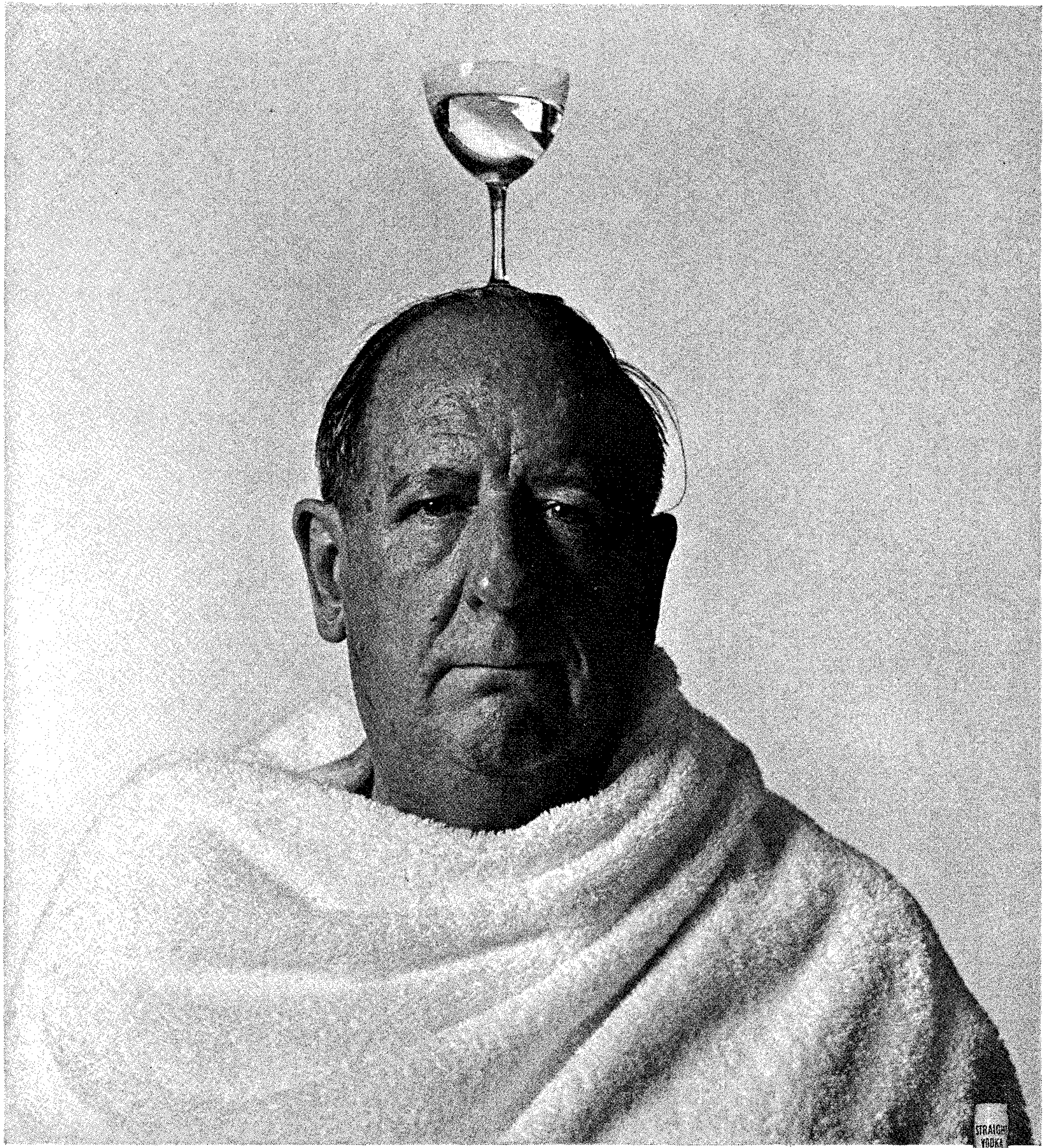

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at the time it was part of our natural life, and it certainly kept the woodchucks within bounds.

Nowadays, dogs in Salisbury are apt to lead a different kind of life. Their owners live more out of tin cans than they did then, and hence there are fewer kitchen scraps. Hence, in turn, the dogs, too, live more out of cans. And, hence once more, our dogs are fewer because canned dog food is costly. And the dogs themselves are more costly, the apparent economic principle being that if one is prepared to pay a lot for dog food, one should pay a lot for the dog that is going to eat it. So our depleted dog population has a high percentage now of poodles, boxers, and other fancy types, whose owners, not surprisingly, keep them at home, well out of the hunting fields (where their urbanity might work against their performance anyway). The place across the road from my brother's, to cite an example, used to be a well-dogged farm, but now it is the headquarters of a thriving industry called the House of Herbs, whose proprietress, Mrs. Ezra Winter, has only a small poodle, named Jeremy, who never goes outdoors unaccompanied. Of course, the road itself—Route 44—is much more dangerous than it used to be, which is one good reason for Jeremy's confinement. Actually, there are many reasons for the way the life of dogs in Salisbury has changed, and most of them appear to derive from the machine age.

The fact that we seldom see dogs on the loose here any more helps explain the tameness of our deer, and possibly also that of our squirrels and chipmunks, which is considerable. Above all, it explains the behavior of our woodchucks, for which "outrageous" seems to be the proper adjective. Woodchucks are seen on lawns now; they get into people's cellars; and George Miner says that one of them even came up on his front porch last summer. Such sassiness would have been unthinkable in my boyhood. Nor is effrontery the only thing we hold against these animals; they pose an economic threat as well. Our town's many fields of alfalfa—itself a rather new crop here—are simply riddled with chuck holes, and gardens are raided mercilessly. Mrs. Winter says that her herbs—especially her chervil, tarragon, and basil—get rooted up. The reason for it all seems obvious. Dear old freewheeling Rover has had his day. Nature abhors a vacuum, and when the dog leaves the lawn to live indoors, the woodchucks take it over.

—Christopher Rand

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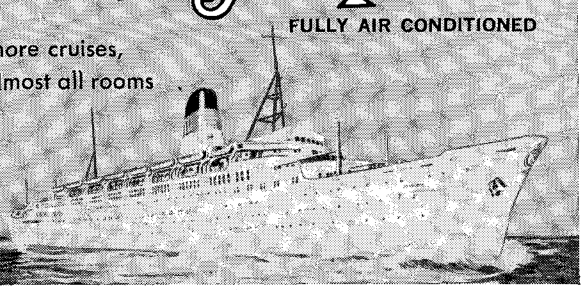
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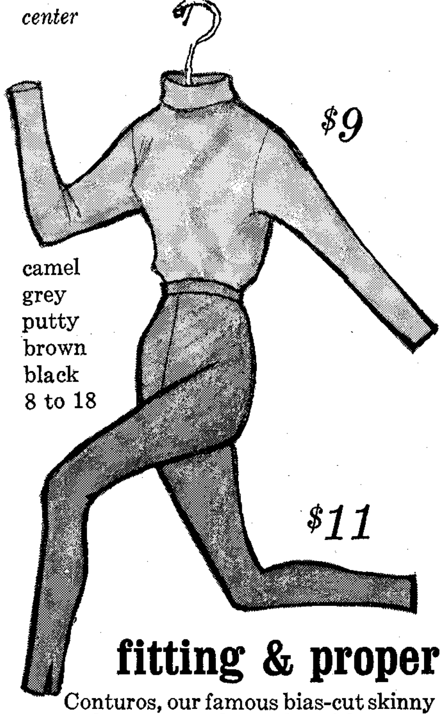

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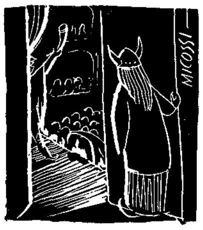
MUSICAL EVENTS

"Louise"



IT was good to have Gustave Charpentier's "Louise" back again, as the opening production of the New York City Opera on Thursday night of last week. It is thirteen years since it was last produced here, at the Metropolitan, and it seems to have temporarily fallen out of fashion, mainly, I think, because it has always been considered a vehicle for tempestuous glamour-girl sopranos of the Mary Garden-Grace Moore variety—a variety that has not been very prominent in recent years. It is a beautiful work, and a quintessentially French one, having that wonderful charm which the French exhibit when they are not being too self-consciously French, and dating from a period before romanticism was erased from French music—a period when a French composer could borrow a trick or two from Wagner and go on to influence Richard Strauss without any fear of losing his national identity. The story of "Louise" concerns a rather slim teen-age problem, and has a city for its hero, but the opera is crammed with lovely music, including, of course, the famous aria "Depuis le jour," which is fully as glorious as many a more solemnly revered masterpiece. Much has been said against "Louise." It is unabashedly sentimental, and the great but slightly finicky Claude Debussy, for one, hated it. Still, it has vigor, tunefulness, and the sort of melody that permits singers to sing their hearts out, and I suspect that it may outlast the subtle whisperings of "Pelléas et Mélisande."

The production given it on this occasion was an engaging one, though there were a few flaws here and there, some of them arising merely from a low budget and a cramped stage. Arlene Saunders, a New York City Opera discovery of last year and a singer with refreshing good looks, has not yet mastered the sinuous grace of movement that the title role demands, but she sang it beautifully and, it might be remarked, more accurately than Grace Moore sometimes did. John Alexander, as Julien, was also a little stiff as an actor (perhaps first-night nerves had something to do with the slightly inhibited impression both singers gave), but he,

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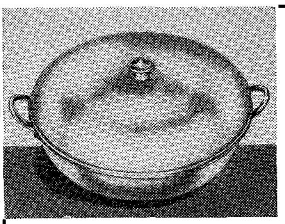

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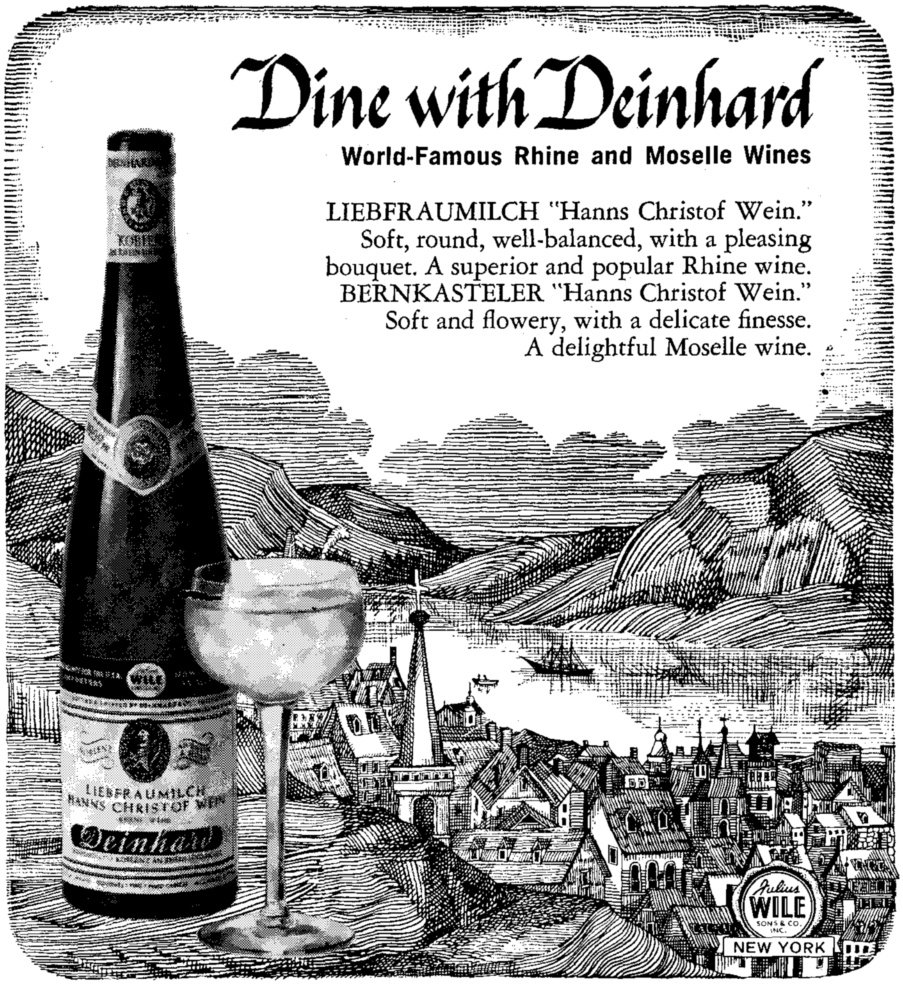
too, sang wonderfully well. As the father, Norman Treigle, always a superb artist, presented what was perhaps the evening's most distinguished characterization. Unfortunately, though, his slender, elegant figure is not ideal for the role, which demands an older, rougher, and chunkier man, and as a result his passionate embraces of Miss Saunders seemed at times loverly rather than fatherly. Claramae Turner was just about perfect as the mother, and the singing of Doris Yarick in the small part of Irma, one of the seamstresses in the famous sewing scene, deserves special mention for its limpid expressiveness. I don't think that the company was altogether happy in its choice of a scenic designer for this work. Gordon Micunis appears to be an artist with little feeling for illusion, and illusion is mandatory in "Louise." At times, his sets looked more like Dostoevski's Moscow than like Zola's and Renoir's Paris. However, none of the shortcomings I have mentioned detracted in any fatal way from the audience's huge enjoyment of this too-long-neglected opera. Jean Morel conducted ably; the New York City Opera orchestra, which is smaller than some but second to none hereabouts in brilliance, played magnificently; all the very numerous smaller roles were admirably done; and I went away whistling "Depuis le jour."

ONE might suppose that William Schuman, having been named president of Lincoln Center, would, out of a sense of delicacy, have leaned over backward to postpone any performances of his own music there to a less conspicuous part of the season. But this has not been the case. We had some Schuman during the opening-week festivities at Philharmonic Hall, and last week the Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, presented Mr. Schuman's Eighth Symphony there. I hope, with some foreboding, that this sort of thing is not going to set a precedent. If Mr. Schuman were a great genius, this lapse from self-effacement might be pardonable. But he has struck me more and more in recent years as being perhaps America's most consistently uninteresting composer, and I could find nothing in this latest massive, thick, uninspired, and generally undistinguished composition to cause me to alter that impression. I noted that the audience at the Friday matinée, at which I heard the work, seemed to react much as I did. The flutter of applause nearly died out before Mr. Schuman managed to get to the podium for a bow, then increased a little,



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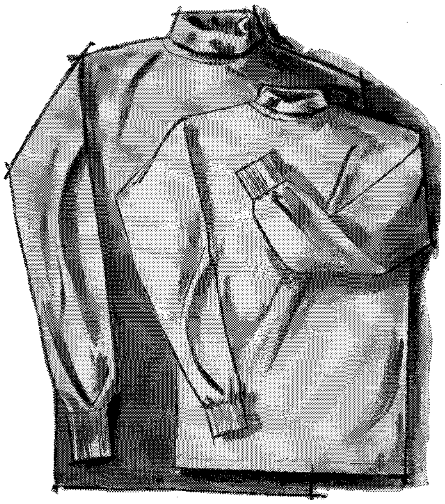

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obviously more from courtesy than from enthusiasm, and stopped almost before he had left the stage. The program also contained an adagio from the Notturno for Strings and Harp by Irving Fine, an American composer of much more individuality, who died recently at the age of forty-seven, and I found this work a great deal more palatable. The rest of the program consisted of Beethoven's "The Consecration of the House" Overture and Brahms' Fourth Symphony. Mr. Bernstein's sense of style when it comes to Brahms is improving, having become less theatrical and more meditative, and I thought that on the whole he turned in an admirable job.

EARLIER in the week, L'Orchestre National Français—otherwise known as L'Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française—made its American début in Philharmonic Hall under the leadership of Lorin Maazel, the one-time-infant-prodigy American conductor (well, anyhow, born in Paris of American parents, and educated in Pittsburgh and later in Europe). Mr. Maazel has come a long way since his rather monstrous prodigy days, and is now a very serious-looking, dark, handsome young man who has had an enormous amount of experience conducting in the great European musical centers and possesses an unquestionable flair for the maestro's art. We are going to hear a lot of him this season, at the Metropolitan Opera House and Philharmonic Hall, and since his program with the French orchestra the other night was somewhat light in calibre, I shall defer any final judgment of him until a later date. He showed himself to be a master of all the technical tricks of his craft, and succeeded in imposing himself on the orchestra as a fine conductor must do. The orchestra itself is a very French one, not as brilliant or impressive in sound as American and German orchestras are, and a little thin in woodwind and brass tone. Nevertheless, it has a certain brightness and elegance about it. Under Mr. Maazel, it gave one of the most subtle performances of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" that I have ever heard. Elsewhere on the program we had Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, which was played with verve and clarity; Debussy's "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," which emerged, I thought, without much of the magical serenity it should have; and Ravel's Second "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite, which was done with suitable *élan*.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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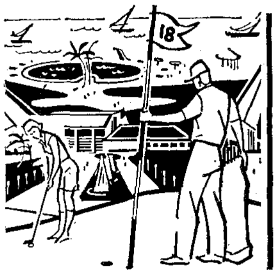

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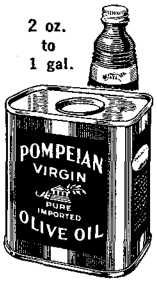

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AN OUTLOOK

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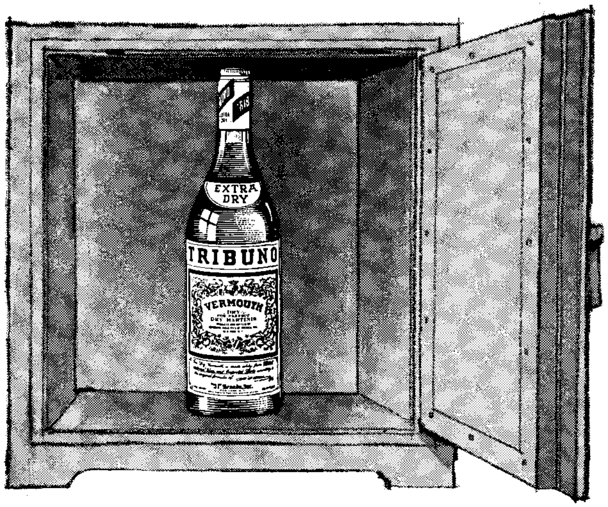
SHORTLY before the war, my father, an unenthusiastic insurance broker, retired because of ill health. That summer, well within my own memory, a Mack truck arrived in our driveway one day, its drive chain looping and clanking, its bed aquiver with three-foot white pines. Somebody had apparently decided the shoreline was eroding. The driver looked down from the cab and explained that the trees were to—I remember the phrase—bind the soil around the reservoir. He wanted to know how to get down to the water. The easiest way was to go through our property, but my father was annoyed and told him to go out to Pleasant Street and take the public road. The driver turned his truck around, crushing the edges of the driveway in four places, and thundered off. Within two weeks, a double line of pines, endless and regular, poked up along one edge of the dirt road; the trees blended together as you stared along the shoreline until, in the distance, they marked the reservoir as neatly as the outline on a map. Every afternoon during the war, I could watch a patrol car jolt along the road, the pine trees scratching its fenders, an anonymous, khaki-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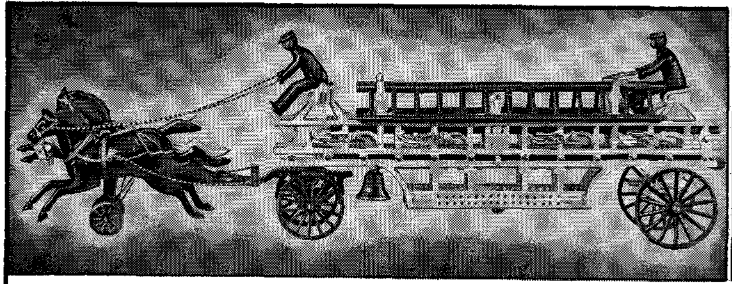
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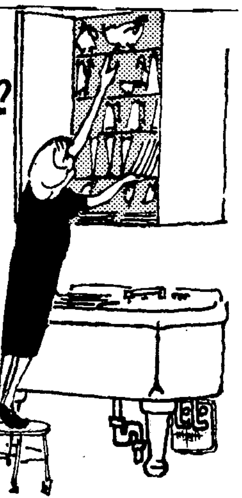
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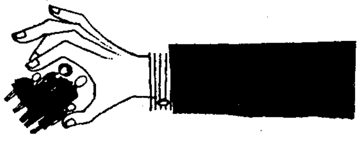
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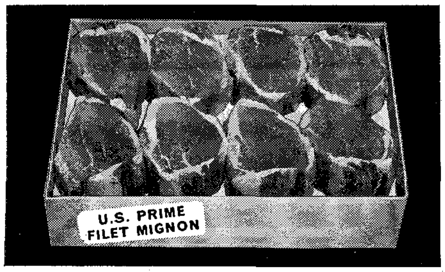

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sleeved elbow cocked out the window.

Several years later, we were dealt a double blow. A hundred yards to the east of the house, in a valley, a stone wall marked the edge of our property. The wall itself had long ago melted into the underbrush, but overhead stood what once had been a fine line of elm trees. The elms began to die off, one by one, north to south, leaving corpses, only the first few of which my father bothered to have cut down. Then, in 1950, the farmland on the far side of the wall was rezoned as a residential area. Though this happened in November, ranch houses grew there within days, and multiplied through the snow flurries and thaws of December until the last half-acre plot was occupied. The houses were chocolate-colored, or purple, or pea green, and, the snow around them stained with mud and debris left by the builders, they stared at us Christmas morning through the blunt dead elm trees.

The obvious remedy for these eyesores was simply to replace the old elms. On another part of the property there was a sink of land sprouting with maples and pines. That spring, my brother and I spent three weekends transplanting these saplings, until we had a tidy, zigzag border of trees a few yards in from our side of the stone wall. Only when the job was finished did we notice the border's ineffectiveness; the new trees were too far below the level of the houses to do any good for at least twenty years. No one ever mentioned this piece of miscalculation, but the ranch houses continued to stare at us through the summer, and their cars went on snapping and winking in the sun.

At this point, my brother married, my father became more and more feeble, my mother more and more occupied with him. To have something to do one fall weekend when I was home from college, I decided to blot out the development once and for all by planting big evergreens, a crescent of them, across the lawn east of the house. Here they would reach high enough to hide the ranch houses and the dead elms. I decided to use a few of the white pines that the state, twelve years before, had planted around the reservoir; they could bind the view as well as the soil. On Saturday—a stormy Saturday when the edge of a hurricane was slapping at New England—I took our station wagon and drove down to a field behind the reservoir. Grown together into a solid wall, guarded by brambles and vines and thrashed by gusts of wind off the water, the pines were wild and inaccessible.

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All afternoon, as rain soaked through my jacket, I spaded circles around six of them (each taller than I was by now), wedged them loose, and fought them lengthwise across the tailboard and into the back of the station wagon. When I was finished, I sat down behind the steering wheel, facing out the open door, and smoked a cigarette I found on the front seat. Rain hit the canvas roof of the car as hard as ever. Through the gap I had made in the trees—an insignificant gap, for all of my work—I could see the island in the middle of the reservoir, waves knocking against it. In its lee, a gull bobbed up and down, and the hills beyond looked more than ever as if they belonged to Maine or Canada or Alaska.

All six trees were safely transplanted before supper. They didn't produce the miracle I had expected; set apart from each other, they were thin and lopsided, and moisture glued their needles together and weighed down the branches. As darkness came on, they looked blacker and blacker in the rain. I went inside and took a shower and hoped for the best.

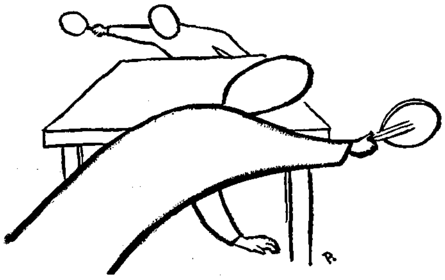
In the morning, my father came into the kitchen while I was eating breakfast to tell me how pleased he was. He took a golf stick to use as a cane, and we went outside to look at my trees. The weather had cleared during the night. In the sunshine they still looked lopsided, but now they were fluffy and bright green, and the mud sticking to their trunks where I had manhandled them was drying away to dust. The chocolate, the purple, and the pea-green houses were no longer visible.

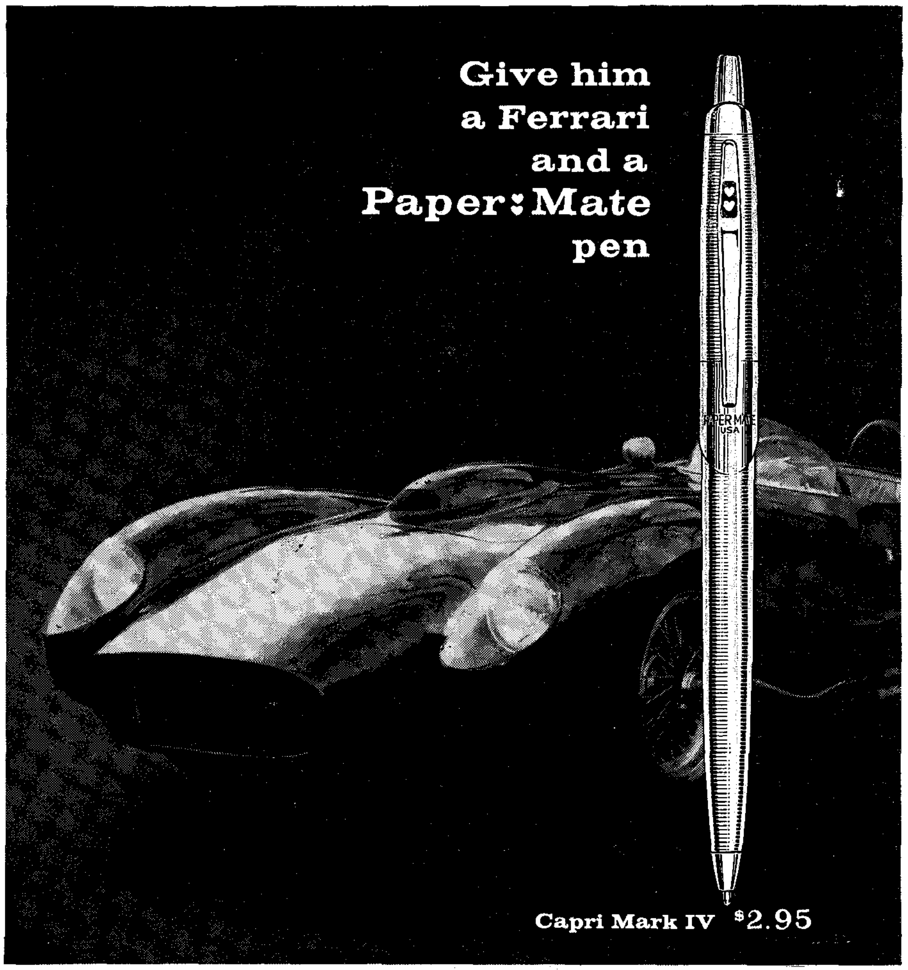
"Oh, I'm perfectly delighted," my father said. "Good for you. Good for you. Now I don't have to keep looking at those darned houses every time I come outdoors. I'm simply delighted."

"And the trees will last the whole year. They won't lose their leaves or anything," I said, unnecessarily.

"Sure. Sure. Where in the world did you find such good pines?"

"Down by the reservoir, from that line they planted a long time ago," I answered. My father kept staring at the trees. "They were all planted so close





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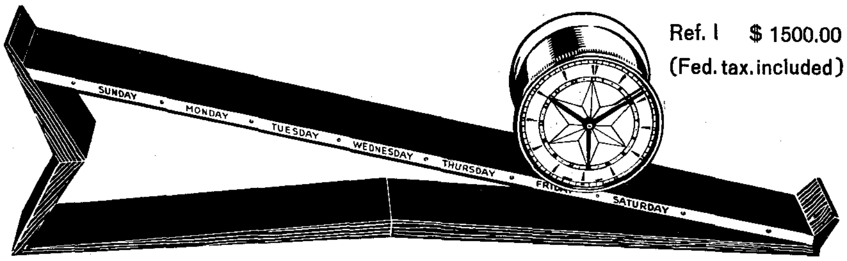

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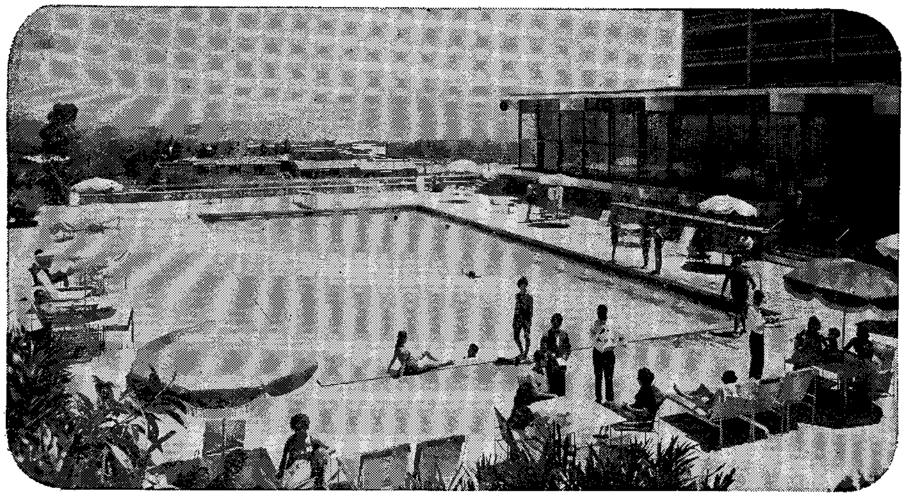

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together, you'd never know any were missing," I went on. "There was a gull down there, by the way—he must have been blown in by the storm." Usually this sort of information would have interested him, but now he just nodded and climbed back onto the porch, one step at a time, and disappeared into the house.

THE pines all had to be re-transplanted back to the reservoir. "You can't take somebody else's property, no matter whose it is. You know that by now. We'll get some new trees—buy them—but we'll have to put these ones back." Such was my father's explanation, and that Sunday, barging through the quiet house, I decided to give up on him for good. My mother wanted to hire treemen to do the job of re-transplanting, but I insisted on my martyrdom. I worked in such a hurry, of course, that the pines didn't survive their second move. The same gap still shows in the wall of trees beside the reservoir, and, beyond, there is still the water and the island and, presumably, an occasional sea gull. Otherwise, almost everything has changed. My father has long since died, and the house has been sold; I have moved away. And seldom today does anyone put back—is anyone *made* to put back—things that don't belong to him. Certainly not things like trees—things that bind the soil and the view, and, given time, the shock of resentment as well.

—ALFRED M. GOODALE

•

Enclosed you will find an announcement of a program sponsored by Alpha Epsilon Chapter of Pi Lambda Theta. This meeting will be of special interest to the women of the student body who are interested in making a contribution to the intellectual character and the weaknesses of the thinking of the day, and we would very much appreciate having the support from the women members of the faculty, many of whom most surely are members of Pi Lambda Theta. Dr. Carter is a prominent man, and his topic is pertinent.—*Letter received by a teacher at Columbia Teachers College.*

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BOOKS

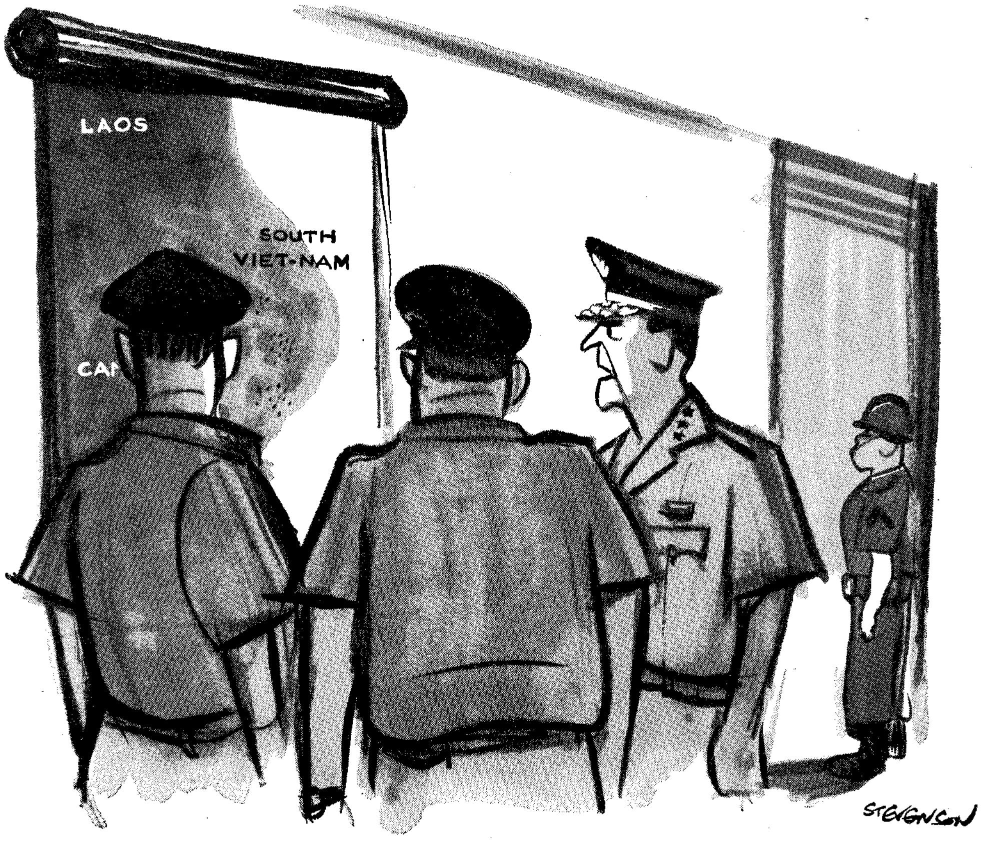
Your Affectionate Son

IF the house caught on fire, the Victorian novel I would rescue from the flames would be not "Vanity Fair" or "Bleak House" but Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh." It is read, I believe, mostly by the young, bent on making out a case against their elders, but Butler was fifty when he stopped working on it, and no reader much under that age is likely to appreciate the full beauty of its horrors, which are the horrors not of the Gothic novel but of family life. Every contemporary novelist with a developed sense of irony is probably in some measure, directly or indirectly, through Shaw and Arnold Bennett and E. M. Forster and D. H. Lawrence, indebted to Butler, who had the misfortune to be a twentieth-century man born in the year 1835.

At the end of his life he gathered his correspondence together, annotated it, and had it bound into sixteen manuscript volumes, which are now in the British Museum. It was his hope that these volumes would prove helpful to his biographers, and so they have. "The Family Letters of Samuel Butler" (Stanford) is a selection from the correspondence of Butler and his father, who was the rector of a small village in Nottinghamshire, canon of Lincoln Cathedral, and the most important figure in Butler's life. There are also a number of letters to and from Butler's mother and sisters, and one or two other relatives. Butler's very interesting annotations are printed in full. The selection was made by Professor Arnold Silver of the University of Massachusetts, who has also edited the letters and written a substantial introduction. Two-thirds of the hundred and ninety letters in this volume have never been printed before, and many others were until now not available in their entirety. They are most melancholy reading. Butler's letters to his mother and father were signed "Your affectionate Son" and to his sisters "Your affectionate Brother," and there is every reason to believe that they none of them felt the slightest affection for him.

In a letter to his sister-in-law, Butler says, "I cannot go down to Wilderhope [a village near Shrewsbury, where his father lived after his retirement] much. For years past they have never once asked me to come, or said when I went away that they had been glad to see me, and hoped I would come again as soon as I could. I have always had to write and say I should be glad to come: then I am allowed to do so—in the coldest terms that can be used with decency, and am let to go again without, as I said, any of those little civilities which people expect, even though they know they do not mean much. . . . If I was not most anxious to avoid giving my father any reasonable ground of complaint I should not go near him."

Without going near his father, simply by taking his pen in hand, Butler gave the Canon some reasonable and many unreasonable grounds of complaint. Butler was expected to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather and become a clergyman, and he was well on the way to this when he discovered that he had doubts of so grave a nature as to make him unfit for ordination. The Canon was, quite naturally, disappointed. Butler wrote home that he was thinking of emigrating to Liberia to raise cotton. He then considered becoming a homeopathic doctor, a painter, a tutor, a farmer. No sooner did he pick up one possible career than he dropped it for another, defending them all on grounds of congeniality with his temperament. The Canon urged his son to take up the study of law, or if he didn't want to become a barrister, what about being a schoolmaster? The law and teaching, Butler wrote, were deeply uncongenial with his temperament. He then thought of emigrating to New Zealand, and the Canon offered, as a last resort, diplomacy. Butler's indecisiveness lasted only five months, which is not very long for such post-adolescent shilly-shallying, but it is, of course, a situation calculated to strike terror to the heart of any father, loving or otherwise. The Canon's replies are, on the surface, patient and reasonable, if you allow him an occasional outburst of the irritability that was a conspicuous part of *his* temperament, and don't mind the fact that now and again, when the old fox had written something outrageous and totally unjust, he then, in the spirit of reason and self-control, crossed it out lightly *in pencil*. But even reading the letters



"This is serious. Their advisers are drawing dangerously near our technicians."

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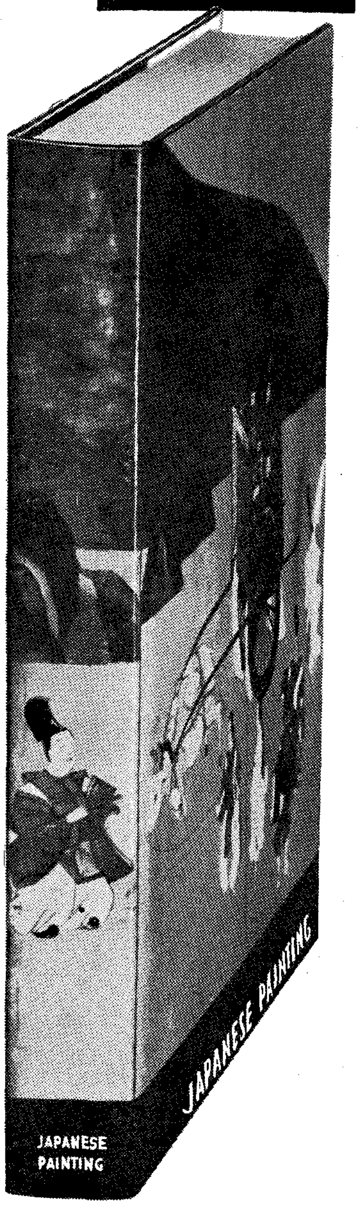

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quickly one after another in a book, which is not how poor Butler read them, you soon become aware of something that is not reasonable but in fact very queer indeed:

> I take it you know less of farming than even I do. Couldn't buy a cow, horse, sheep, or estimate its value or know what a labourer ought to do in a day. . . .
>
> By writing you might pick a poor and scanty subsistence. School books are the only ones that pay, and it may be you won't be read. . . .
>
> Your mother conjectures that you look to bookselling. To this I should have no objection if I thought you fit for it but you have not the mercantile element in your character necessary to insure success and I can't advance capital to be sunk in some overwhelming breakdown. . . .
>
> You speak about . . . the army. . . . But the risk not only of your not liking it but of your getting into difficulties with your superior officers is too great. . . .
>
> I judged that it was wisest for your good that I should not encourage you in your artist's career. This is my sole motive for refusing to assist you in it. You have shown no decided genius for drawing. You are as yet just at the commencing point. To all except men of a decided professional talent it is a very uphill and hopeless task and I think still I should do wrong to afford you the slightest possible encouragement to a course for which for aught I know you may be just as unfitted as for a soldier, lawyer, schoolmaster or tutor.

One would almost have thought that the Canon was anxious lest his son succeed at something—as in fact he did. Within a year after he arrived in New Zealand, Butler was "working a run of about eight thousand acres"—I am quoting Professor Silver—"and had stocked it with over three thousand sheep. Directing a force of seven hired men, he built a homestead, transported supplies over treacherous rivers, and proved himself extremely adept in business matters."

The Canon advanced his son two thousand pounds for his sheep-raising venture and promised him three thousand more. This was not a loan but a gift outright, with which his son was to establish himself in life. When Butler had committed himself to expenditures roughly equal to the whole amount, the Canon wrote that two thousand pounds was to be reserved in his keeping until the affair had been tried. Later, he sent a thousand pounds of the reserve and kept back the other thousand, to meet a crisis of an unspecified nature. When Butler protested, the Canon wrote:

> It is I have no doubt, as you state, that this time twelve months you received a letter from me offering to capitalize the whole of your remaining £3000. You happily declined it at the moment [this was

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news to Butler, who had understood that the money was to be forthcoming on three months' notice] and I have since felt that it was a foolish offer—do not feel aggrieved that it is withdrawn. I feel more and more that some reserve is most desirable.

I promised however in my last letter to borrow £600 for you which I gather to be the amount of your incumbrances....

The remaining £400 I do not think it right to advance.

You have gone out with advantages far greater than you will find most of your neighbours have enjoyed and must be content to let time be one of the elements of success.

Butler never did get the thousand pounds, but managed without it; there was really no stopping him. At the end of four and a half years, he sold his sheep farm at a hundred-per-cent profit, invested the eight thousand pounds that it brought him in New Zealand land mortgages at the current rate of ten per cent, and came home with an income more than adequate to his needs. This happy turn of events the Canon no doubt met with Christian fortitude. He was not through skirmishing, in any case. When Butler became, briefly, an important London literary figure as the result of the publication of "Erewhon," the Canon wrote:

Dear Sam:

I shall take your advice and not read your book. It would probably pain me and not benefit you. I do not the least object to your putting your name to it tho' I may not value the éclat. The grief is that our views should be so wide asunder.

Perhaps the book might pain me less than your letter leads me to infer. I gladly give it the benefit of the doubt.

Your affectionate father,
T. Butler

At home, they didn't any of them read his book, or the books and articles that followed, and they took pleasure in reminding him of the fact. This even extended to the fringes of the family. His uncle Philip Worseley was fond of telling him that "Erewhon" owed its success in great measure to its having been published anonymously. But nobody could touch the Canon when it came to disagreeable insinuations and false or damaging statements. A year and a half after the publication of "Erewhon," Butler's mother died, while the family was abroad. It appears that she had cancer. The Canon informed Butler that his book, which she had not read, caused her death.

When all other subjects failed them, Butler and his father always had money to correspond about. The Canon was not, it appears, entirely honest or en-

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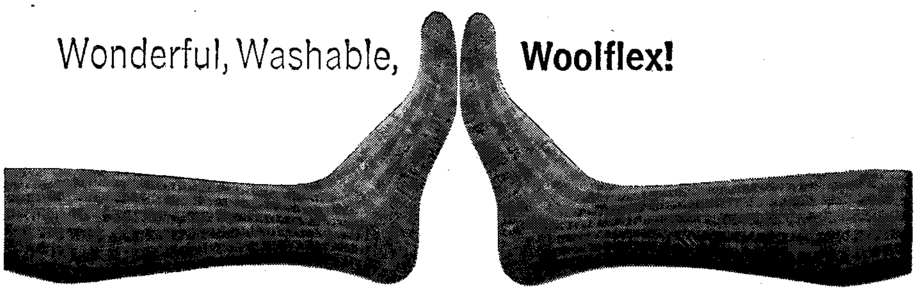

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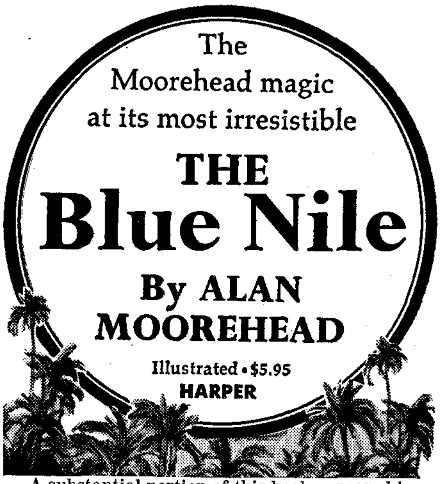

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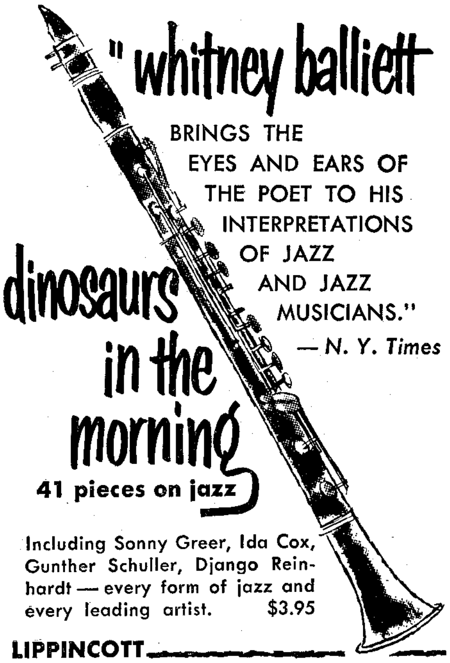
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tirely dishonest. He bamboozled—the word is Butler's—his son by getting him to agree to the sale of a part of what is referred to as "the Whitehall property," which Butler had an interest in, by entail, and for which he received no compensation. But then in time, under pressure from Butler, he made some restitution. He often threatened to cut off Butler's allowance ("But I think it right to tell you that not one sixpence will you receive from me after your Michaelmas payment till you come to your senses") and held back sums that he had promised Butler or that actually belonged to him. (Butler to his father: "Thank you for your note in re the legacy due to me—I am sure that you will as you say pay it in good time and am in no hurry.") When Butler was forty-three, he found himself in serious financial straits, partly as the result of following the advice of a friend, a banker who proved to be a swindler, partly because he had for many years been supporting another friend, who—though Butler did not learn this until after the man's death—had more money than Butler had and made a career of sponging on his acquaintance. Butler had no one to turn to but his father, who was receptive but insisted on explanations. Butler's letter, marked "Private and Confidential" and going on for eleven printed pages, is almost too painful to read. The Canon bailed him out and then announced that Butler was to have only a life interest in the greater part of what he intended to leave him, which meant that Butler could not borrow against it. In the end, the Canon was persuaded to lay this particular whip aside because it could have resulted in the money's going to Butler's brother Tom, who, as Professor Silver points out, was the real black sheep of the family; he was an alcoholic, and abandoned his wife and children and lived with prostitutes, who blackmailed him.

Butler was never so infuriated at his father that he did not end his letters with the words "Your affectionate Son," and with each truce in the quarrelling he promptly returned to a tone that was filial and kind. Even when the Canon wrote indignantly, "I have kept your letter a day to wonder over it! . . . . I have never had a sign of gratitude for all I have done for you and you talk magnificently of what is due to yourself as if you were treating me with the greatest generosity in not using hard language. This is simply absurd," he nevertheless signed himself "Your affectionate Father." Possibly it was un-

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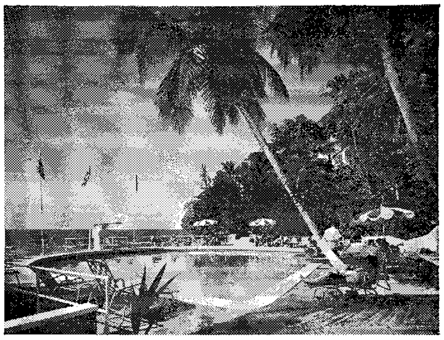

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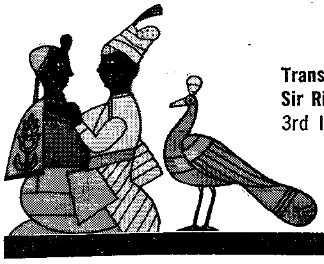

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thinkable in the Victorian era for a father and son of the upper middle class to sign their letters any other way. Or it may have been a matter of good manners, of custom—as we sign our letters "Yours sincerely" when no special sincerity is called for.

"The Way of All Flesh" did not appear until both the Canon and Butler were dead, and so the Canon did not know that he was sitting for the portrait of Theobald Pontifex, who is, it is probably safe to say, the most unpleasant father in all English literature. It seems also safe to assume that if the book had been published during the Canon's lifetime, he wouldn't have read it, or have thought any worse of it than he already thought of "Erewhon" and the others. If you like, you can hold it against Butler as a man that during the years 1873-85, when he was writing the novel, he was applying to his father for financial help. It is not something that can be held against him as a writer that he took his material so directly from life, because if he had done otherwise he would not have produced a great work of art, or, in fact, any novel at all, and in the end the problem resolves itself into a question of how truthful the autobiographical novelist has been. Butler was more truthful than most writers would have been in his circumstances. He did not, these letters show, make his father out to be worse than he was, and neither did he painstakingly present his own actions in a favorable light.

THE Canon lived to be eighty-one, and during the last five years of his life, like most old men, he softened. The accusations and recriminations fade out of the correspondence altogether. It becomes, instead, ordinary and amiable. Butler is assiduous in collecting specimens for his father's botanical collection, and he goes to considerable trouble to procure for him a jar of the very finest Swiss honey. When he brings out a new book, though the Canon doesn't go so far as to read it, he does allow himself to look at one or two of the reviews. He even encourages and supports Butler in his efforts to be appointed to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts at Cambridge. Butler writes:

> Did I tell you that I came across a lady with four parrots? She said to me, "I tell them *everything*." I said, "But parrots don't keep secrets do they?" She said, "Mine can." They won't allow her to read the newspapers aloud to her husband, but make a tremendous chatter, until she introduces their names—then they think it is something about them, and listen most attentively. If they do not hear their names

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mentioned again presently, they say to themselves, "This is poor stuff—it is not about us at all—come, come, we can't have this" and begin to make a noise again.

The Canon writes:

> I am very glad you are going to poor Uncle John's funeral. It is quite out of the question for me to do so or I would. I had much regard for John [Mrs. Butler's younger brother] as an upright honest man in spite of all his little peculiarities and I think he was generally respected.
>
> I would have inclosed a little cheque for the cost of the journey which I feel you are taking on my behalf but think you may have set off before this reaches you so will send it by the next day on to reach you on Tuesday evening as you may not improbably sleep in Bristol.
>
> We have a keen East wind still so don't catch cold if you can help it.

This is as far as either of them could go, and it is quite far, certainly. The amiability is constructed on a framework of caution, but it is not false; it is what they both would have liked the relationship to be. That the relationship fell something short of this can be deduced from the fact that in one of the Canon's letters Butler underlined all the places where his father had shown hesitation in writing or traced over individual letters.

In Butler's notebooks there is this entry about his father:

> He never liked me, nor I him; from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear him and dislike him. Over and over again I have relented towards him and said to myself that he was a good fellow after all; but I had hardly done so when he would go for me in some way or other which soured me again.
>
> I have no doubt I have made myself very disagreeable; certainly I have done many very silly and very wrong things; I am not at all sure the fault is more his than mine. But no matter whose it is, the fact remains that for years and years I have never passed a day without thinking of him many times over as the man who was sure to be against me, and who would see the bad side rather than the good of everything I said and did.

The Canon's death was widely mentioned in the press, and it was nowhere said that Butler was his son. An obituary in the Shrewsbury newspaper that has been used to show that Butler's view of his father was distorted and not shared by his contemporaries turns out to have been written by Butler himself. It could have been written by the angels. Beside the words "He never liked me, nor I him" should be placed, as a kind of corrective footnote, this memorandum: "My father died on the evening—about half past five—of Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1886. I and Rogers and the nurse

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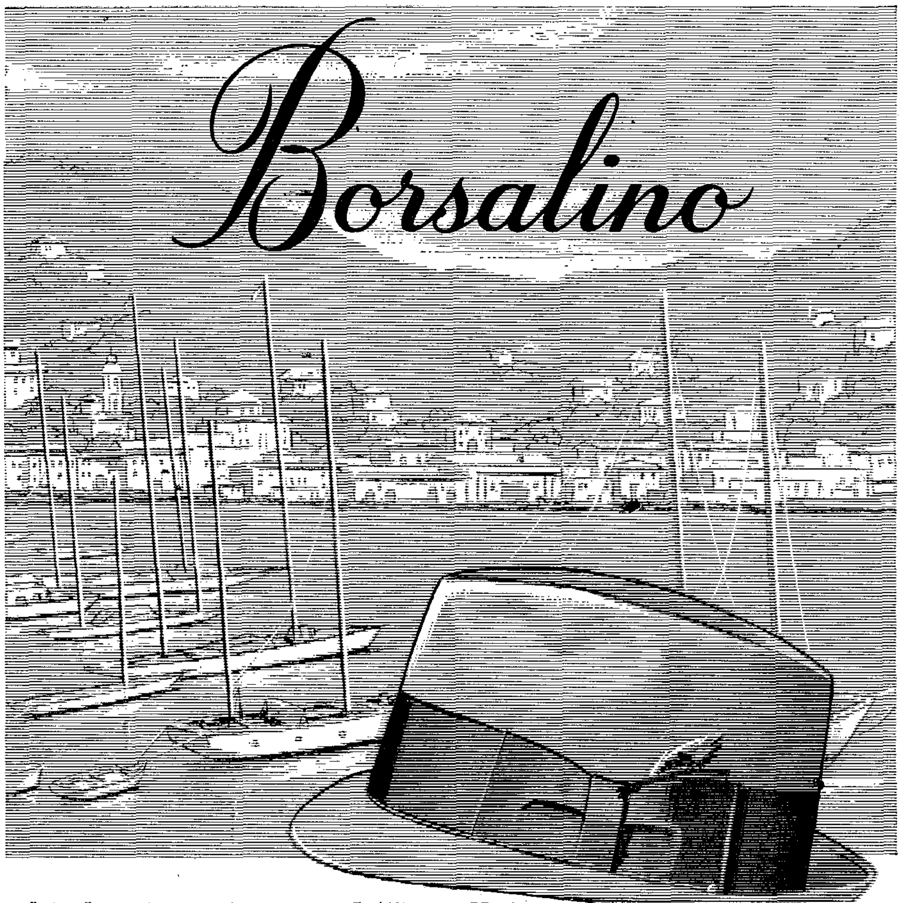
were alone present. I was supporting his head between my hands as he died. . . ." That is to say, it is not all that easy to hate your father.

—William Maxwell

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

We Have Always Lived in the Castle, by Shirley Jackson (Viking). In the mind of Mary Katherine Blackwood, eighteen years old, there is one great drive—she wants to escape, to protect, to be protected, and to hide. More than anything else in the world, Mary Katherine wants not to be looked at by anyone except her beloved elder sister, Constance, who is beautiful, orderly, and kind. Mary Katherine is not beautiful, and she is disorderly and suspicious, but she loves color, the effects of natural light, the comfort of darkness, delicious food eaten from familiar plates, the shapes of the furniture she has known all her life, polished floors, bright mirrors, romantic rooms, and the sense of solidity she feels in the house in which she lives and where she was born. Her older sister embodies all that Mary Katherine loves, and provides her with the assurance that she will always have what she has now and that nothing will ever change. Sometimes Mary Katherine is afraid that Constance will wander away, or that someone will wander in from the outside world. Then she weaves spells, places magic words around the house, and hides safeguards outside the house to ward off evil. The Blackwoods live with their invalid Uncle Julian in a rambling old house that is cut off by woods and fences from the nearby village. The villagers are hostile and derisive toward the Blackwoods, but only Mary Katherine suffers from them, when she leaves the house to do the marketing. Both sisters are frightened, but Mary Katherine is defiant, while Constance is curious and wistful. The question is: What happened six years ago to all the other members of this family? There used to be other Blackwoods living in the house, and then, six years ago, something happened to them, leaving only Constance and Mary Katherine alive, and Uncle Julian alive but helpless. Little by little, we learn what happened, and it is a fascinating story. Miss Jackson writes with strength and imagination,



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but it is not her well-laid and well-kept plot that remains in the mind, or her characterizations, which are superbly slanted, but the separate longings of the two sisters. Constance longs to forget the outside world, so that she can stop longing for the courage to escape into it, and Mary Katherine longs only to keep Constance for herself, safe from the rest of the world forever. In the end, both sisters are satisfied.

LORD GEOFFREY'S FANCY, by Alfred Duggan (Pantheon). The historical novel is a curious kind of fiction in which the background becomes the foreground, the plot and characters being subordinate to the place and period. It is not history and it is not art, but it can be amusing and educational, and Alfred Duggan is a master of the genre. Here he tells a frail story, set in thirteenth-century Greece, as though he were sugar-coating facts for children, and the reader learns quite a bit about Frankish life after the fourth crusade without having studied at all.

GENERAL

THE BERNARD BERENSON TREASURY, selected and edited by Hanna Kiel (Simon & Schuster). Mary Berenson was convinced that her husband had no literary talent, and this "treasury" provides ample evidence that she was right. It is difficult to imagine what criterion the editor used in compiling these poorly written, ill-assorted fragments from Berenson's books, letters, and diaries. A few profound reflections, nearly all of which have been published before, are caught in a landslide of hollow generalities about life, politics, and traffic congestion. Like so many distinguished intellectuals, Berenson was often tempted to discuss matters about which he had very little to say, and only B.B.'s most undiscriminatingly ardent admirers will be able to tolerate the mass of pompous banalities for the sake of the handful of incomparable passages about tactile values, myth as the forerunner of visual art, grace as swiftness of line, and the methodology of art history in general.

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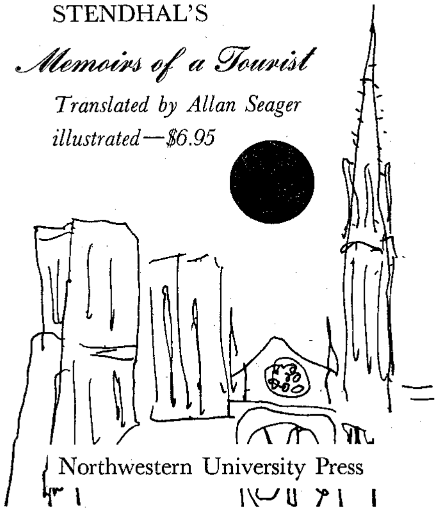

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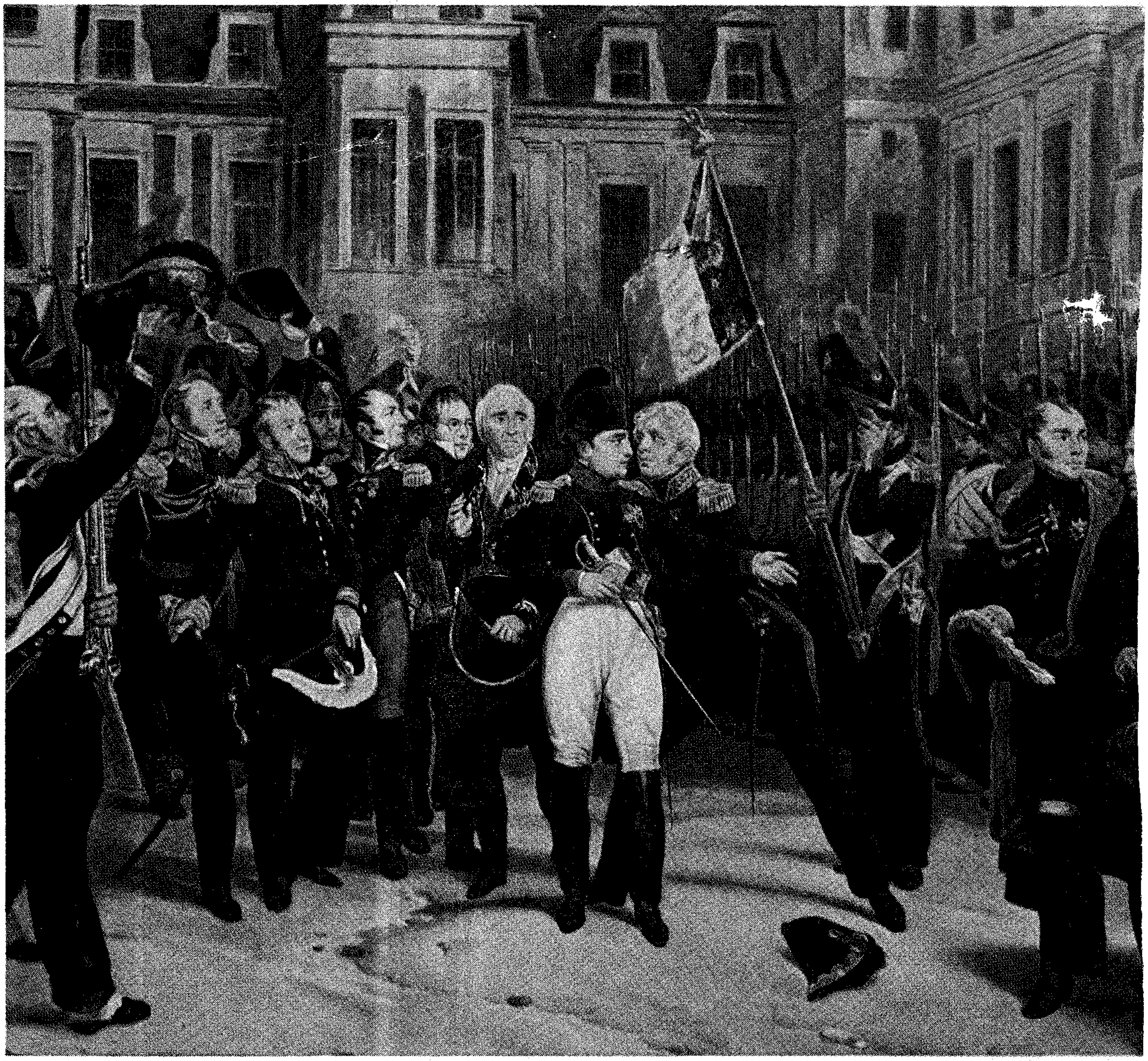

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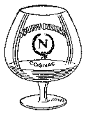

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